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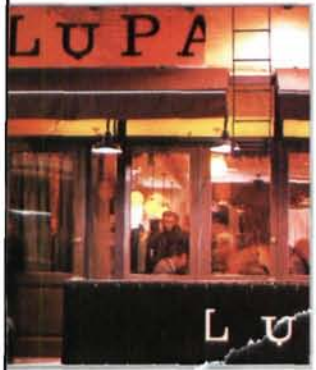

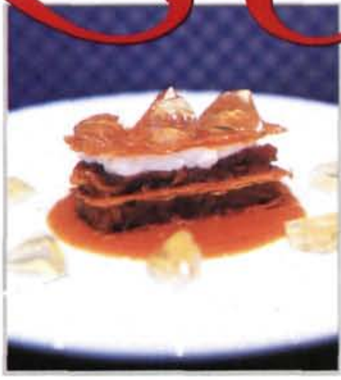

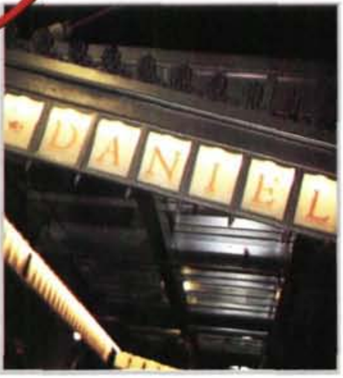

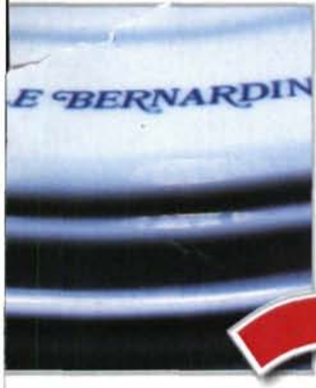

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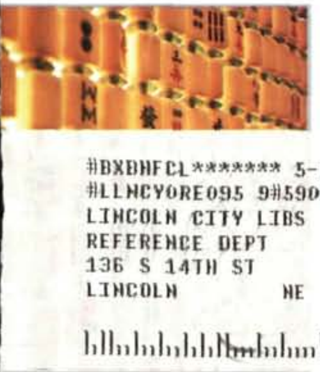

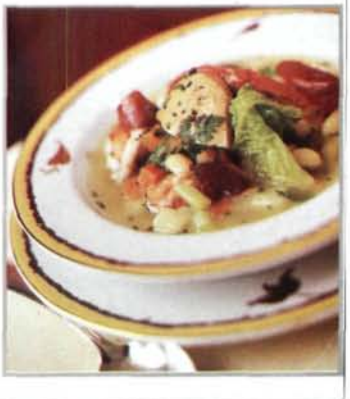

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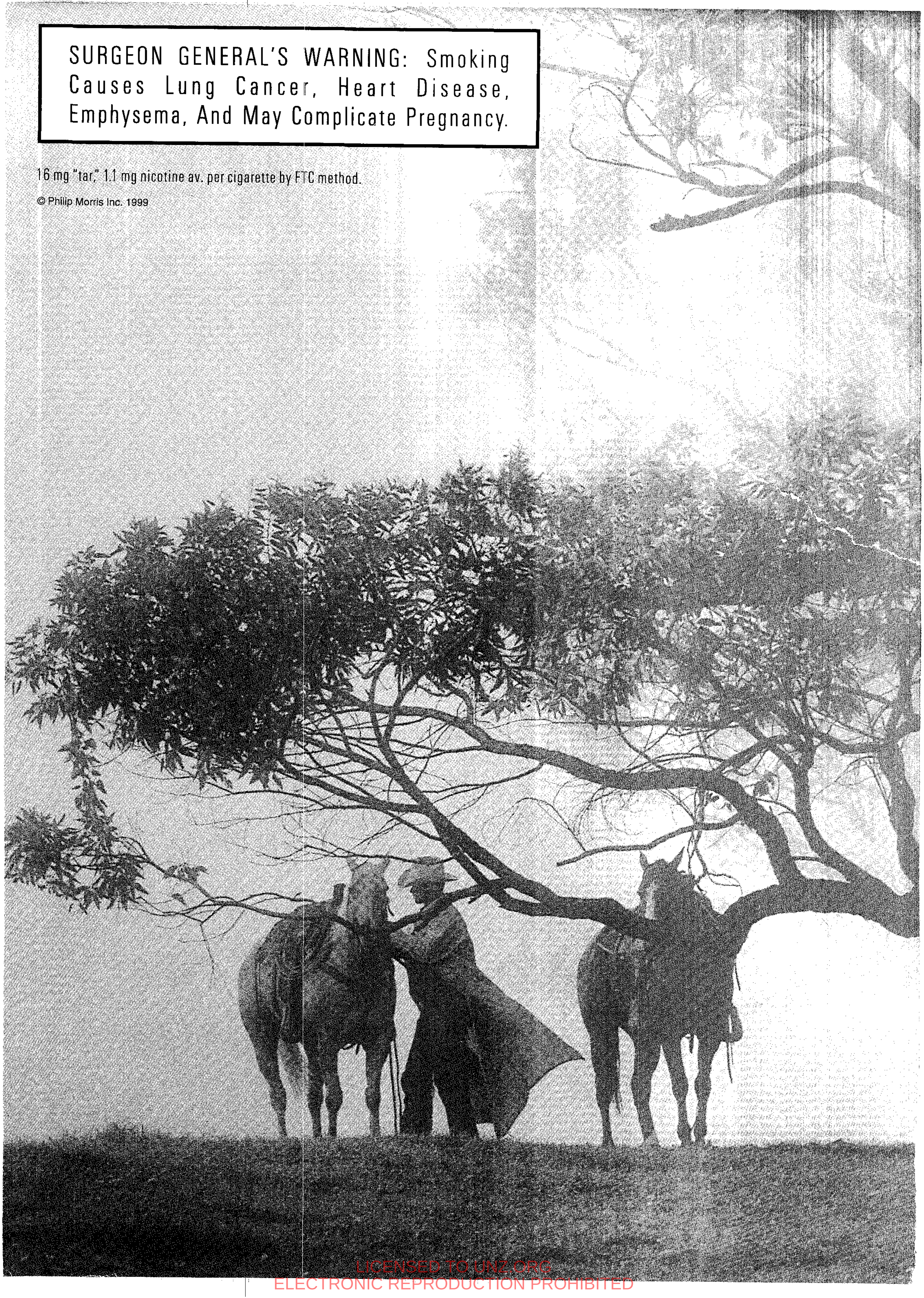

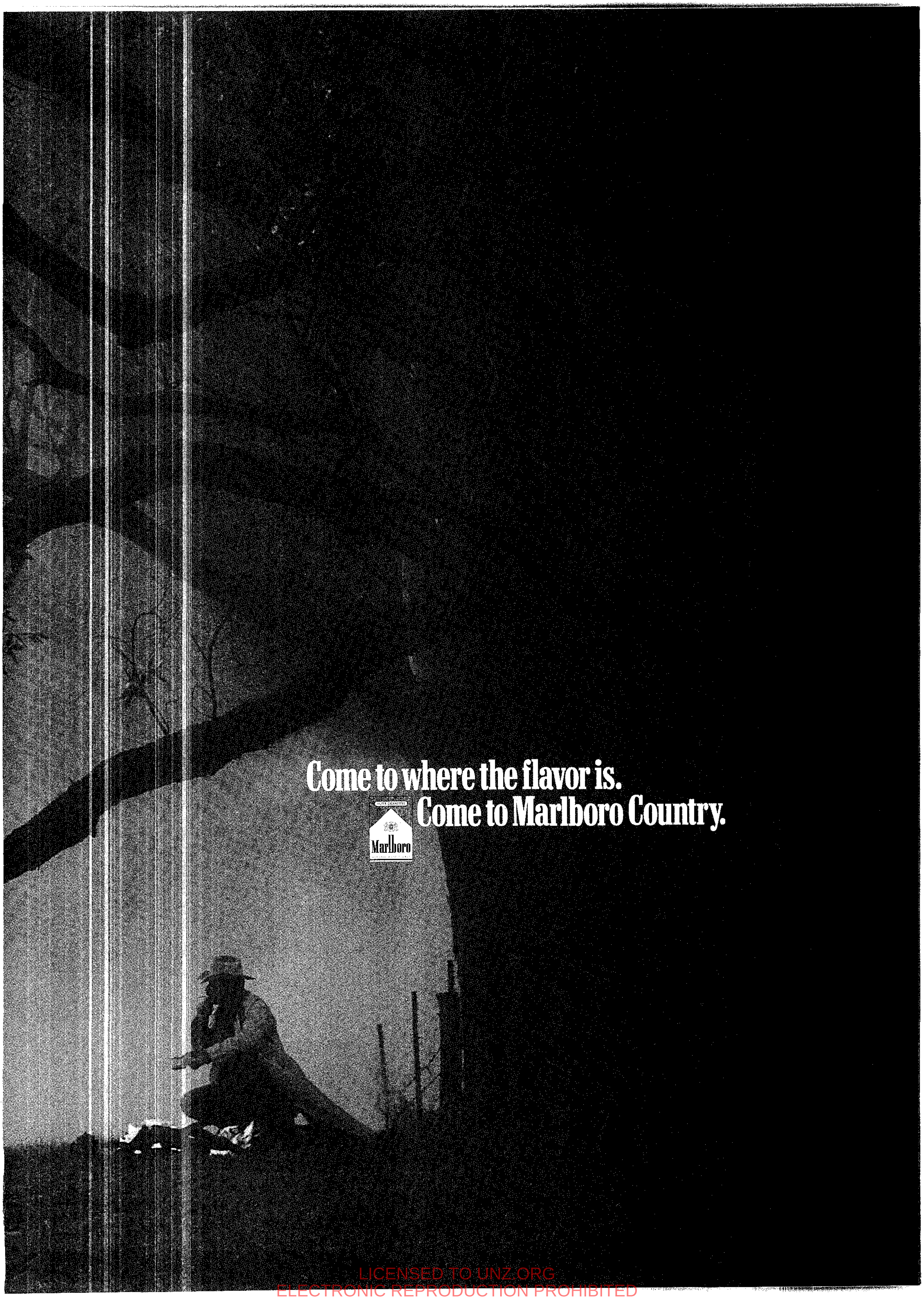
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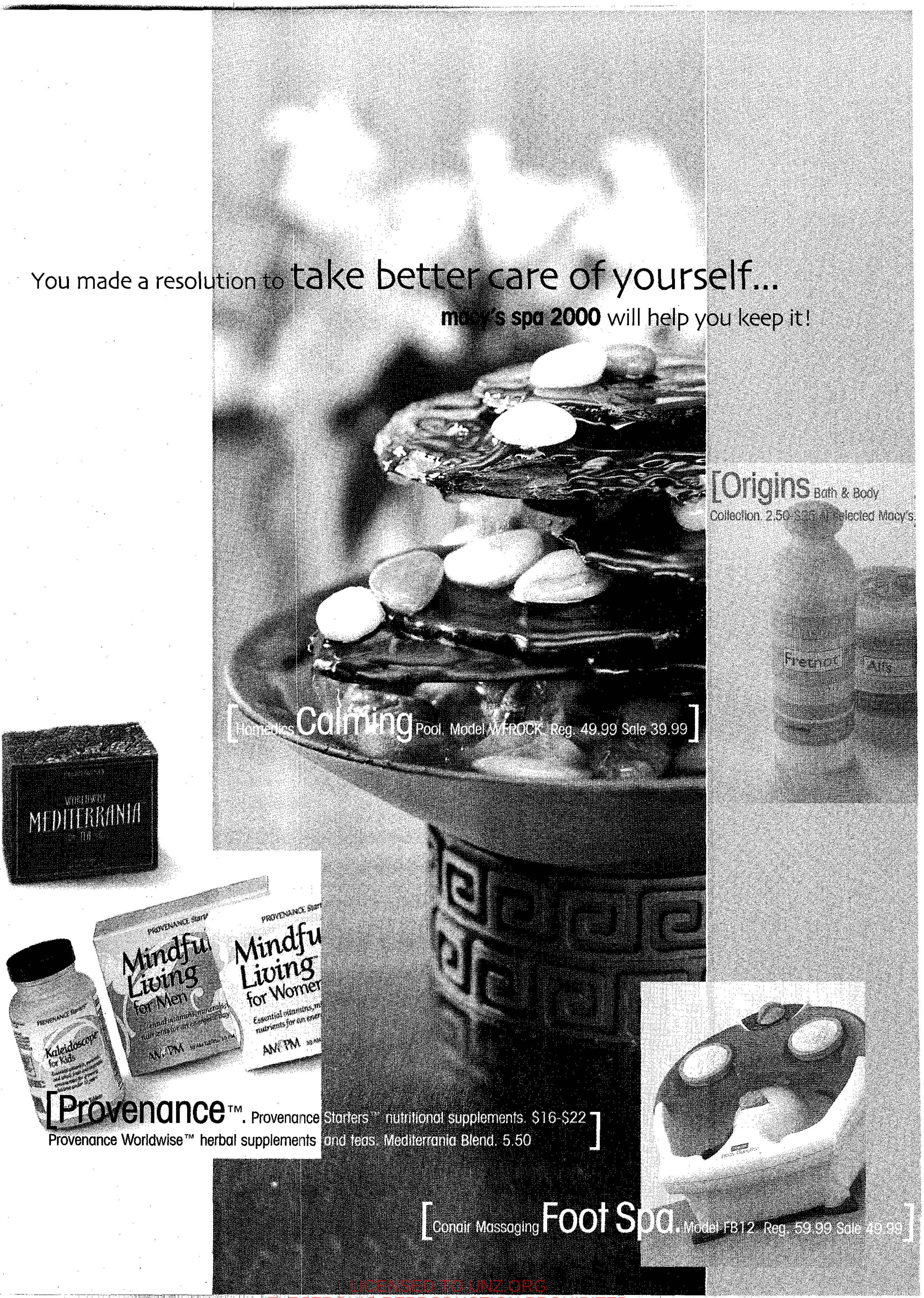

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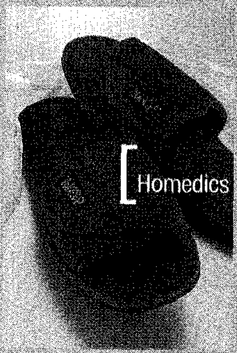

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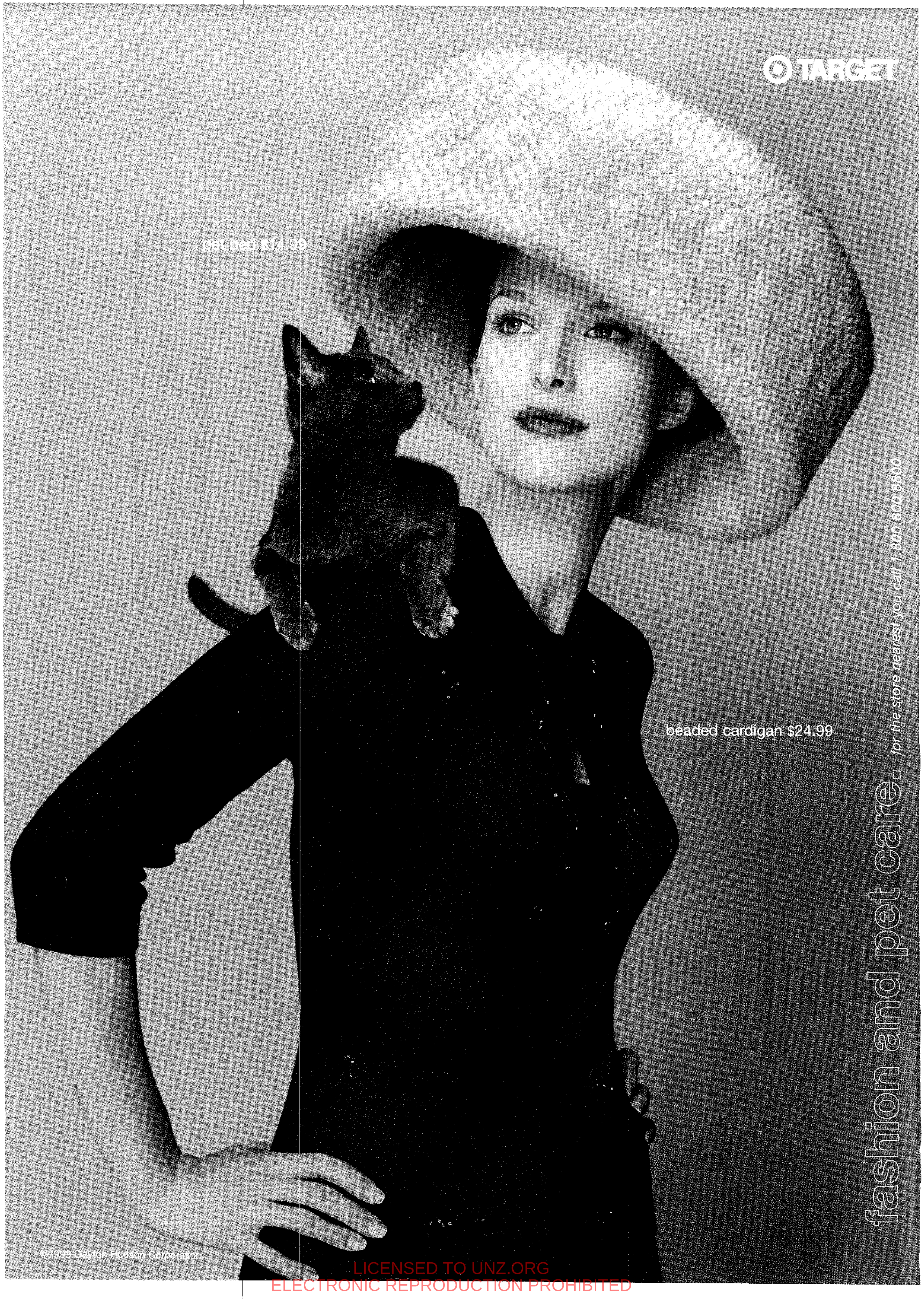
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Contents Jan. 3, 2000

"I yell at my staff but not at negotiators. He's probably nice to his staff but yells at the people he's negotiating with."

HENRY KISSINGER ON RICHARD HOLBROOKE, PAGE 50

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Choosing the right restaurant in New York is like trying to pick the best painting in the Louvre, which is why you need Gael Greene. The crush of new contenders makes the eighties look tame. All you Atkins Diet carnivores, theatergoing foodies, and heat-seeking celebrity watchers are catered to in the Insatiable Critic's dining guide for the new millennium.

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Richard Holbrooke may be America's most fabulous diplomat since Benjamin Franklin. Careering from one black-tie event to the next, wife Kati Marton on his knee, Holbrooke is the consummate New Yorker: socially fluid, media-savvy, and celebrity-friendly. Isn't it *grand* that to get things done in the Balkans, West Africa, or East Timor, it doesn't hurt to have a knack for throwing the most smashing dinner parties?

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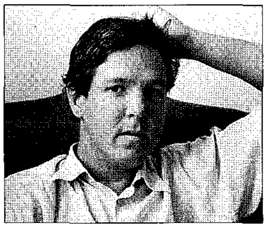
When Alvin Ailey died in 1989, Judith Jamison, his most celebrated muse, took over the American Dance Theater and made it flourish. This week, she'll follow Ailey once again, as she accepts a Kennedy Center Honor.

60 Fast Company By Vanessa Grigoriadis

The thrill-seeking scion of a famed but bedeviled Louisville newspaper family, Robert Bingham exemplified the fantasy of a New York literary life. Did the qualities that made him so charismatic also lead him headlong to his death last month from a heroin overdose?



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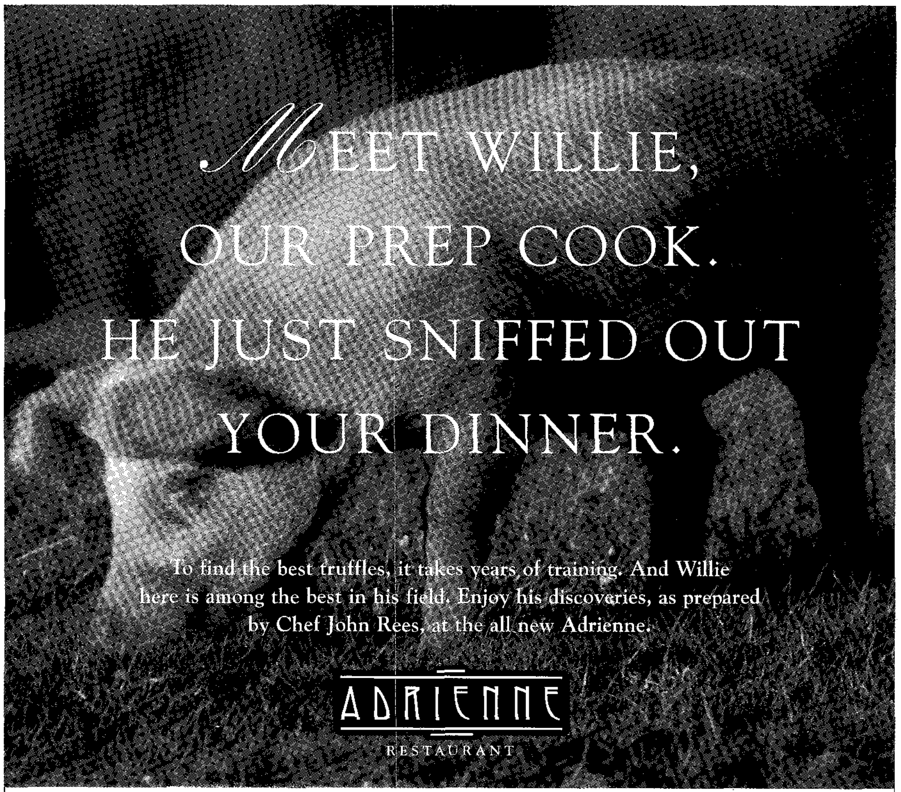

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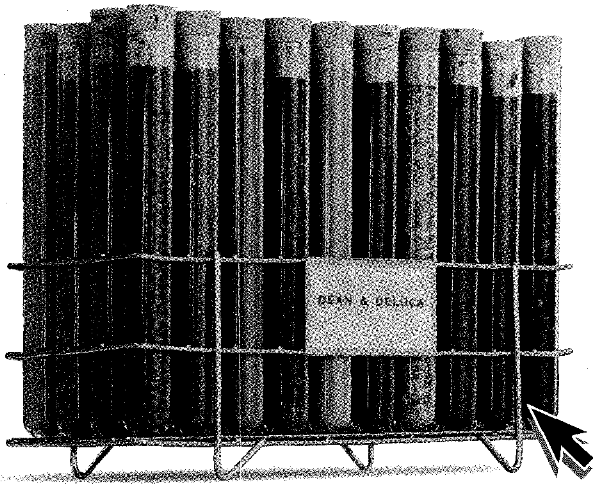

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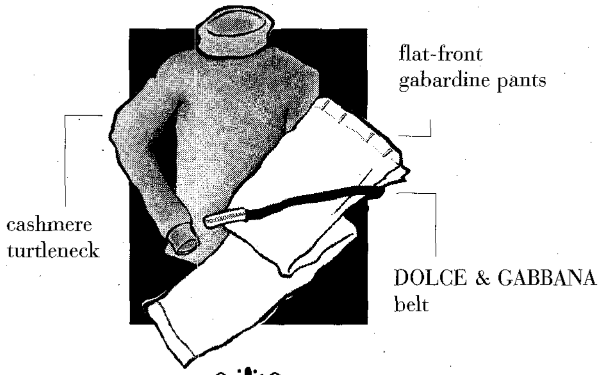

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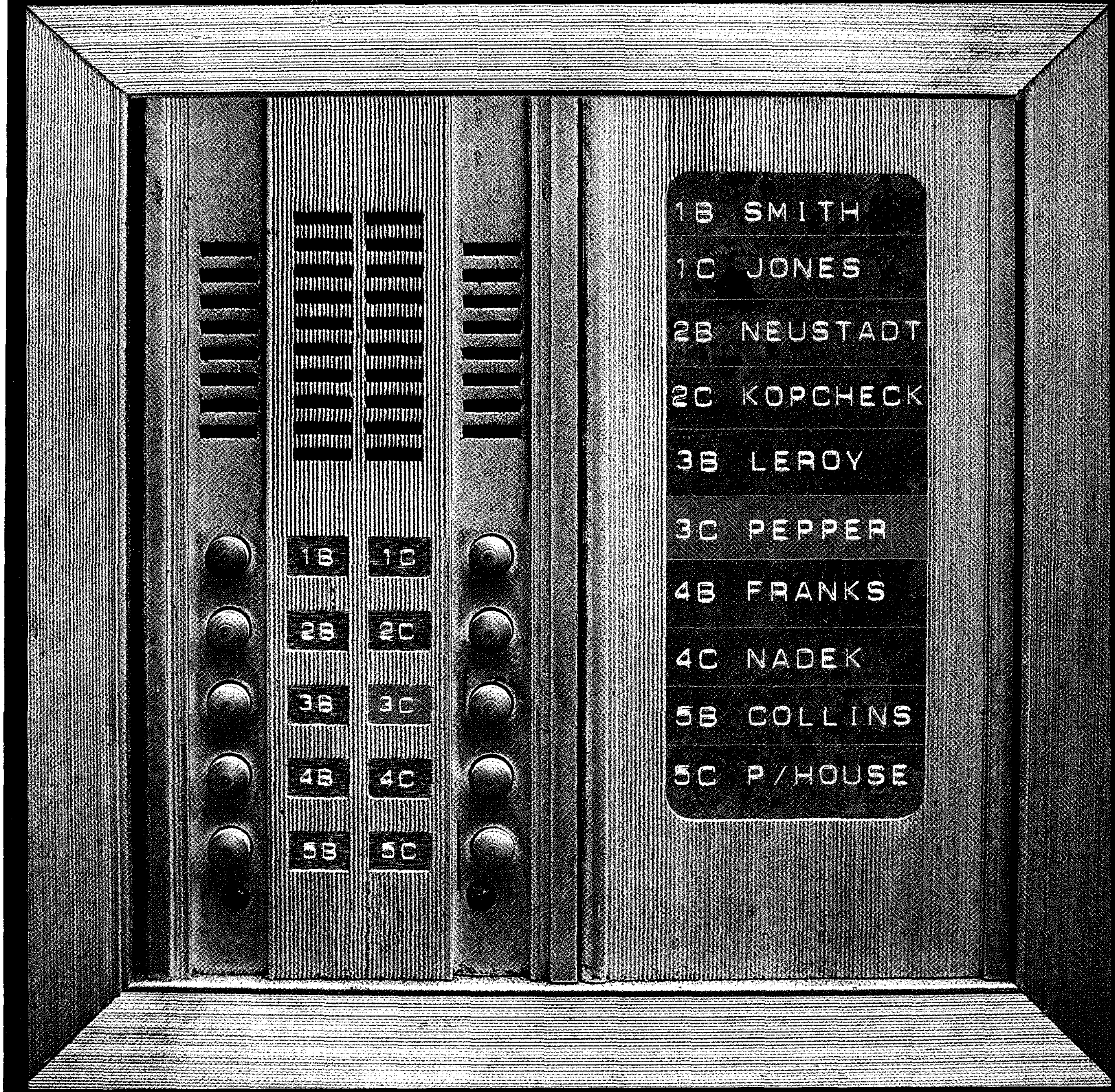
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LETTERS DECEMBER 27, 1999

The Net Effect

Brick-and-mortar retailers needn't worry: e-commerce competition is unlikely to bankrupt them anytime soon; some truly great holiday gifts.

MICHAEL WOLFF'S ARTICLE "THE E-Decade" [December 6] is one of the first intelligent pieces to be written about the Internet economy. People forget that Internet business models in which revenue matters more than profit (and revenue is often arrived at through questionable accounting practices such as barter advertising) cannot be sustained indefinitely. Proponents contend e-commerce will render bricks-and-mortar retail obsolete; but they forget that Internet retailing is essentially no different from catalogue retailing, and the last time I checked, despite a capacity to order virtually anything imaginable via an 800 number since the early eighties, "traditional" retailers are still alive and well. The idea of e-companies existing, as Michael Wolff puts it, "free of economic laws" borders on the absurd. I caught the Internet bug for a while, leaving a blue-chip consulting firm to work at one of the gems of Silicon Alley. I'm still unable to pinpoint what, exactly, the company did other than "sell" services to other firms, which "sold" back services to us in kind. The main directive from the CEO was to issue a press release at least twice a week.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

MICHAEL WOLFF MISTAKENLY BELIEVES that the citizens of the new economy actually want to hear about the plight of venture-capitalist-controlled, obscenely rich media retreads who are drowning in their own hype. When do we get our story told—we, the Web-using public who have to slog through the maze of increasingly dubious propositions that have made it past some review by clueless and avaricious Harvard M.B.A.'s intoxicated by cigar smoke and too much beef? Of course we won't be given a passing thought by Wolff, drugged as he is on the idea that his "first-in" failures give him a ringside seat on the latest round of the drearily familiar spectacle in America's glorious history of speculation and consumer exploitation. As if we care. Michael Wolff wouldn't know a real live end-user if he was forced to deliver a Kozmo.com video to one.

Mark Plakias
MANHATTAN

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McCain About Town

AS A RECIPIENT OF A SENATE YOUTH SCHOLARSHIP in 1988, I was one of 100 high-school students from across the country who received a free trip to Washington. John McCain addressed, and then mingled with, our group. Your description of him ["The McCain Mutiny," by Craig Horowitz, December 6] fits my memory perfectly. His answers to our questions were surprisingly forthright, candid, and interesting. As a lifelong Democrat, I will most likely not vote for him, but I believe that his presence in the race is a credit to our political system.

Andre Pogacar
MANHATTAN

Hard Cases

AS A CHILD-PROTECTIVE WORKER, I WAS immediately drawn to the "Cityside" article "Death Be Not Proud" [by Michael Shapiro, November 29]. I would remind Mr. Shapiro that child-protective workers and their agencies are not the ones who are killing, abusing, and sexually assaulting children. We are endeavoring to stop it. Rather than blame workers and agencies for the tragedies these children undergo, we should consider that we are a society that glamorizes violence, excuses individuals of all responsibility for their actions, and has allowed itself to become morally bankrupt. I take exception to the implication that child-protective workers are responsible for the mess that much time and many people have contributed to. I did not sign on to reinvent society. I signed on to protect children to the best of my ability. I would like, just once, to receive kudos for what I do instead of recriminations for not accomplishing the impossible.

Janet Ventimiglia
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Team Player

IT IS WRONG TO IMPLY THAT ALLEN QUESTROM launched Barneys' Co-op expansion project ["Questrom Authority," by Maura Egan, December 6]. Before he became CEO, the team at Barneys planned, gained board approval, and started the Co-op project in the Madison Avenue store. Also, the emergence from bankruptcy and the successful operational turnaround at Barneys occurred during the twenty months I had the pleasure of being president and CEO. However, I wholeheartedly agree that the team working with Allen is the best in retail. Ultimately, they are the ones who deserve credit for the turnaround.

Thomas Shull
MANHATTAN

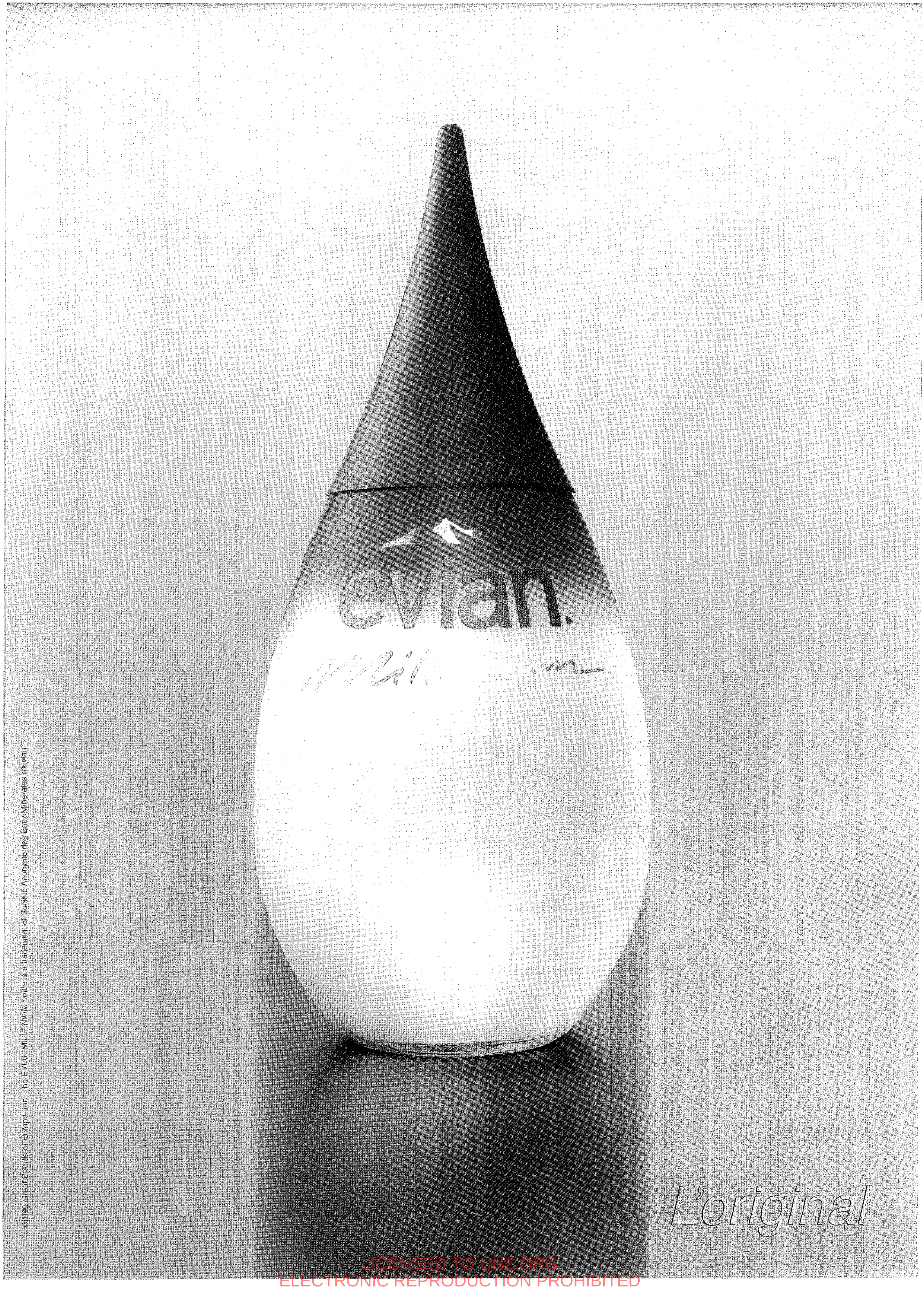
Holiday Cheers

ON BEHALF OF VARIETY—THE CHILDREN'S Charity, I would like to thank *New York* Magazine for including our charity in the special feature "1 for $100,000" ["Holiday Gifts," by Corky Pollan, November 29]. Your mention of the naming opportunity for the Craniofacial Orthodontic Center led to a donation that is unlikely to have happened without the article. The $100,000 will enable the center to continue its work. Many children who lack insurance will now be able to receive the care they need. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts for helping to make such a difference in the lives of so many children.

Leslye Schneider-Bailey
Variety—The Children's Charity
MANHATTAN

THANK YOU SO MUCH. OUR ELDERLY SHUT-ins are truly invisible, and if it were not for friends like you, caring New Yorkers wouldn't know how to help. We are already getting calls. Our first phone call came from a major automobile-maker that wasn't at all overwhelmed by the price tag. You are helping to keep the spirit of the season alive for people who depend on the rest of us for a daily lifeline of food and human company.

Marcia Stein
Citymeals-on-Wheels
MANHATTAN



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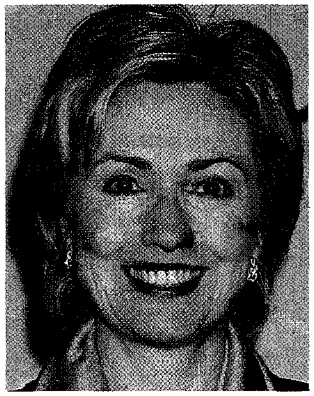
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL

INTELLIGENCER



Hillary Clinton:
Making it a subway series?

RON GALOTTI'S PILLOW FIGHT

The party's over for *Talk* magazine. Publisher **Ron Galotti** has finally settled the enormous bill for the troubled glossy's August 2 launch party after a lengthy feud with event planner **Robert Isabell**. Apparently, Galotti was distressed by Isabell's expenses from the outset and considered firing him even before the splashy bash. But the *Talk*-er ultimately stopped talking to Isabell, says a publishing insider, after being hit with the final bill—and then Galotti struck back. You may remember that the posh picnic on Liberty Island five months ago had celebs like **Madonna** and **Demi Moore** lounging on giant pillows at the water's edge, taking in the food and fireworks. Galotti pounced on those pricey pillows, says the insider, and held them hostage until the money problems were worked out. The principals, of course, want to put the squabbling behind them. According to Isabell CFO **Mark Koda**, "the party was a tremendous success, and at this point, everything is amicable. We've talked, and the bill has been settled." Galotti's response: "I called Robert, and he said that not only has his bill been paid but the money has been spent." Perhaps he's bought a new house in the country.

PERELMAN CUTS TO HEAD OF CLASS

It's no surprise that **Ron Perelman** hasn't hesitated to use his considerable clout to ease love interest **Ellen Barkin**'s way into a comfortable New York berth. According to Upper East Side sources, the Revlon billionaire not only escorted his new significant other on her rounds to meet with private-school headmistresses but barraged influential parents with phone calls, lobbying them on behalf of one of Barkin's two youngsters (from her marriage to **Gabriel Byrne**). "If you were on the board of any private school they were interested in, you were sure to get approached," says one tony mom. "It became a running joke—'Did you get a call yet?' " Not surprisingly, Barkin's child has just popped up mid-semester at one of the poshest prep schools—one at which Perelman has a child enrolled, and where he happens to be a substantial benefactor. Says another private-school parent: "It's very, very difficult to get into that school, and the child just zipped right in. Needless to say, a lot of the parents whose children are waiting to get in are a bit unglued."

HILLARY GOES UNDERGROUND

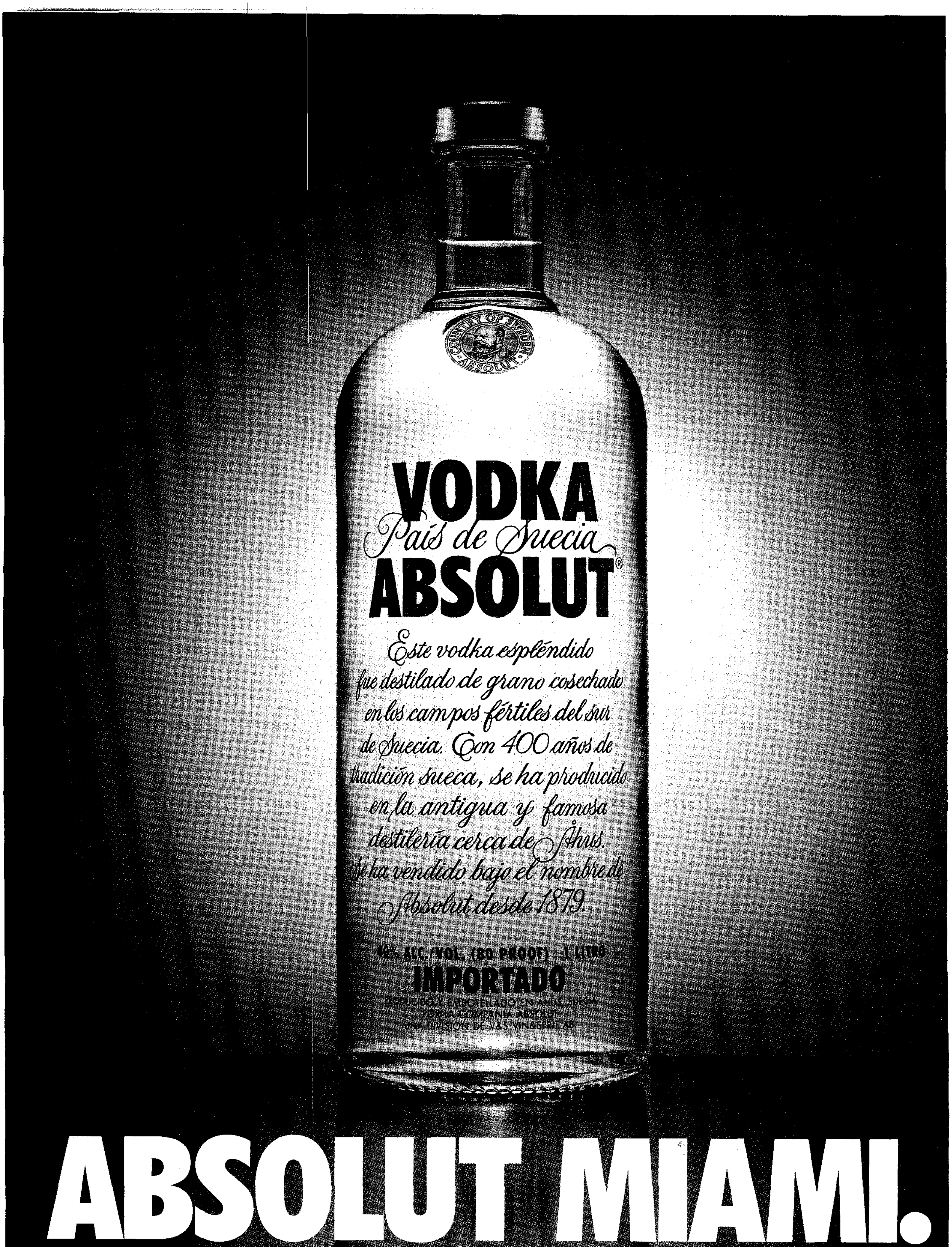
Apparently trying to save pennies for her Senate-campaign coffers—or see how the other half lives—**Hillary Clinton** and her entourage were spotted on the afternoon of December 10 waiting for the R train to arrive at the City Hall station. Approached by a straphanger, the First Lady was asked when she last rode the subway. "I used to ride it all the time," she answered. But lest you think she's been riding the rails regularly since she began her bid for Senate, think again: Her mass-transit days were a while back. "I think the last time was in 1993," she admitted. You have to give Hillary credit for her common sense: Why ride the iron horse when you can travel by Air Force One?

DAWSON'S CRANK CALLER

How far would you go to rub elbows with your favorite celebrity? A naughty *Dawson's Creek* staff member impersonated actor **Joshua Jackson** of the teen TV hit—even enlisting co-workers to help with the scam. An entertainment-industry source says the smooth-talking imposter called the P.R. firm that planned the recent soirée for Motorola's new Hollywood store, hoping to gain access to the star-studded bash. A suspicious agency employee didn't buy the act, and peppered the pretender with enough Jackson trivia questions to make **Regis Philbin** proud. The deceptive *Dawson*-ite held his own, answering correctly and calmly, and left a legitimate contact number for the show's L.A. production offices. When the promoters called back to double-check, a *Dawson* receptionist who was in on the scheme handed the phony the phone. The fooled firm relented, and the fake Josh made it onto the guest list—along with his "buddy" **Jason Palmer**, who he insisted was a writer for the show. Later, says the insider, the agency found out that Palmer was no *Dawson* scribe. "He's not a *writer.* He gets *lunch* for the office," sniffed the source. The production assistant was promptly scratched from the list. Palmer denies that he pulled the con job but offered a glowing review of the prankster, opining, "He is one incredibly creative genius." The party didn't suffer from the charlatan's absence, and unsurprisingly, the genuine Jackson—busy shooting the show in Wilmington, North Carolina—didn't attend. *Real* celebs like **Leonardo DiCaprio**, **Natasha Lyonne**, and **Stephen Dorff** had no problem getting in.

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.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GOTHAM

Pirate Treasure

Hip-hop bootlegging is causing brawls—even as some industry insiders say it's a blessing.

ONCE UPON A TIME, BOOTleggers were gangsters operating moonshine stills. Now, however, they're more likely to be street-corner entrepreneurs selling gangsta rap. The December 1 stabbing of Untertainment music executive Lance "Un" Rivera at the Kit Kat Club, allegedly by Jay-Z, brought music pirating to national attention: The rapper reportedly suspected Rivera of bootlegging his soon-to-be-released album *Vol. 3 . . . Life and Times of S. Carter.*

The manufacture and sale of illicitly copied cassettes and CDs—which many in the industry think has its source in unscrupulous recording-studio interns who turn over demo tapes to interested parties—has an unusually influential effect on hip-hop, which takes its cues and gets its stamp of approval from the street.

Weeks before Nas's April release, several tracks from his album were being sold on the street and even on eBay (currently involved in a bootlegging lawsuit). The rapper scrapped several of those songs and added new ones from his arsenal of more than 30 tracks. (Similarly, Jay-Z, who is still committed to his album's December 28 release date, has added three new songs.) The availability of pirated music didn't deter Nas's fans from buying more than 500,000 copies of *I Am . . .* in its first week in stores, and the astonishing tally led to whispers that the artist might have been *helped* by the buzz created by all those unauthorized copies. "To a certain degree, you *want* to see your artists bootlegged," admits Blak Shawn, an A&R executive at Rawkus, "because that means your shit is hot." Blak Shawn maintains that, far from wanting to impoverish rappers by purchasing CDs that don't put royalty payments in their pockets, "the people who buy bootlegs are the ones most loyal to the artist, not to the label or the record store. They're the fans who want the music now, not later, and they don't care how they get it." (Not every executive is so sanguine: Earlier on the night of the Rivera stabbing, Damon Dash of Roc-A-Fella Records had urged the crowd at Jay-Z's record-release party to "fuck the bootleggers!" by raising their middle fingers in the air.)

The rap group Mobb Deep's album *Murda Muzik* was available on the street months before its August release. "We didn't make anything off it, and Mobb Deep certainly didn't, either," says Dan Smalls, Loud Records's vice-president of street marketing, "but we were happy to see that the record was so hot." Mobb Deep's Havoc even bragged to *The Source* that the album "probably went gold on the streets"—and *The Source* ran reviews of both the bootleg and the official release (which deleted a few songs containing samples that couldn't get clearance). The wide availability of pirated versions didn't stop the record from making a top-ten debut and selling more than 1 million copies.

Oddly enough, hip-hop's obsession with bootlegging comes just when the music may be losing its most-wanted status among pirates. The Recording Industry Association of America reports that while the music industry loses about $300 million annually to "traditional piracy" (bootlegged cassettes and CDs, as opposed to recordable CDs and downloadable Internet sound files like MP3), seizures of pirated cassettes and CDs are down from 383,080 by midyear 1998 to 132,154 by midyear 1999. Even more significant is the RIAA's conclusion that "50 percent of all product seized by midyear 1999 was Latin repertoire." Perhaps Jennifer Lopez's billion-dollar insurance policy should focus on bootlegging instead of booty. ETHAN BROWN

Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

Crisis Rudy is the best Rudy! A little wild-eyed, for sure, but decisive handling of MTA situation was a winner. And where was that other guy—you know, the governor?

Hill calls on Orthodox Union, faces down hostile *Suha Arafat* questioner. They may not vote for her, but at least they saw she didn't ride in on a broom.

Meanwhile, DC 37 contract with the city is up in March. Pro-Hill union will be looking for TWU-type numbers. Rudy says no effin' way. Could get ugly.

Discrediting of Sheehy tome continues. Is it "White House spin machine" (author) or sloppy facts (Garry Wills, et al.)? Either way, HRC sails through it.

Toe Hold

Every dancer can't be the Sugarplum Fairy.

TWO *NUTCRACKERS* AGO, Carla Rey finally stopped teaching ballet to Brooklyn preteens, quit her job as a door whore at Tatou, and, for the first time in her life, paid her rent with money she made as a dancer. *The Nutcracker* is the cash cow for classical-dance companies, nowhere more famously than at the New York City Ballet. But most dancers won't ever look out at an audience from the stage of the New York State Theater. The *Nutcracker* that Rey performs in is presented by Ballet Long Island, and it's seen mostly during the day, by schoolkids. Rey was 28 when she joined the corps de ballet. "This wasn't a stepping stone," says the petite dancer, who nearly always seems like she's had one too many cups of coffee. "This was a job."

Most mornings, she's out the door of her Brooklyn apartment by five, laying out more than $50 in unreimbursed transportation expenses a week. Her salary has risen from $9 an hour to $11.75, and she was recently promoted from corps roles (mouse, snowflake) to the Snow Queen. But the money doesn't go far; Rey wears out a pair of $84 pointe shoes every week. When she can't afford to buy new ones, she wobbles around in soft shoes, pouring Future floor wax into the toes to keep them hard.

"I was told by a teacher that I would never become a dancer," she recalls. "That I needed to lose weight"—she is all of 97 pounds—"that my feet were flat, my legs were two different lengths, my spine was wrong, my hair was wrong, and my leotards were wrong. Everything was wrong."

Ballet Long Island's artistic director, Debra Punzi, says Rey just hadn't found the right choreographer. "A dancer's body is like paint to a painter or clay to a sculptor," says Punzi. "You're looking for a particular texture. My ideal dancer is not someone else's kind of dancer." At Rey's audition, says Punzi, she was struck by her "eye-catching energy."

Rey's apartment at the end of a quiet, tree-lined block is a kind of *Red Shoes* fantasy. Ballet books share space with photos of dancers, more than 30 Barbie dolls, worn leotards and tights—and dying pointe shoes in various states of floor-wax repair. "Doing two *Nutcrackers* a day for schoolchildren is really something," Rey says. "They don't care if you didn't point your foot. They love you unconditionally."

ROSE-ANNE CLERMONT

From *Contact* to Court

Settling of Kozmo case sends chill wind through Silicon Alley.

THE PITCH: AN ONLINE SERVICE THAT delivers everything from *Cop Land* to Krispy Kremes. Think Blockbuster meets Domino's—at Amazon's IPO party.

In the age of Internet cocooning, it could be the ultimate high-concept business idea—and the fact that both Kozmo and Urbanfetch are now pursuing it in almost the same way may be more than just a case of great minds' thinking alike. At least, that was the claim made in a lawsuit filed by Kozmo in New York State Supreme Court on August 2 and settled earlier this month, which charged Urbanfetch's owners with "misappropriation of trade secrets."

Before Urbanfetch owners Ross Stevens and Fred Tausch were online entrepreneurs, they were principals at the Manhattan hedge fund Integrity Capital Management, and they met with Kozmo founders Joseph Park (pictured) and Yong Kang about investing in their then-tiny business. In several meetings during and after March 1999, Park and Kang described their concept, showed Stevens and Tausch their business plan, and even gave them a tour of Kozmo's headquarters.

That's about all the two sides agree on. In a $60 million countersuit charging that the lawsuit was "deliberately orchestrated to wreak havoc" with their business, the Urbanfetch founders argued that they didn't steal any proprietary information and asserted that the two Web-based delivery services aren't really so similar after all. The reason? Both deliver films and food, but Urbanfetch doesn't offer "hard-core, 'adult,' X-rated videos."

Legally, the case centered not on originality—just how many ways *are* there to deliver doughnuts?—but on whether Integrity's meetings with Kozmo implied confidentiality. And when Judge Barry Cozier denied Kozmo's request for an injunction to prevent Urbanfetch from launching, he said there was no evidence that Integrity had any legal obligation to Kozmo. The decision won Stevens and Tausch few friends, but it led Kozmo to reconsider its litigation. The two sides finally settled in a five-page sealed agreement. An Urbanfetch publicist says his client is "happy" with the outcome.

"It was a start-up's worst fears come to fruition," says Stuart Levi, who heads the e-commerce practice at Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom. And as the first talked-about "trade secrets" lawsuit in Silicon Alley, it's making New York's handshake-over-Heineken Internet deal-makers reach for the nondisclosure agreements already ubiquitous in the Valley. "When we started, we saw everyone as potential partners, not competitors," says Kang. "This has made us more paranoid."

DENNY LEE

Illustration by Marcellus Hall.
Photograph by Melanie Dunea/CPi.

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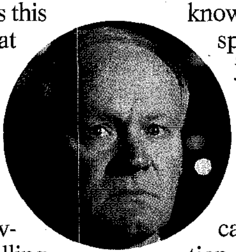
Public Enemy No. 1

Who's behind the latest One Police Plaza shake-up?

POLICE COMMISSIONER HOWARD SAFIR has earned his place in the mayor's inner circle by not upstaging his boss—unlike his flashy predecessor, William Bratton—and by grouchily fending off the media. But lately, that second trick has generated more ill will than ever on both sides: His deputy for operations, Edward Norris, drew gasps this fall when he told the *Times* that the press was to blame for the rising murder rate. Then Safir's spokesperson, Marilyn Mode, was accused of trying to stonewall an unflattering *Daily News* piece about the police crime lab. The *Post*'s Jack Newfield capped off the year by calling Safir "the only public figure who has made more gaffes this year than Hillary Clinton and Al Gore." Something had to be done.



Which might explain this month's unexpected transfer of Mode's top underling, inspector Mike Collins, from the NYPD press office to the detectives' bureau. The move happened on December 3, the day after the office Christmas party. So far, only *Newsday* police columnist Leonard Levitt has come out and called Collins a scapegoat—but now Mode, in turn, accuses Levitt of having a vendetta against her and her boss. At times, it does seem no scandal is too small for Levitt: He recently exposed Mode's dog for eating employees' lunches. Still, observers say the scapegoating rap could stick. "Lenny's like Oz—he knows all," says Tom Kelly, the MTA spokesperson, who had Mode's job for a year. "They used to say that Lenny doesn't hate anybody—he hates everybody. *My* experience always was that he was fair."

Tell that to Mode, who now calls the Collins move a promotion, and whose non-denial denials—"Why don't you be a newspaper reporter and report news?"—have become legendary. "She's so stupid, she once came up to me and said, 'Lenny, you were as tough on Bill Bratton as you are on Howard. You're just a twisted person,' " Levitt says. "She doesn't quite get it. You mean *I'm* responsible for Collins's being transferred? Maybe I'm responsible for the higher murder rate too." ROBERT KOLKER

LIGHTEN UP

Upper East Siders who catch a glimmer of the perennial Park Avenue Christmas trees while fighting their way through crowds or careering through midtown in taxis are noticing that things are a little different this year. "I looked at them and said, 'I can't stand the sea of little white lights!' " explains Margaret Ternes, executive director of the Fund for Park Avenue, which oversees the holiday lights (first installed in 1945 as a memorial to World War II soldiers). An attempt was made to spice things up last winter with frosted bulbs. "Nobody could see them but me and the electricians," Ternes laments. This time around, in addition to the thousands of starry tiny bulbs, a garland of larger white "C-7s" has been strung around each tree in a spiral. The lights turn on around 4:30 P.M. each day and in random order—because it turns out that not everyone who beholds them is infected with the Christmas spirit. "The time clocks get stolen," Ternes sighs. "Some years, we lose about six or seven." SARAH BERNARD

Essential Oil

Food fetishists extend the olive branch.

ON A RECENT RAINY MONDAY NIGHT, A GROUP OF students at the Italian Culinary Center off Madison Square Park assiduously take notes as their instructor demonstrates the proper way to taste olive oil. Paolo Villoresi, who looks a little like Sir Peter Ustinov, ceremoniously bows his head to meet a tiny cup of green-gold estate-bottled oil from his native Tuscany. He inhales deeply, then sticks his tongue out like a lizard, just barely grazing the extra-virgin elixir, makes a loud Hannibal Lecter slurping noise, and smacks his lips.

Half travelogue and half cooking lesson, the $220 four-session program—at its conclusion students become "certified olive oil consultants," with diplomas and lapel pins to prove it—is the latest manifestation of the American fetishization of artisanal ingredients, from bread and cheese to coffee and, now, tea, a previously humble beverage that has this year engendered an entirely new job description—the tea sommelier.

"What are the organoleptic properties of this olive oil?" Villoresi quizzes his students. "What does it taste like?"

"Almonds?" asks one tentatively.

"You cheated," says Villoresi. "You read that in the book."

TODAYS OLIVE OIL
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CERT. #801

It's true: Great olive oil is still virgin territory for most Americans. But not for long. The Culinary Institute of America has just commenced construction of the Colavita Center for Italian Food and Wine, suggesting a new, monounsaturated direction in American cuisine. In California, the birthplace of nearly every American food trend, boutique E.V.O.O. (as it's abbreviated on menus) is offered at a supplementary price at restaurants like Chez Panisse and Campanile. It doesn't hurt that olive oil is riding the crest of the Mediterranean-diet wave. Restaurant consultant Clark Wolf calls it "the one unscathed edible in all the food-police attacks and counterattacks in the last twenty years." But it takes more than health benefits for a foodstuff to become a status symbol. Remember oat bran? There must be historical arcana (Cleopatra used it as perfume), an insider's lexicon (Tuscans are prized for their *pizzica*, or sharp afterbite), and a considerable cash outlay (a three-quarter-liter bottle can command up to $50). "New Yorkers enjoy that mystique of knowing more than the next guy," says olive-oil student and food consultant Tony Volpe. And when we think we're authorities on any subject, we really like to pour it on. ROB PATRONITE

Photographs: left, AP/Wide World Photos; right, Luke Hoverman.
Illustration by Robert Piersanti.

"IF I DON'T GET THIS TABLE FOR NAOMI... I'M SO LAST SEASON."

FULLY COMMITTED

Photo: Allison Leach

Fully Committed ◐ S

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THE COMEDY THAT NEVER STOPS DISHING

Treasure Hunt

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

BOW-TIED DANDIES AND BEJEWELED LADIES WHO LUNCH roamed the grand rooms of Arie and Coco Kopelman's Park Avenue apartment on December 14 at a cocktail party for the Winter Antiques Show, which benefits the South Bronx's East Side House Settlement. Interior designer Mario Buatta, perhaps in search of fresh ideas, accompanied *W* magazine's Aileen "Suzy" Mehle as the society scribe was taken on a personal house tour. Mehle, who once lived in the building, pretended to be miffed: "My place never looked like this!" While inquisitive parties sneaked off to view old-master paintings tucked away in bedrooms, Christopher Mason and a few Savile Row suits from Christie's feasted on crudités and filet mignon. Acclaimed Madison Avenue dealer Leigh Keno was impressed by the spread but was more excited by the memory of an important discovery during a recent stint on *Antiques Roadshow:* "This woman had bought a Federal card table at a garage sale for $25 about 30 years ago. My heart was pounding when I turned it over and realized that it was the work of a late-eighteenth-century master craftsman! It sold for $540,000 at auction!" The Kopelman home, by contrast, was not filled with flea-market finds, nor were all the treasures from an earlier time: Leading an expedition into the library, the host pushed a button and beamed as a wall of *faux* books slid back to reveal a state-of-the-art large-screen TV. MAURA EGAN

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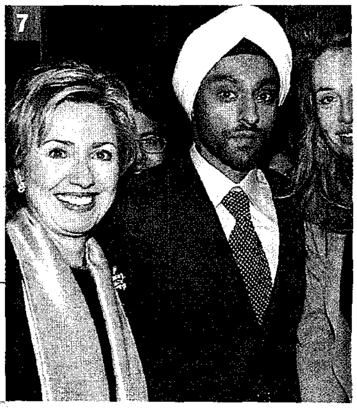
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1. Coco Kopelman, Leigh Keno, and Christopher Mason at the Kopelman home. 2. Morgan Fairchild and Carrie Donovan at the opening of the Old Navy showroom. 3. Imelda Marcos, Rick Hilton, and Leona Helmsley at Kathy and Rick Hilton's twentieth-anniversary party at Doubles. 4. Lynn Whitfield, Luther Vandross, Denise Rich, and Brian Heir at Rich's holiday party at her Fifth Avenue home. 5. Donovan Leitch and Antony Langdon at *Playboy*'s Fifth Avenue rooftop party. 6. Matt Nye and Jill Fairchild Molhado celebrating the publication of *Where to Wear* at the Nicole Farhi store. 7. Hillary Clinton, Vikram Chatwal, and Frederique Van Der Wal at a cocktail party at the Time Hotel. 8. Lenny Kravitz and Jann Wenner at the Wenner Media holiday party at the Roxy. 9. Iman, Blaine Trump, Elle MacPherson, Princess Marie-Chantal of Greece, and Gisele Bundchen at the opening of the LVMH Tower celebration to benefit the Municipal Art Society.

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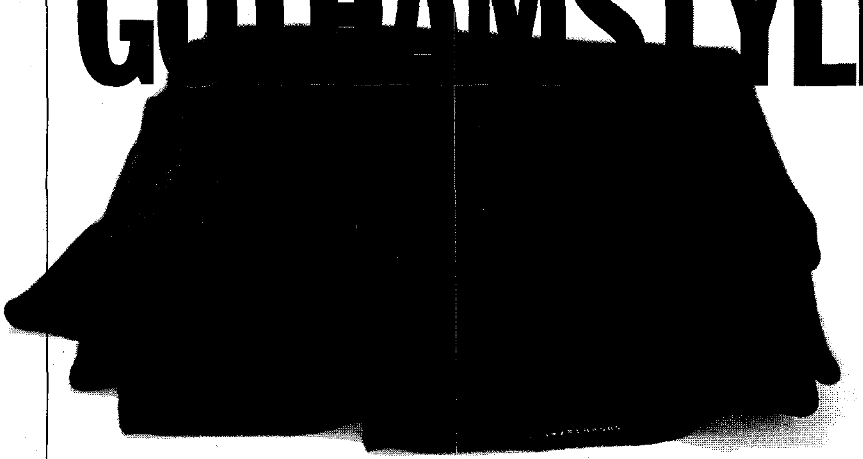
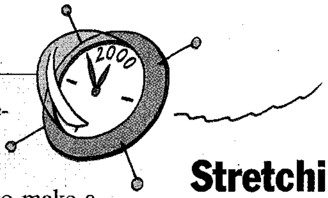
GOTHAMSTYLE



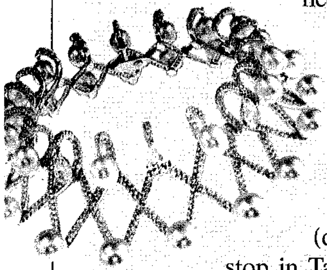
High-Security Blanket

After a few seasons of swaddling fashionable women in her classic cuts, designer Susan Lazar is eyeing a younger style-conscious set: newborns. But despite the demands of mom-to-be friends and customers, Lazar's new Italian cashmere baby blanket comes in an initial special-order run of only 50 (a larger selection will be available at Henri Bendel and Saks Fifth Avenue at a later date). The first of the luxury wraps (available in navy, red, and ivory) is already accounted for: It's a gift for Lazar's friends Russell and Kimora Lee Simmons, who are expecting their first child in January. If $259 seems a bit steep for something that will soon be outgrown, consider it a dual investment—the blanket can always double as a snuggly shawl for Mom. Beth Landman Keil

MILLENNIUM WATCH

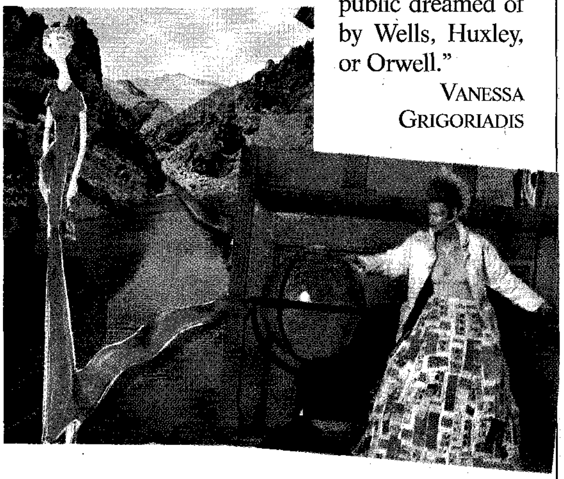


So you're a Wall Street raider still deciding what to buy your honey with all those zeroes on the end of your holiday-bonus check? It would be hard to make a bigger impression than with Chanel's Passages jewelry collection. Created specifically for the millennium, the one-of-a-kind pieces range from a $34,000 pair of diamond-and-sapphire earrings to a $1.195 million diamond-encrusted necklace (call 800-550-0005 for information). But IPO-fattened cats ready to pounce on a pair of sparklers will have to wait until the completion of the jewels' international showcase tour (during a September pit stop in Taiwan, only days after an earthquake, gem junkies were still scrambling to reserve pieces). The collection includes the "Day and Night" necklace, dripping with yellow and blue sapphires, and "Cosmos," a 365-diamond watch weighing in at 50 carats—which means you can skip the barbells you were thinking of giving her for Christmas. B.L.K.



Long-Range Forecast

Now that we can safely assume we won't be walking around in silver space suits in 2001, what *will* fashion look like in the new millennium? Authors Roberta Wolf and Trudy Schlachter offer some sartorial soothsaying in *Millennium Mode* (Rizzoli, $50) by soliciting visions from Seventh Avenue sages like Donna Karan and Carolina Herrera. John Bartlett foresees head-to-toe camouflage; Calvin Klein sees the future as, simply, Kate Moss; Todd Oldham's brave new world is outfitted in T-shirt dresses. That seems about right; as the late Costume Institute curator Richard Martin predicts in the book's foreword, "The future will have more congruity with the Banana Republic than [with] any republic dreamed of by Wells, Huxley, or Orwell." Vanessa Grigoriadis



Stretching the Point

Remember how you once made fun of Jane Fonda leg warmers and matching leotards? Now your oversize high-school gym shorts and concert tees are equally outmoded. The city's Pilates and yoga classes are packed with models and actresses limbering up in tight-fitting pants and slinky spaghetti-strap tanks, and naturally, they're finding their gym gear in NoLIta, where the Body Control clothing line is being sold exclusively at Language. The drawstring pants ($165)—tight on top and loose at the calves—and the sleeveless shells ($85) are ideal for contortions on your yoga mat—or slipping onto a bar stool at Canteen. Just don't forget the shower. Sarah Bernard

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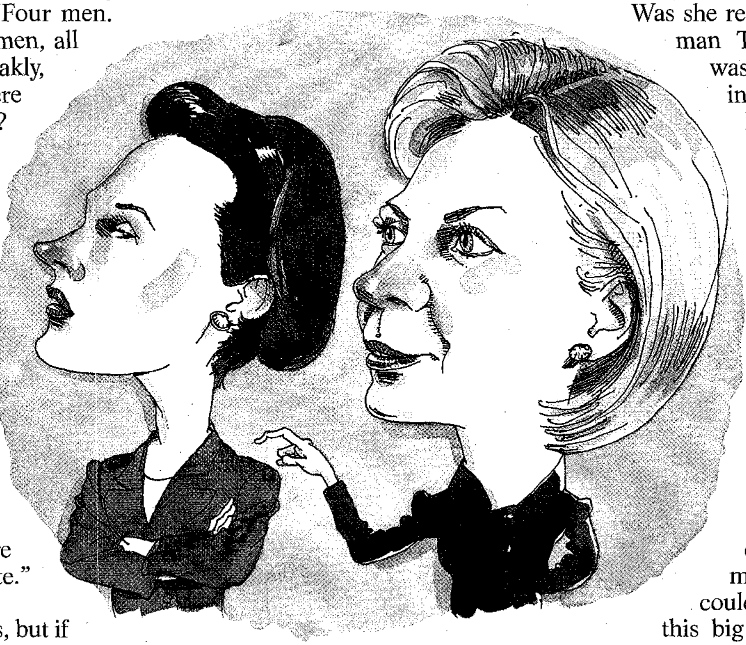
THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Who Do Women Want?

Hillary thinks she has the votes of smart, educated women wrapped up—and she may, but many are reluctant to admit it, at least until she becomes a better candidate.



A FRIEND WAS OUT COLLECTING signatures for Bill Bradley on the West Side not long ago and was taken aback to hear people agreeing to sign "as long as you're not collecting for Hillary too." Most of these comments, he noticed, came from women: "They'd say things like 'Oh, they'—meaning women; of course they never say *we*—'will vote for her, but they won't tell anybody.' "

Another friend was at a swell dinner party on the East Side. "There were eight at my table," he recalls. "Four men. Four women. Among the men, all four were for her—one weakly, two strongly, one somewhere in the middle. The women? One vote for. And even that one didn't have anything particularly good to say about her."

A friend's mother, an intellectual who lives on the Upper East Side, sums up the attitude of her set like this. "Intelligent, uptown Jewish women feel that eventually, they will vote for her," this woman says. "But they'll do it because they can't vote for Giuliani, and because they're too civic-minded not to vote." And that's about it.

These are mere anecdotes, but if anecdotes aren't enough for you, I introduce poll numbers. Quinnipiac College, in its October poll about the Senate race, showed Hillary leading Rudy among all women. That would include black women, who back Hillary by about twelve to one. Among white women? The survey—and this is based on 484 white women, enough to mean something statistically—shows Giuliani ahead, 48 to 38. We may assume that many of these pro-Rudy women are Republicans, of course, but the women in my anecdotes aren't; in fact, most regard the mayor as a human being in only the most grudging, technically physiological sense. And besides, look: Any quasi-feminist woman should be running ahead of Giuliani among women by at least fifteen points.

Italians vote for Italians; Long Islanders support Long Islanders; young people back young candidates; and so forth. But it seems that lots of women like Hillary don't like Hillary. What gives?

"SHE DOES PUSH EVERYBODY'S BUTTONS about women and power," says the radical cultural critic Ellen Willis, who doesn't have much use for Hillary's politics but is rather sympathetic to the First Lady with respect to questions of how she fails, or succeeds, in representing All Women. "But I never thought of her as somebody who was supposed to bring credit to *me*."

Willis may not have, but I suspect more than a few women did. Or let's put it this way: For baby-boomer women—i.e., professional, liberal women who wear the battle decorations of having invaded the gentlemen's clubs that were the law firms and P.R. firms and doctors' offices of the seventies—Hillary was the avatar of their expectations. Whether they wanted it or not; whether she wanted it or not. She was. She was supposed to represent them well. These women watched her in a way they never watched Nancy Reagan or Barbara Bush, who were from a planet populated by women who actually considered it normal to be introduced as "Mrs. [husband's full name]," and who didn't matter anyway. Hillary did matter, and everything she did mattered. Not just politically. Viscerally.

They started out loving her, or wanting to. But the intervening years have brought forth too many questions. Was she a good feminist or a bad feminist? Was she refusing to just stand by her man Tammy Wynette–style, or was she, in the end, just standing by her man? Did she know what Bill was up to and pretend to ignore it? Would leaving him have been an act of bravery or a pointless defenestration of her power? Was she ambitious lady tiger or victim, or both, depending on what was convenient at the time?

It's possible a different sort of woman—one with a sharper sense of humor, say, or one who was more "like the guys"—could have deflected these questions with more dexterity. But Hillary couldn't deflect them. She was this big magnet for disaster, and everything in her path attached itself to her. "She forces us to understand the contradictions of our own generation," says the novelist Mary Gordon, an HRC supporter. "We're transitional. When we were 13, we were singing 'My Boyfriend's Back.' Five years later, we were marching for abortion rights. And after that, we've all had to make choices about career and family, and they haven't always been good choices. Maybe looking at Hillary is looking at the reality of ourselves rather than the fantasy of ourselves."

Maybe. But there are women who don't see their own shortcomings in Hillary. They see hers. One Manhattan

Illustration by Joe Ciardiello.

liberal feminist I spoke with said that "something really changed fundamentally with her handling of the Lewinsky thing." Hillary said it was a vast conspiracy. But then came the DNA test proving it wasn't just a conspiracy, and "Hillary has never acknowledged that her characterization was self-serving and dishonest. She never corrected the record. She's never said, 'I can't condone what my husband has done.' "

HERE'S THE RUB, FROM A CAMPAIGN PERspective: Hillary's woman problem is not a political problem. Political problems have political solutions. But this is a psychological problem, or an emotional problem. What's the solution to that?

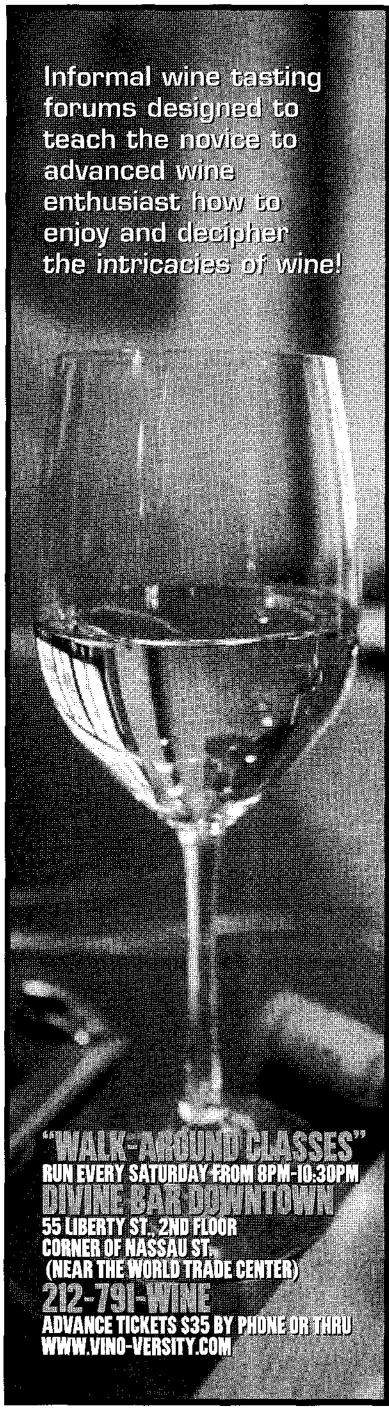
Perhaps it doesn't *need* a solution. If these women say they're holding their noses and voting for her, well, that's that. But come next fall, if she seems to be taking these women for granted, they'll sense that, too, at which point Grandpa Munster, or even Rudy himself, might start looking good.

No, Hillary needs to persuade these women. Maybe she does need to own up—to say, at the very least, that she accepts responsibility for her part in the scandal. She definitely needs to make them forget about Monica and the whole sorry melodrama and make the race about their futures, and hers. Whatever she does, she needs to be authentic about it. Not seem. Be.

> *"Hillary was this big magnet for disaster, and* **everything in her path attached itself to her**. *'She forces us to understand the contradictions of our own generation,' says novelist Mary Gordon."*

My friend's Upper East Side mom suggests a possible political answer: Be a better candidate. "We all know we still have to be 50 percent better than men," she says. "So far, Hillary's 50 percent worse." In other words, outfoxing Giuliani would mark her as neither victim nor shrew, but just another smart, competent woman. Hey, it's a start. ▬

E-mail: tomasky@aol.com



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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Hot Type

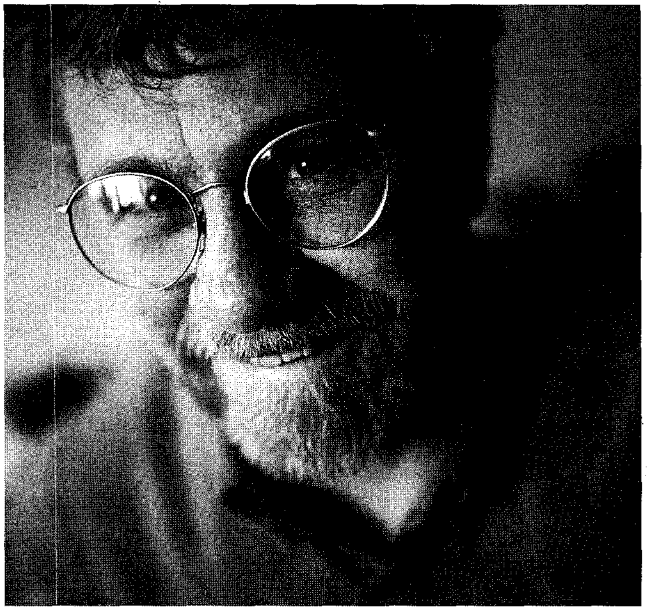
One reason Keith Kelly's column is the first read in Media City is that, unlike some of his colleagues, the 'Post' reporter appears to have only one agenda: getting scoops.

KEITH KELLY AND I ARE TALKING about what media writers talk about when we get together—our colleague Alex Kuczynski. This is because, in addition to working at the *Times,* Alex is blonde and imposing and very media-savvy herself—a Valkyrie-ish media reporter. Kelly says he heard that when she first took over the media beat at the *Times,* a P.R. person asked her what she wanted to accomplish and she said she wanted to become famous—which for Kelly, whose media beat at the New York *Post* includes quite a bit of coverage of the foibles of fame, seems to say it all.

What we are talking about, too, is Kuczynski's recent story about Tina Brown (the other person media writers invariably talk about when they get together). In the story—which, Kelly reported in the *Post,* Tina was quite irritated about—Tina tries to explain (i.e., spin) the mostly negative publicity and gossip and second-guessing that have surrounded *Talk.* As it happens, much of this negativity has come from Kelly himself, who has diligently reported in the *Post* on most of the rumors, defections, and nastiness that have shadowed *Talk* since its debut in August. Kelly, however, is fine with Kuczynski's piece. Unlike many Tina watchers and writers, Kelly has no anti-Tina passion at all. In fact, Tina sent over a baby present when Kelly's wife had their second child a few weeks ago. He covered Tina on the way up as attentively as he is covering her in her present free fall. Indeed, he thinks, judging by Kuczynski's story, that maybe Tina is even bouncing back.

But I disagree. If you read between the lines of Kuczynski's story, I analyze, what you have is an admission of defeat. Look what Tina is doing: She's blaming it all on Harvey Weinstein. Harvey, she says, made her put all those uninteresting stars on the cover; Harvey made *Talk* flack for Miramax's films. She's pulling back, too, saying the magazine is her new editor Bob Wallace's baby now. What's going on, I argue, is that Tina is clearing the woods for a soft landing.

Kelly doesn't much like this analysis. Hmmm. Hmmm. "I've already lost JFK Jr.," he says, stroking his beard with mild concern. "What would I do if I lost Tina too?"



On the beat where you live: New York *Post* media reporter Keith Kelly.

Which is pretty much Keith Kelly's view of the media: who's in; who's out; who's alive and kicking; who's not. Unlike Kuczynski, who treats media as an important aspect of modern business and culture, or Carl Swanson at the *Observer,* who covers the media business as a chattering-class pastime, or Celia McGee, who covers it in the *Daily News* as society or show-business gossip, or this column, which tends to see it as human comedy, Kelly's coverage is nothing fancy. And it is this retro, tough-guy, what-you-see-is-what-you-get, no-nonsense approach that has made him the most influential media reporter in the city.

THERE IS SOMETHING, OBVIOUSLY, VERY insular about this condition: Media about media. (Or, in the instance of this present column, media about media about media.) Gossiping about gossipers. Almost all of us on the media beat live the life we report on: Kuczynski not only covers the media while working for the *Times* but lives with an ABC News correspondent; the *Daily News'* McGee is married to a senior HBO executive; when I am not writing about the media, I am most often trying to become a media mogul myself (what's more, my wife is a lawyer who advises media clients). Then there's Kurt Andersen, a former editor of this magazine and among the most well-known of media insiders (married, too, to a media insider), who has announced he's launching a new new-media business called Powerful Media that will report on old-media insiders.

In addition to prompting a host of journalistic questions—how can one cover one's own profession, friends, future employers?—the media's fascination with itself also suggests a level of self-consciousness and vanity that, for starters, undoubtedly says something about the narcissism of the age.

While these inversions, and this self-referentialism, and all the implicit ironies here (along with a lot of clubbiness), are of great interest to me, this stuff is, I infer, of little or no interest to Kelly. Kelly, indeed, is personally remote from this media life.

"He's a townie," sniffed a literary/media celebrity having dinner at my house.

Kelly, who lives in Stuyvesant Town with his wife, who is a nurse, and their two young sons, has been a faithful beat reporter for 24 years (save for the year he spent freelancing from Northern Ireland); his father was a pressman at the *Daily News.* If he weren't working media, he'd be just as happy working a crime beat, he says. In Kelly's media city, Si Newhouse is

Photograph by Sylvia Plachy.

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something like the mayor; Steve Florio, the police commissioner; Hearst's Kathy Black, the Brooklyn borough president; *Time*'s Walter Isaacson, the media state's senator. At the moment, on Kelly's media crime beat, Tina Brown, you could say, is on trial for her life.

It is business reporting tabloid-style. Every Kelly story is present-tense and every firing or promotion writ as large as the next (writ as large as the juiciest murder). He is pure New York *Post* comic-book wham-bam—*Vogue's* editor Anna Wintour taking a left jab from her former protégée and current *Harper's Bazaar* editor Kate Betts. But his influence is, well, *Times*-like.

There are those who even believe David Remnick got the job of *New Yorker* editor because of Kelly. Remnick made a surprise appearance on the long end of Kelly's shortlist after Tina Brown's sudden resignation from *The New Yorker*. Remnick, a writer with little editing experience, no management background to speak of, and a relatively modest profile in the magazine community, got the call to come in and talk to Si Newhouse the next day.

Likewise, Kelly seems to have helped former *Details* editor Michael Caruso lose his job when he quoted him saying, "My numbers are so good I'm going to be getting a big fat raise," accompanied by a picture with Caruso, in Kelly's description, "sitting in a downtown trendy chair with big arms." The quote, Kelly says with some satisfaction, really put Si Newhouse over the edge.

As it happens, Kelly's sources are particularly good within Condé Nast, which may say as much about Condé Nast. Because Si Newhouse is particularly sensitive to what appears about him and his company in the press, it helps, if you work for him, to be able to float more or less unauthenticated rumors—and the most efficient way to do that is through Kelly. Indeed, at Condé Nast, the floating of rumors often creates a fact, or fait accompli—along with major and minor contretemps, scandals, and business reorganizations—so Kelly's Condé Nast reports end up having a high rate of accuracy (high enough to overshadow his equally high rate of inaccuracies and bloopers).

But in a larger way, it's not his scoops (and he has had many, minor and major—including the first report, last June, of the departure of the CEO of *New York*'s parent company) as much as it is just his attention that brings media people to Kelly. He's our own local reporter, covering small events with the same verve as large events and never getting too far from the basics of who is hiring whom and who is abandoning whom. He is, he proudly points out, the leader on media medical stories, breaking the news of heart surgery for Steve Florio, Sonny Mehta, and Hachette's Jean-Louis Ginibre, not to mention the story, early in the summer, of JFK Jr.'s broken ankle. (Kelly had a particular inside track with Kennedy, getting the first story about the plans for *George* as well as a host of stories about the ups and downs of the magazine. Their relationship, says Kelly, "was one Irishman to another.")

THE ODD THING IS THAT THE MEDIA INDUSTRY, which you would think would know better, reads Kelly as though the *Post* were the paper of record. Now, in its way, the *Post* has become, with a little critical interpretation, a good paper. Or a good example of the kind of paper you might read after you have read the paper you read. It is, in other words, from another age when people read a second or third paper—and, more important, when advertisers might have advertised in them. But people other than media people don't read more than one paper (hard enough to get them to read one), and advertisers, as a rule, don't advertise in what are called "overlapping reads."

> *"Kelly seems to have helped former 'Details' editor Michael Caruso lose his job when he quoted him saying, 'My numbers are so good I'm going to get a big fat raise . . .' "*

But the *Post* in fact *is* a first read, or a necessary read, for many media people, and the *Times*, with its disinclination to elevate gossip to news (although gossip is the news in the media business) or to get down with the minutiae of media life (the *Times* favors large social and business trends rather than mere deals and day-to-day jockeying for position), the softer second read.

This is not happenstance. The *Post's* business section—not read by people truly in business but read and designed to be read by people in the media business—together with its "Page Six," is an astute calculation. Media becomes vastly more significant when it is read (or watched) by other media. The *Daily News*, which has a larger and more stable base of readers than the *Post*, has much less influence (political and otherwise) in part because other people in the media don't read it. The *Post's* notorious view of Hillary is center stage in no small way because media people are reading Keith Kelly.

Which, about now, brings us to possibly the largest irony in the discussion of media about media, which is that the greatest media story of the age is the Murdoch story. In some ways, the *Post*'s strategy of covering the media reflects nothing less than Murdoch's twenty-year insurgency—in other words, how to get yourself noticed. Then, having gotten noticed, you get to write your own story. Or, in the case of the *Post's* media coverage, not write it. The most rumor-mongering media reporter in the media city, does not, of course, write about his boss. At the *Daily News* for a brief period before being recruited at the *Post*, Kelly broke the story of the sale of the Murdoch-owned *TV Guide*. "It wasn't long after that that they call me up and offer me the *Post* job, and strangely enough that was my last good scoop on News Corp.," says Kelly, with what might be an Irish twinkle.

Weirdly, this blatant conflict becomes almost part of the *Post's* charm. In its newsroom, to my eye a third the size of the *Daily News'*, a quarter the size of the *Times'*, sitting now, far from its South Street roots, in a corner of the News Corp. headquarters on Sixth Avenue, its small staff puts out a perfect example of a kind of newspaper—an urban tabloid—that does not, practically speaking, exist anymore. It's a play paper. There is something feel-good for media people about the *Post*. It recalls a simpler newspaper life—which is where all media people, if only in their imagination, come from. A few weeks ago, A&E aired a documentary paean to the *Post* made by BNNtv.com, a hip, Silicon Alley digital-broadcast shop—content people who never have worked for a newspaper and never will. It was a loving look at the *Post*—at the romance of a tabloid, when tough-guy reporters chronicled the passions of the city.

Indeed. Keith Kelly, sport coat over the back of his chair, denim shirt rolled up his arms, tie askew, is frantically working the phones, pushing up against his deadline—there are goings-on at Hachette Filipacchi, rumors of a big advance at Random House, an executive change at Fairchild in the wake of its acquisition by Condé Nast. *These* are the stories of the naked city. ■

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CITYSIDE MARK JACOBSON

Happy Ending

Even in the new Times Square, signs of the possibly imminent apocalypse are everywhere. But thanks to Rudy and Hollywood, we may not recognize it when it comes.

HERE’S A LATE-BREAKING BULLETIN on the end of the world: According to a seemingly innocent press release issued by the Times Square Business Improvement District, the ball that will be dropped on this most momentous New Year’s Eve is in the form of a crystal seven-pointed star. It will descend a 77-foot-tall pole. The global spectacle will be shown on “seven large Panasonic Astrovision screens.” The production will cost $7 million.

Seven. Think about it.

In the Book of Revelation, also known as the Apocalypse, the prophet John is told by an angel to write of “he who holds the seven stars in his right hand who walks among seven lampstands.” Then John is led through the open door that cannot be closed to stand before the crystal throne of God, which is surrounded by seven torches of fire, encountering the seven angels who blow seven trumpets and allow him to bear witness to the opening of the famous seven seals, which contain the seven bowls of wrath.

Seven. Like Dylan says, it is a fool who does not take what he gathers from coincidence.

Times Square = End of Times Square: It was something to think about trudging through this bright and blaring intersection, where giant clocks have been counting down for what seems the better part of the past benighted decade. Tick, tick, tick—this many days, hours, minutes left until the instant that is almost Now. Something to think about, all right, because things are getting pretty damn eschatological out here, especially since that guy from France got sick all over the window of the Disney store. It was like time stood still, what with all those tourists watching the sheen of vomit slide down the plate-glass window, Mickey and Minnie smiling, waving, and wishing everyone Merry Christmas all the while.

’Tis the season to be apocalyptic. It’s been like that for weeks, ever since they brought out the “seasonal recordings” over at the Virgin Megastore, Clint Black beside Bing Crosby, Dwight Yoakam with Bobby Vinton, and “Candle in the Wind 1997” in heavy rotation. Candle in the Wind, Candle in the Wind. Been like that since that 300-pound guy in the Hawaiian shirt started sitting on a crate in front of the Chase ATM selling matted-fur tarantula hand puppets. “Good for cats, made in Poland,” he intones repeatedly. “Good for cats, made in Poland, good for cats, made in Poland.”

Been like that, really, since the day after Thanksgiving, the so-called Last Biggest Shopping Day of the Millennium, when the skate punks and squatters ran through here, screaming of the World Trade Organization. “WTO equals NWO,” they chanted, dissing Hulk Hogan and Henry Kissinger alike, handing out Chinese fortune cookies as they marched toward Bryant Park. REPENT, said the little white slips inside. GLOBALIZATION GONNA GET YO’ MOMMA. To mark the Last Biggest Shopping Day of the Millennium, they declared a “Don’t Buy Anything Friday.”

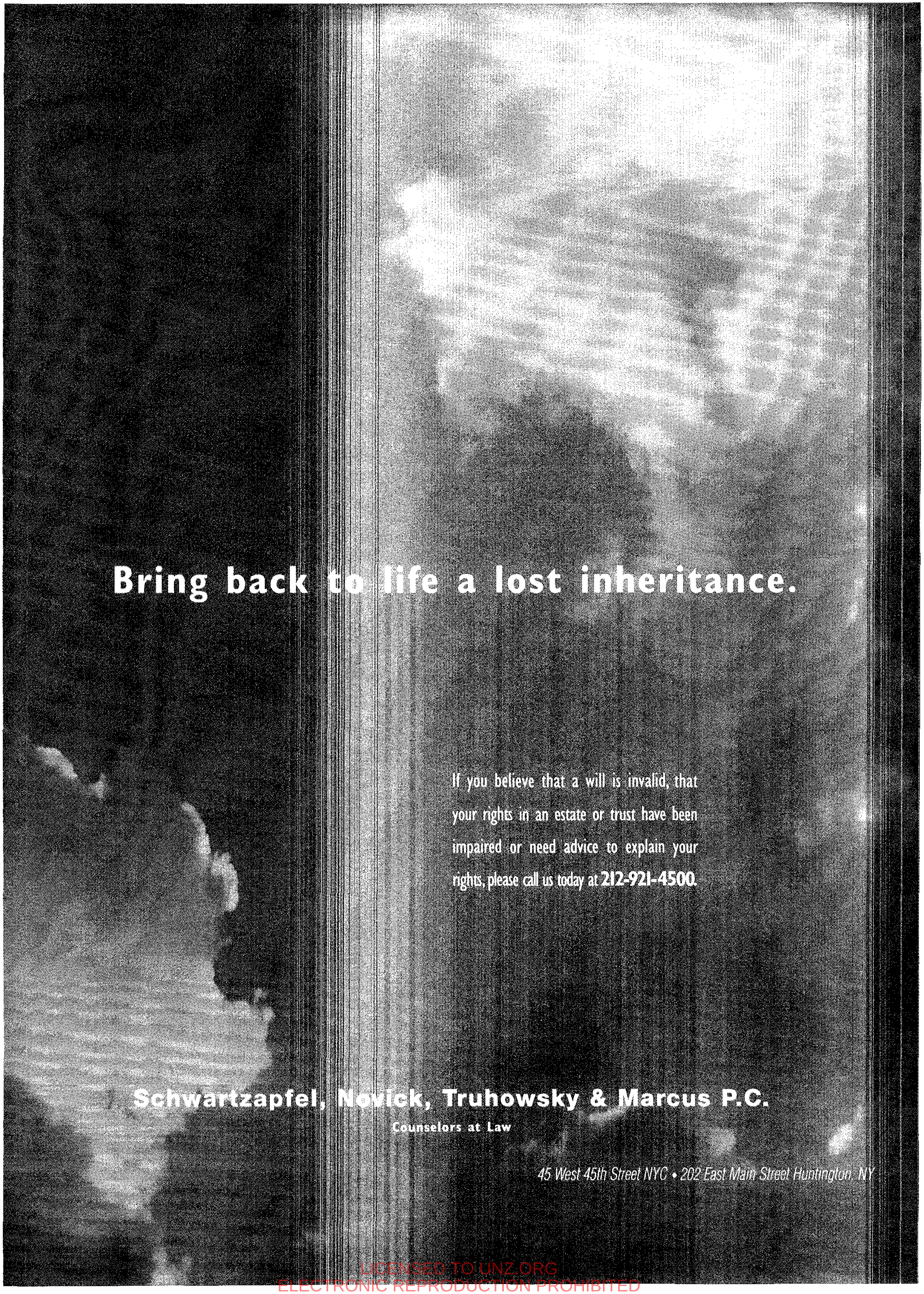
“No shopping?” asked a startled passerby, carrying a bag from Thomas Pink. “That’s really the end of the world.”

DOWN 42ND STREET, THE NEW ARNOLD movie, the cannily timed and titled *End of Days,* is at the brand-new Loews thirteen-screen “E Walk” theater. Once upon a not too distant past, this street, and the movie theaters formerly situated here, sticky-floored, semen-smeared dumps like the Harris, Selwyn, and Liberty, invoked their own kind of post-apocalyptic landscape. One could watch Bruce Lee coil his coil of doom and hear a scream from the balcony: “You’re sorry? You piss on my date and you say you’re sorry?!”

Now it costs $9.50 to sit in a “highback airline-style chair” to watch Arnold, ever the alpha and omega male, butt-whip the Devil and keep the creaking treadmill of history safe for future IPOs. Too bad *End of Days* bites the bone, especially compared with such other New York–based apocalyptic sagas as *Rosemary’s Baby,* where pre-Woody Mia Farrow bears the satanic child on the Upper West Side, and Larry Cohen’s grand, subversive *God Told Me To,* in which a Christ-like demon prompts serial killers.

But then again, the apocalypse is more a hidden, surreptitious thing in this town these days, not seething and surface-palpable as in the Dinkins times and the Koch times, when Charles Bronson ran rampant and the whole place played like a latter-day Thomas Hardy–*Taxi Driver* back lot. Rudy, ultimate Scrooge, even ruins the End. The art directors are hard up; all the “hellish” subway scenes in *End of Days* take place in mid-seventies-style cars covered in graffiti dating back to

Illustration by Jennifer Jessee.



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Taki 183. Not that anyone in the audience, many of whom likely took the spanky-clean A train to the theater, seemed to notice, or care.

There was, however, some nifty bit of postmod frisson in that the climax of the picture took place in very near and exceedingly familiar time and space—namely, just a few days hence (December 31, 1999) and several yards up the street (at the erstwhile Times Building). The final scene played thus: The Devil has taken possession of the Arnold body and commanded him to screw ingenue Robin Tunney on a church altar, an act that if consummated by midnight will usher in a 1,000-year Luciferian Reich. This is intercut with shots of the aforementioned seven-pointed ball slipping down the 77-foot-tall pole on the Times Building. Not to wreck it for you, but Arnold's lapsed faith kicks in, Robin Tunney's underwear stays on, and Satan—curses, blueballed again—is thrown back into the fiery Pit of Hell.

LATER, EVEN IF IT WAS AGREED THAT *END OF Days* didn't nearly cut it compared with *Predator,* some of us Arnold fans convened outside the theater on 42nd Street to discuss the prophetic proximity of it all. Only hours earlier, on the way to the theater, stopping at a deli for a coffee, I'd seen workmen up on the Times Building, arranging the lights and cameras, preparing for the Big Night. Even now, approaching midnight, the 77-foot flagpole was visible, illuminated by the blinding logos (logos that become Logos?) of multinational corporations that surround the vast intersection.

Rob, a guy in a FUBU jacket from Mill Basin, Brooklyn, thought it wouldn't be so bad if the world just blew up when the ball dropped, "like three, two, one, contact . . . some terrorist deal . . . you know: Screw the IRS, screw Con Ed, ef 'em if they can't take a joke." If they wanted to bring back Guy Lombardo and all his Royal Canadians for one big, last auld lang syne-off, that was okay with Rob: "Won't be nothing to me. If the world blows up, someone will have to wake me up and tell me about it, because I am going to be dead, dead drunk!"

This was a common sentiment. "No end of the world gonna spoil the party," seconded Shondra of 109th Street and Amsterdam, who had given thought to coming to Times Square for the evening but after "some strange things that have happened" has decided instead to stay home "hiding under the bed with the police lock on." Richie, originally of Haiti, found *End of Days* "too stupid to be sacrilegious" but did report once having an insane girlfriend who said there was "no use going steady when the earth is about to explode." Someone joked about being put out by the world's possibly ending on December 31, since he had tickets on the 50-yard line for the New Year's Day Armageddon Bowl at the Meadowlands.

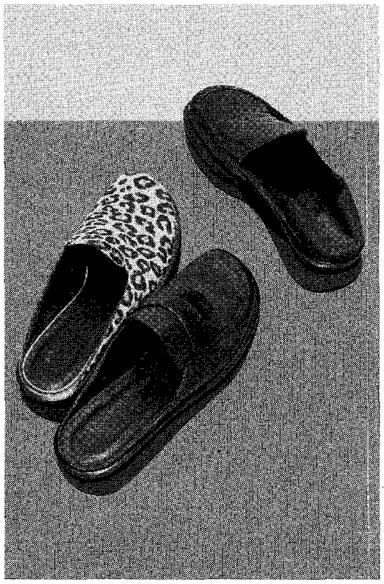
Who knew? Maybe the dot of dot-com really was the Mark of the Beast, not 666, which was just another address on Fifth Avenue. If so, would any mortal being come to the fore as a world savior, as Arnold did in *End of Days?* "Wouldn't be Giuliani, cause he's Satan himself," said Deborah of Whitestone. Wouldn't be Clinton either, said Ralph of the Bronx, at least not in the context presented in *End of Days,* " 'cause Clinton couldn't keep his dick in his pants even if the world depended on it."

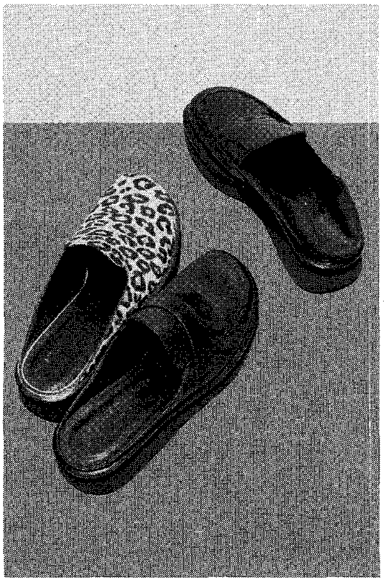
The apocalypse is a surreptitious thing *in New York these days, not seething and palpable as in the Dinkins and Koch times, when Charles Bronson ran rampant and the whole place played like a 'Taxi Driver' back lot.*

No, only God could save the world, just as it said in the Good Book. Faith was our best weapon. Yet as a scriptural discussion arose, pertaining to *End of Days,* the weary pilgrim wondered about the depth of that faith. According to Arnold, Chapter 20, Verse 7 of the Book of Revelation says, "And when the thousand years are ended, Satan will be loosed from his prison." Was this the correct wording? someone asked. The answer was as close as the Bible in my briefcase. I keep it with me all the time now; finally, after so long, it speaks to me. But when I pulled out the book and ran my finger down the page, past the mention of the angel holding in his hand "the key to the bottomless pit and a great chain" (an obvious reference to the Times Square ball, I noted), my fellow moviegoers exchanged uneasy looks and faded into the night.

All of which goes to show that the hour is never too late to be shunned, even by Arnold fans, and left standing on 42nd Street, just one more religious nut, agog and magog, shouting of the End. ■

PHOTO . ILAN RUBIN





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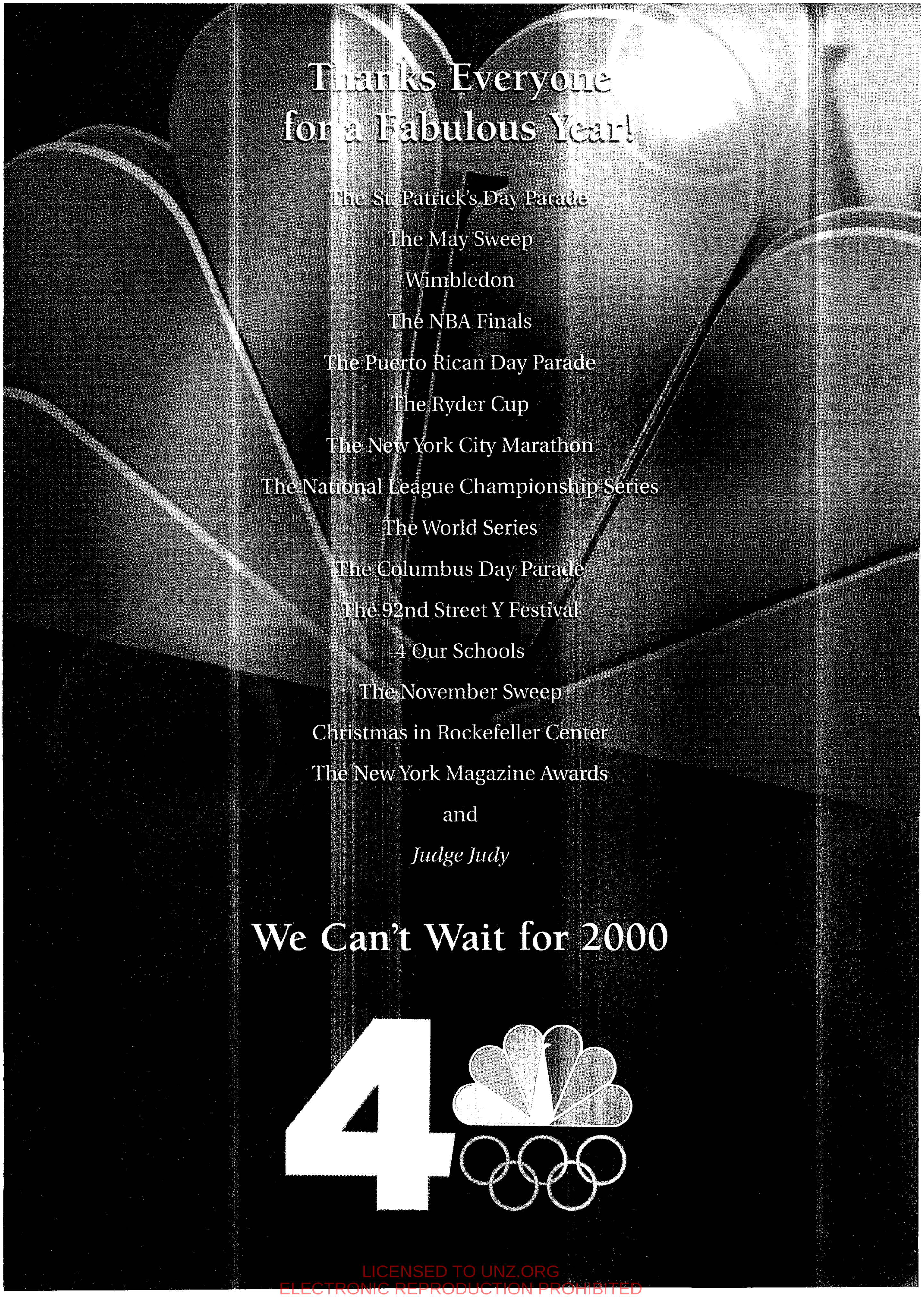

Thanks Everyone for a Fabulous Year!

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The May Sweep

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The NBA Finals

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The Ryder Cup

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The World Series

The Columbus Day Parade

The 92nd Street Y Festival

4 Our Schools

The November Sweep

Christmas in Rockefeller Center

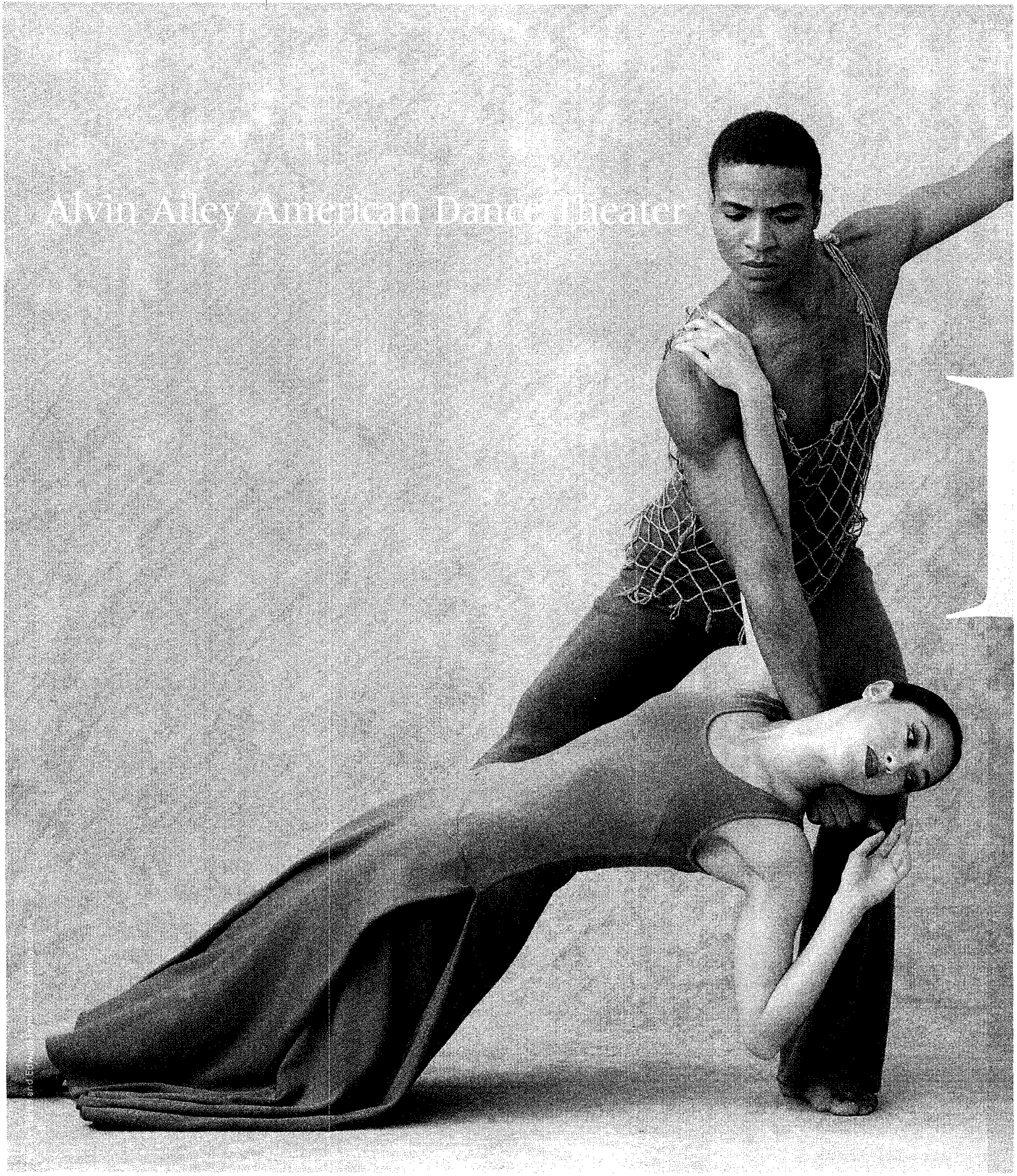
The New York Magazine Awards

and

Judge Judy

We Can't Wait for 2000

4


Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater

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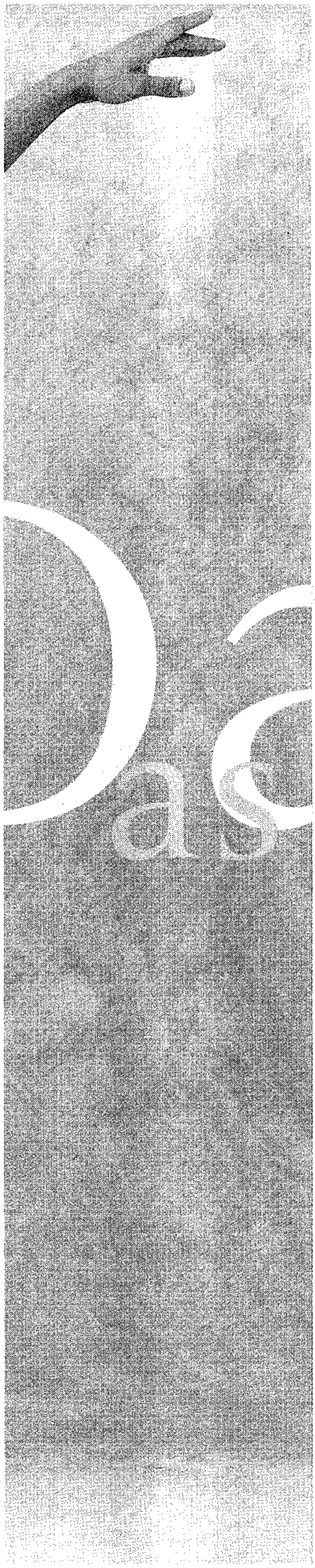

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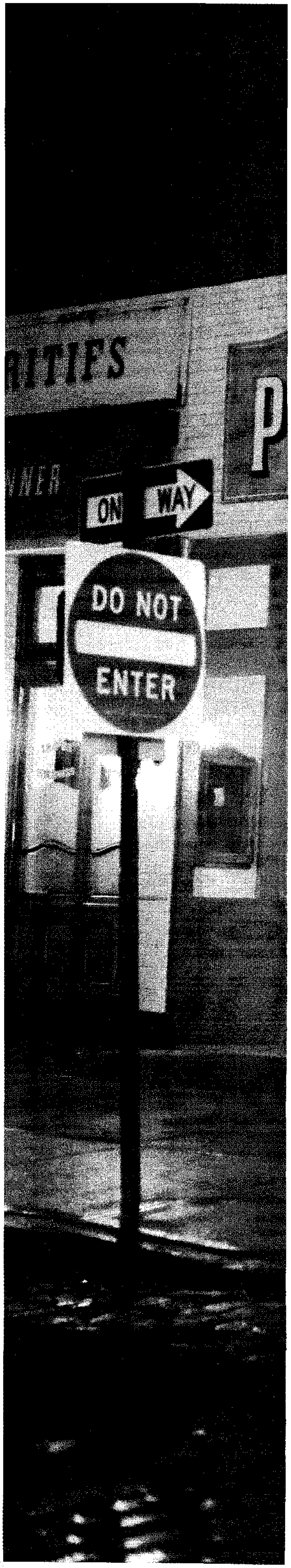
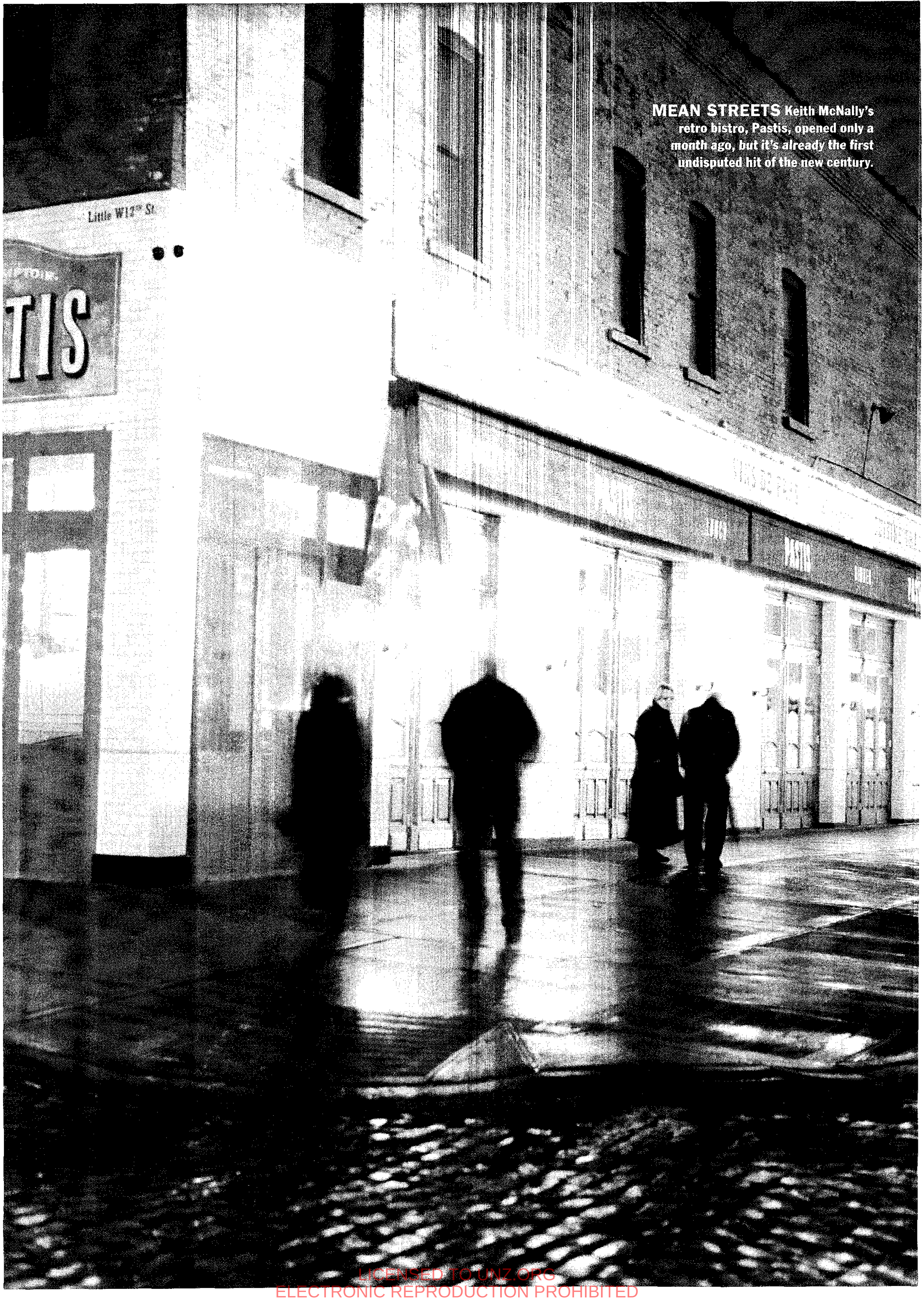
GAEL GREENE'S WHERE TO EAT IN 2000

In the event of computer dementia, we may be eating chops seared on a wood-burning barbecue by candlelight for a while, tallying the check by ballpoint. But in these last euphoric moments of the century, it still seems as if nothing short of a stock-market seizure can sedate our town's feeding frenzy. Every week, another three or four contenders of respected provenance leap into the tussle, and a dozen more of dubious or uncharted DNA vie for attention. Hungry? Here's what's happening right now: >

Photograph by Robert Wright




Little W12th St
TIS
PASTIS
LUNCH

MEAN STREETS Keith McNally's retro bistro, Pastis, opened only a month ago, *but it's already* the first undisputed hit of the new century.

Where will I be eating in the next ten minutes?

Dedicated Magellans of the tempestuous restaurant scene have come ashore in the meatpacking district. There were a thousand pastel pashmini flapping in the breeze this summer as Fressen and **Markt*** claimed their abandoned warehouses. (I like Markt's plain-packing-box-brewery feel and the Belgian mussels-with-fries routine.) The swarm got so intense at Oriont, the place burst into flames and firemen ripped the roof off.

By the time Balthazar's Keith McNally had hung the last ravaged mirror in his clever, less expensive, no-dinner-reservations **Pastis**, hordes of angels and demons were converging, standing around like dill-pickle strips crammed in a jar, hoping for a table. Given the everyday New Yorker's incurable masochism, I don't predict a letup. If you're not a face or a boldfaced name, come with a Balthazar regular for onion soup as good as your junior year in Paris, splendid leg of lamb with flageolets, excellent fries, modest wines by the carafe, and tangy lemon-curd tart all by itself on a plate, not a coulis squiggle or a pomegranate seed in sight.

Isla, with its cool-blue Formica tabletops, Miami Beach tile, and white Naugahyde booths, is Tampa-born Diane Ghioto's sexily lit invocation of fifties Havana. That's her in the flowing prom dress. An instant rush of good-looking and savvy scenesters shout to be heard above the sweet strains of the Buena Vista Social Club. They share the ceviche sampler, the mussels deliciously perfumed with smoked tomato and garlic chips, seafood paellita, or a mammoth stuffed pork chop with sour-orange mojo.

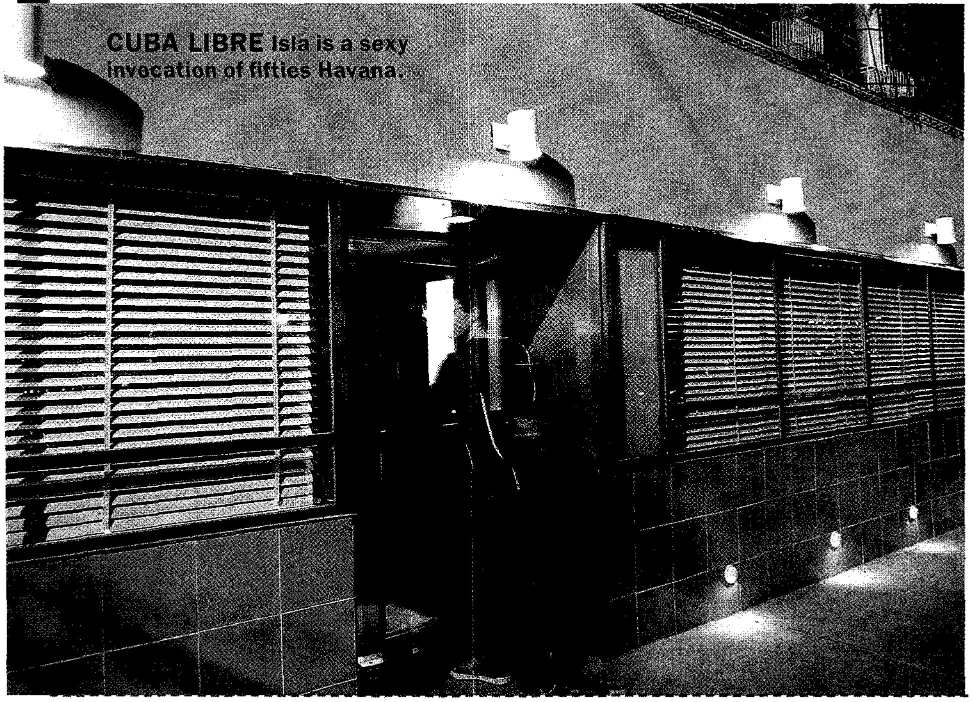
Fighting the Queensboro Bridge traffic to get to Bridgemarket won't be pretty. But if, like me, you got a lift from his spiffy glam Quaglino's in London, come February you'll want to see how Terence Conran has wrestled the cavernous space under the bridge into a brasserie called **Guastavino**. If you're not Nan Kempner or Anne Eisenhower, or distinctly related by the ties that bind the displaced personae of Mortimer's, don't even try to get into **Swifty's**. Yes, the food is eminently edible and the snub and gruff has gone to its just reward, but there's not much room for parvenus like you and me once investors and regulars claim their tables in this pretty walk-in closet of a place. Relieved of the full brunt of its Mortimer's refugee rescue mission, **La Goulue** may at last have banquettes to spare. Gossip and people-watch over a spirited salade folle or the goat-cheese-and-tomato napoleon and other New World bistro fare.

What's new and hot and worth the hassle?

Lupa, down-home Rome in the Village, is my favorite autumn launch and not just for Mario Batali's celebration of odd animal parts and Italian delicatessen, or for partner Joe Bastianich's bid to bring depth and finesse to a casual Village joint's wine service. I like the mood, the food, and the gentle prices . . . but so do legions of tuned-in New Yorkers. Already it's almost as tough a sanctum to crack as its pricier sibling Babbo.

Crazed, obsessed, monomaniacal, a pain in the ass and proud of it, David Bouley could have sabotaged his high-wire cuisinary act with the *Mitteleuropa* mania of his new **Danube**. But his outrageous, highly lacquered, velvet-swathed, Klimt-deckled little dining room is beautiful, fun, funny, and romantic. And the bone-marrow dumplings, the Tyrolean wine soup, the braised beef cheeks, and even the Wiener schnitzel (as transmorphed by Bouley) manage to be Austro-Hungarian but not too.

LUPA IS THE TRATTORIA OF MY DREAMS. I LIKE THE MOOD, THE FOOD, AND THE GENTLE PRICES.



CUBA LIBRE Isla is a sexy invocation of fifties Havana.

If he has not yet been lionized as a landmark himself, Warner LeRoy certainly deserves a Landmarks Preservation Commission crown for polishing up the fanciful red and green frippery of the **Russian Tea Room** with so little trauma. Whether you love or hate the second-floor annex with trout swimming inside an acrylic bear, you can't fault the borscht—it's wonderful, a meal all by itself. The kitchen is treacherously uneven, but the short ribs, the halibut, the savory minced-veal-and-chicken pozharsky, and the equally luscious lyulya kebab (minced lamb) with saffron macaroni are surprisingly tasty.

Those of us who take the life of our stomachs most seriously were instantly seduced by the sensory shock and sustained pleasure of chef Laurent Touron-

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*Addresses and phone numbers for restaurants are listed on pages 48 and 49.

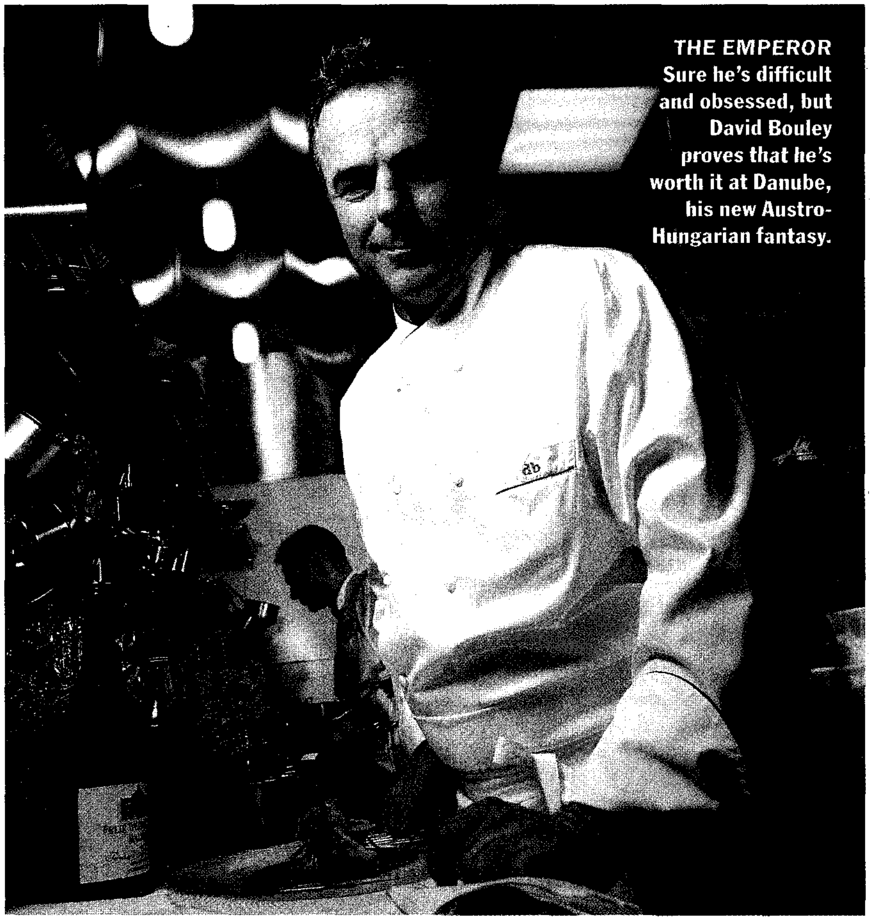
Photographs: this page, Kenneth Chen; opposite page, Karen Kuehn/Matrix.

del's seafood at **Cello** last spring. Serene and almost somber, with unusual tableware and haute French service, Cello cost $6 million to open and took just weeks to become near-impossible to book.

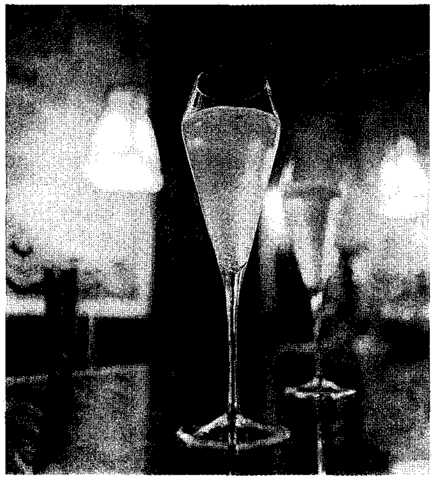
What makes a restaurant great?

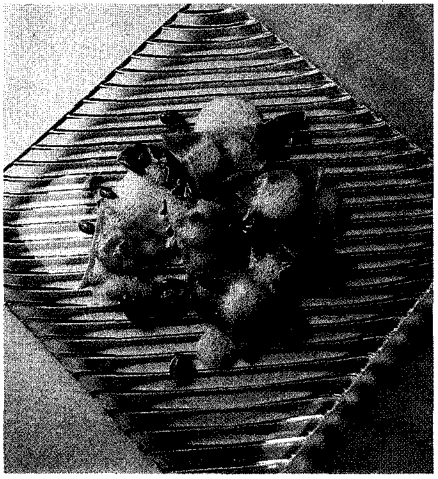
A skilled and driven chef, a design that wears well, a drilled staff, the owner's presence and relentless perfectionism. Maybe even a megalomaniacal sense of destiny. That's what makes **Le Bernardin** the model for ambitious copycats. When Gilbert Le Coze died in 1994, his sister Maguy could have frozen the place in homage. Instead, she warmed up the room, threw out the old menus, and gave chef Eric Ripert license to express himself in an exuberant style, so unlike Gilbert's celebrated minimalism. And she's still fussing, adding wooden trellises at the windows, putting up a glass-and-steel marquee outside. This is classic French service at its best, welcoming but proper. Two weeks ago, Ripert astonished us with minced geoduck clam marinated with wasabi and soy-ginger dressing, luscious seared-on-one-side yellowfin tuna paillard with confited tomatoes and bits of olive, and aïoli crab cake in a bouillabaisse that was like a ticket to the Côte d'Azur. Caviar, a side of the house's mythic garlic fries, the $60 Buzet (cheap on this pricey wine list), and a shot of prunelle white lightning brought the bill for four to $500. Less than a Judith Leiber handbag. (But then, I bought mine at the sample sale.)

The same passion for perfection, a sense of discipline in a more dressed-down style of service, and an obsessive driving animator in the kitchen has boosted **Gotham Bar and Grill** to greatness. It is as American as Le Bernardin is French. Gotham's distinct personality is all the more remarkable because there is no ever-present patron recognizing friends of the house, chatting up the locals, making nice when disaster strikes. A succession of managers have shared that role over the years, some with less charm than others. Now Le Bernardin–bred Richard Hollocou brings a depth of Old World manner and tradition to that role. Why has Gotham not gone for the gold in Las Vegas or London? Perhaps because even after fifteen years, chef Alfred Portale, a major partner here, remains enmeshed in every detail. He broods over each nuance of the wait staff's choreography. He thinks the music softens the clamor. (Oh, if only it did.) He personally selected each photograph hung in the latest freshening-up. There are no revolutions on this menu. He isn't a little bit Japanese one day and Moroccan the next. But the quality of the product could not be better. Each dish is a still-life, oak-leaf-lettuce plumes flying, flavors distinct, textures that stun.



THE EMPEROR
Sure he's difficult and obsessed, but David Bouley proves that he's worth it at Danube, his new Austro-Hungarian fantasy.





I could eat breakfast any hour of the day.

Refitted for the next 100 years by a duo of prizewinning architects, the 40-year-old **Brasserie** in the Seagram Building reawakens next week from a deep slumber. In its golden decades, it drew guys and dolls and ink-stained wretches as the only all-night sanctuary in midtown. Its 24-hour vigil will be trimmed now to a mere 16, and the menu will be a tad less slavishly Alsatian, but breakfast items will be available till 1 A.M.

Breakfast stretches until 4 P.M. at **Kitchenette**, including the lumberjack special (eggs, bacon, and two pancakes) or my favorite, two eggs, bacon, and cheese on marvelous homemade biscuits. Breakfast at **Norma's** in the Parker Meridien (weekdays from 6:30 A.M. to 3 P.M., Saturday and Sunday from 7 A.M.) is an extreme

BREAD WINNERS Best New York–style pizza? Try Lombardi's. Best sandwiches? Try Eli's Manhattan, below.

sport: banana-macadamia-nut flapjacks, lemon-ricotta griddle cakes, smoked-trout corn cakes, duck-confit hash with a fried egg on top, even seared foie gras with mango compote in a port sauce. I do *my* business breakfasts at the **Fairway Café** with chorizo-and-pepper-tossed scrambled eggs or delicate pancakes and a superior muffin.

I want to shop till I drop and then eat.

When I've been cruising for a frock too long, fish-and-chips is the last thing on my mind. I'm more likely craving fen-phen. But when I pretend to be Uma Thurman, slithering down the dark stairway to meet someone else's husband for lunch, the cool, airy, semi-subterranean **Nicole's** can be pleasantly erotic. There are ambiguous creatures of every possible gender, stylishly zippered, mostly in black, to turn us both on, not to mention the white-bean-and-spinach soup with a swirl of crème fraîche, and a perky green salad with slivers of raw fennel. Fish-and-chips turns out to be monkfish in a thick crumb girdle, a few fat fries, and peas. Most of the latter are inexplicably smashed. An English fetish, I suppose.

Lunch at the help-yourself cafeteria in **Eli's Manhattan,** his new Third Avenue emporium, is more my dress-down style. Root vegetables give a subtle sweetness to the chicken soup, but I don't understand why the counterman shattered my matzo ball. I like to do my own shattering. Inside the glass case are all sorts of plump sandwiches on beautiful breads. What torturous riches. Egg salad on pumpernickel. Tuna in a baguette. Meat loaf in an onion brioche pocket. Brisket with Dijon mayonnaise on rye.

I've almost given up on Chinatown.

My problem, exactly. I can say pea sprouts in Mandarin, but not even that helps. I send friends to **New York Noodle Town** and **Ping's Seafood** (though I worry it won't be as reliable as it was before chef Chuen Ping Hui took his act to Flushing). Both the **Golden Unicorn** and **Triple Eight Palace** were fun and cheap and bustling at recent dim sum lunches, but the dumplings, turnip cake, and deep-fried odds and ends did not make the earth move. Then an old China hand sends me racing to **Grand Sichuan International** in Chelsea, tingling with great expectations. The tingle escalates, as it will under Sichuan-pepper attack. My pals are game to taste fiery beef tendon, the ox tongue with tripe in hot pepper sauce, torrid "wonder" chicken with fresh bean sprouts, and the braised beef fillets till our tongues are numb. Not bad at all.

ELI'S
MANHATTAN

What's new in the neighborhood that rates a visit (but maybe not a major detour)?

Do we agree? Brass rails and a few square feet of abused mirror doth not a Balthazar make. But if you're stuck on 57th Street, theme-park row, Marc Packer's new **Rue 57** is desperately needed. Sam Hazen, a solid veteran whose food I loved at Cascabel, turns out sensational beefsteak-tomato salad with charred onions and Gorgonzola, a fabulous burger on chibatta with excellent fries, and a $22 pepper steak my mate, the red-meat maven, pronounces "better than Balthazar's."

Celebrate your winning bid on that precious Picasso at Christie's in Rockefeller Center with great wine and cheese or a sophisticated supper at the **Morrell Wine Bar & Café**, directly across from the skating rink. *Gravad lax* is luscious, served warm in a thick cut with celery root and crème fraîche. Follow "tartar times three" (scallops, salmon, and tuna) with rich gnocchi in sun-dried-tomato pesto.

The **Red Cat** is the American bistro at its best, cozy and laid-back with an eclectic crowd and mostly splendid food at sane prices on a constantly changing menu, a prize for Chelsea. But it's worth a detour too. Chef Philippe Roussel's lively herb greenery and lush Provençal revivals make **Park Bistro** feel new again. Slip into a booth at **Jack's Fifth**, across

Photographs: this page, top to bottom, Kenneth Chen, Robert Wright; opposite page, Robert Wright (2).

from the Plaza, and taste the sparkling cooking of chef Herb Wilson.

Philippe Féret juggles a duo of new brasseries with near duplicate menus—**Brasserie Julien** on the Upper East Side and **Acacia**, not far from Bloomingdale's. I love his *ancien* classics: intense fish soup with spicy rouille, the frisée salad with bacon lardons, the cassoulet, the choucroute, the giant braised lamb shank, the buffalo short ribs, and sensational buffalo tartare.

Not new at all but new to me, **C3**, hidden in the Washington Square Hotel, has been trying to get my attention for years. Then a fussy-eater pal had dinner there and left a message on my v-mail hailing it as "a find for the neighborhood." I agree. Especially that $27.50 prix fixe. Though not everything is as good as the peppery grilled Thai shrimp, the garlicky (and overdressed) Caesar, the barely seared tuna with arugula-basil-spiced quinoa, and the buckwheat linguine. Our waitress, young and exotic in a way that would have delighted Gauguin, is quick with misinformation and slow with the order, but we're won by her cheerful enthusiasm.

I'll need romance more than ever in the new century.

Sitting on top of the world in **Wild Blue** sipping a rare wine and eating Michael Lomonaco's almost old-fashioned American cooking is romance enough for me. Eating in the lounge at **Daniel** feels sexy, especially if you have great legs that don't quite tuck under the table. I hear Leonardo DiCaprio was seen kissing Amber Valletta in **Il Cantinori**'s rustic, votive-lit back room. A table for two in the corner at **Cello** will do till it's balmy enough for the garden.

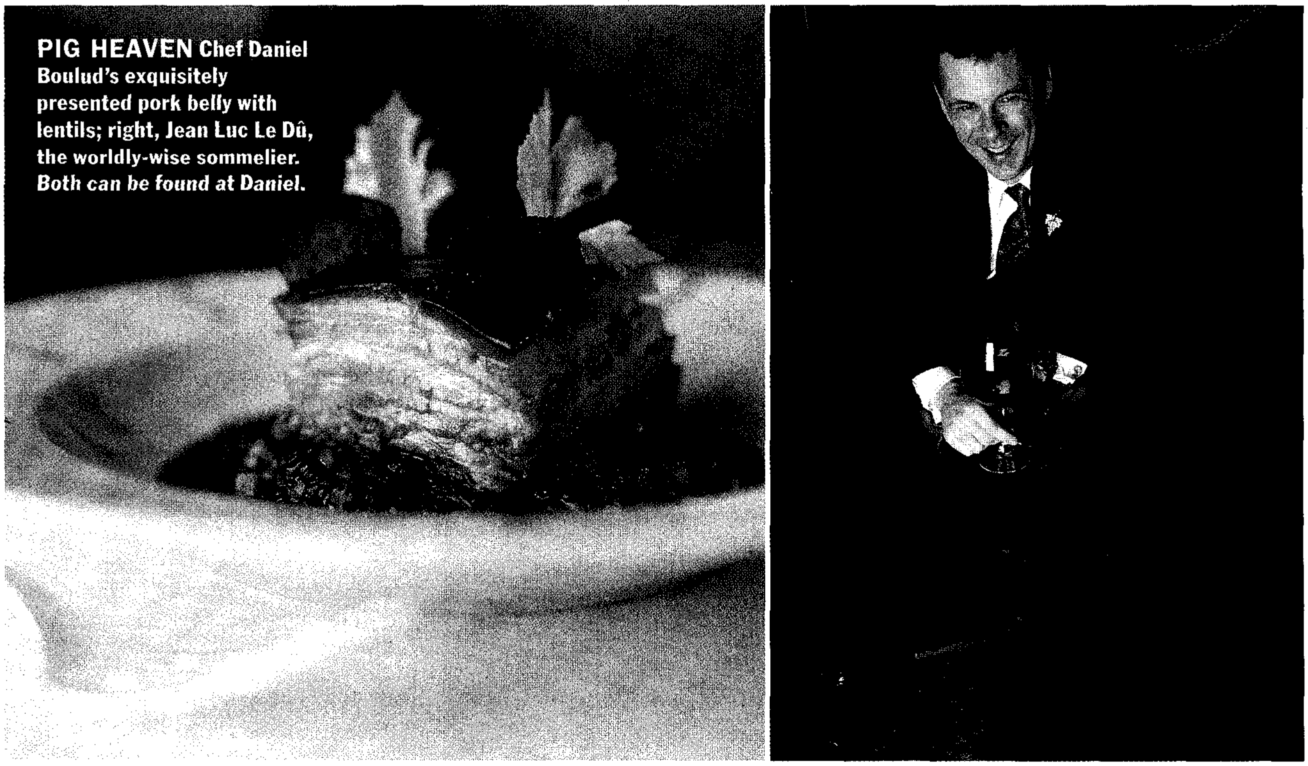
Is pizza too old-hat for you?

Would I give up emeralds just because I discovered rubies? If I didn't have **Spazzia** with its unbeatable grilled pizzas a few blocks from my door, I'd be trucking down to TriBeCa to get the original at its sibling **Spartina**. Not that I ever complain about the taxi fare, tightwad that I am, since Stephen Kalt's rustic Mediterranean riffs touch my gourmand soul. The best old-fashioned New York–style pizzas—fresh mozzarella, San Marzano tomatoes, thin crust *slightly black on the bottom—emerge* from the antique coal oven at **Lombardi's** in Little Italy.

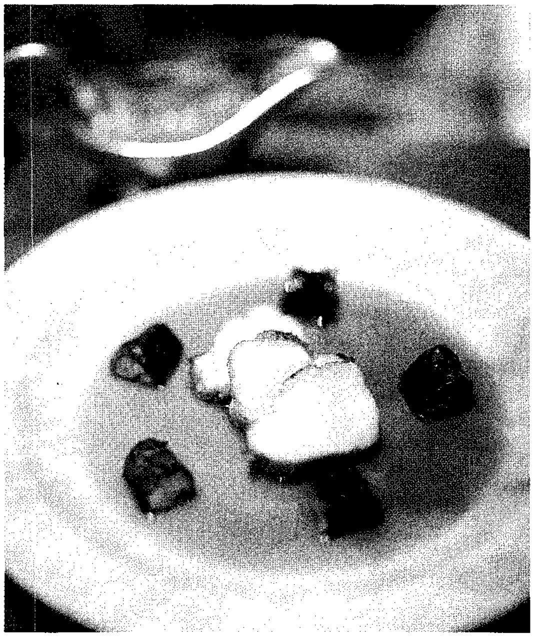
When I listen to my body, it says, eat meat.

Backlash, perversity, cholesterol denial, the latest diet credo . . . whatever it is, my friends are eating meat again. My mate, the Road Food Warrior, never stopped. We agree that the best steak we ate all year was the thick, juicy fiorentina consulting chef Jonathan Waxman sliced on a wooden board at our table in ABC Carpet & Home's **Colina**. But all the meats off the grill and rotisserie were extraordinary: suckling pig, baby lamb, even turkey breast, so juicy from brining we couldn't guess what it was. At **Beacon**, chef-owner Waldy Malouf is grilling and

DANUBE'S KLIMT-DECKLED LITTLE DINING ROOM IS BEAUTIFUL, FUN, FUNNY, AND ROMANTIC.



PIG HEAVEN Chef Daniel Boulud's exquisitely presented pork belly with lentils; right, Jean Luc Le Dû, the worldly-wise sommelier. *Both can be found at Daniel.*



oven-roasting salads, herbs, even fruit, but most temptingly meat, glorious meat: splendid T-bone, luscious spit-roasted duck, crusty cured pork chop, and suckling pig.

We had a handsome sirloin at the **Palm West**, and an equally thoroughbred steak with the unique aged taste that is the signature of **Sparks Steak House**. (Alas, it was impossible to eat just a little of the crunchy hashed browns.) I shared a fine hunk of cow with a wary Weight Watchers graduate at **Angelo and Maxie's**, an astonishing one-pounder on the $19.98 lunch. I'd be happy anytime with the double porterhouse at **Morton's of Chicago** as long as I don't have to hear the waiters' silly show-and-tell where they hold up each broccoli sprig and cellophane-wrapped hunk of raw flesh. And I'm pleased my editor ordered a sirloin at **Maloney & Porcelli** so I got a taste. I never order it because I'm hopelessly addicted to the crispy pork shank.

This past year, I've been sending friends in search of great steak (especially pals from overseas) to **Michael Jordan's Steak House** because the meat is first-rate and the bird's-eye view of the newly beautified Grand Central Station gives me shivers of New York pride. Chef David Walzog has exported his new skill on the grill back to his sister ship, **Tapika**, now billed as a cowboy steak house, i.e., with a southwestern cant. We loved the New York strip, the spicy venison, and the green-chile corn fries.

Raging carnivores always thank me for pointing them toward **Churrascaria Plataforma**. Start with an icy caipirinha, but don't go berserk at the buffet if you hope to do justice to this Brazilian madness. At your signal, a waltz of waiters begins, toting pork, sausage, lamb, and a dozen different cuts of beef, all on skewers, slicing away at your command. It's a floor show that keeps even the kiddies amused.

Do you fast on your day off?

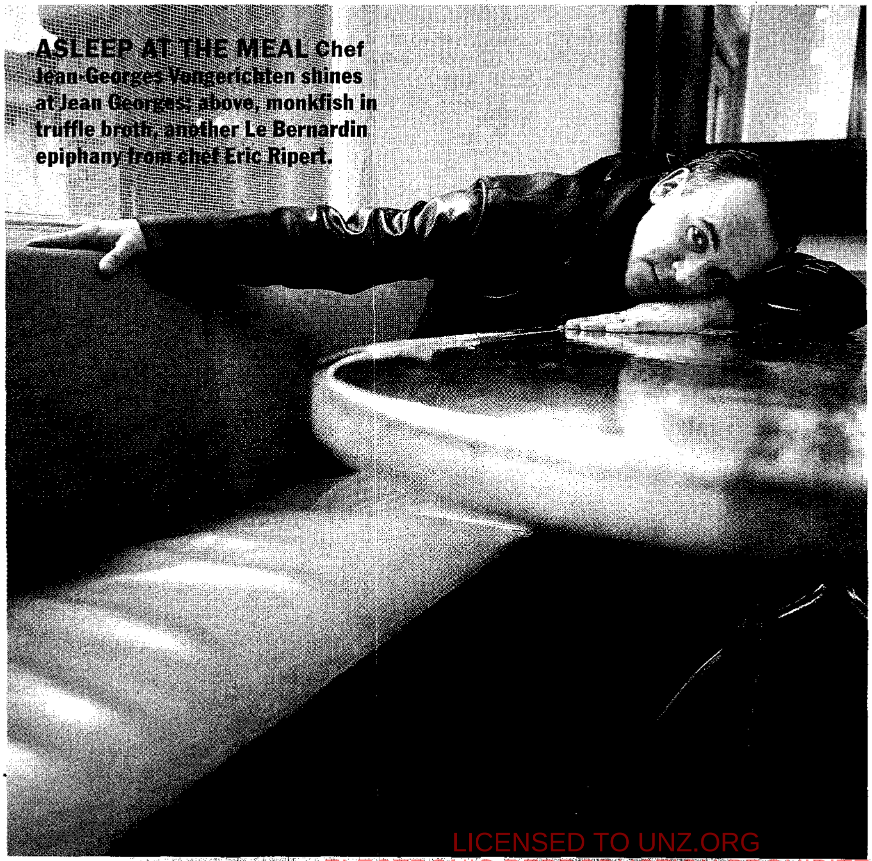
Silly question. Fast? Not when I can eat. In our neighborhood, the Upper West Side, we like the spicy Asian fusion at **Rain**. Before or after theater, the two of us think we're dieting by sticking to the vegetable antipasto at **Café Fiorello's**. I put so much passion into choosing each item from the counter buffet that the server usually slips me something extra. But if we're hungry with friends or have kinfolk in tow, we join the hordes at **Ruby Foo's**. The Hong Kong carnival hullabaloo is fun and exhilarating. We have to order both kinds of ribs (black-bean and tamarind-glazed), chopped seaweed salad, the miso cod, stir-fried vegetables, the glazed duck perhaps, and that Goliath slice of chocolate cake, dessert indulgence enough for four or six.

I want a taste of the Renaissance in Harlem.

There's still talk of reopening Minton's Playhouse, the club where be-bop was born, but all the funds are not yet in place. Meanwhile, an expanded and rehabbed Wells Famous Home of Chicken and Waffles will open any day now, bringing back "Swing Night Mondays" with the fabulous sixteen-piece Harlem Renaissance band. And more room to jitterbug. **Jimmy's Uptown** hit the tabloids with an opening-night party for Woody Allen's *Sweet and Lowdown*. But an official opening of the restaurant-cum-lounge was delayed till the end of January by owner Jimmy Rodriguez, whose boldfaced Manhattan fans are merely the frosting on the sweet hordes of Latinos who keep **Jimmy's Bronx Café** rocking.

So call me shallow, I just want to see famous faces.

Right now, our town's certified fabulous 500 are enjoying droit du seigneur at **Pastis** while the uncertified hold up the bar, if they can get close enough to it. It's still a challenge to book the dinner hour at **Balthazar**, where the kitchen soldiers on as good as ever, with neighborhood sachems powwowing at lunch. **Mercer Kitchen** still radiates serious heat with its mix of design types, food-world pros, bicoastals (from the hotel above), and at the bar not so long ago, Jerry Seinfeld with that Gwyneth Paltrow person. Still primal at a geriatric twenty years, **Indochine**'s waitresses are likely to be as stun-



ASLEEP AT THE MEAL Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten shines at Jean Georges; above, monkfish in truffle broth, another Le Bernardin epiphany from chef Eric Ripert.

ROWD The new [illegible] es-up where the old Mortimer's left off.

BY SOME ALCHEMY, GOTHAM'S SEARED TUNA IS PUMPED TO THE ULTIMATE OF TUNANESS.

ning and/or exotic as its clientele of mannequins and their rotating sugars.

Canteen basks in the sunshine of its infancy. A consortium of veteran celebrity wranglers at the door jump to make Russell Simmons, Julia Roberts, Matt Dillon, Nicole Miller, Puff Daddy, and Jennifer Lopez feel happy. After a desultory early dinner and a more recent lunch of tasteless shrimp cocktail, imperfect burger, pretty good chili, and a cobb salad I couldn't stop eating, my conclusion is: It's not that good, but it's not so bad you'll be angry you came. The design definitely pulls this vast space together, but orange, brown, and chartreuse are three colors I hate. Overheard, one underwear-clad wisp to another: "Let's bring back the early nineties."

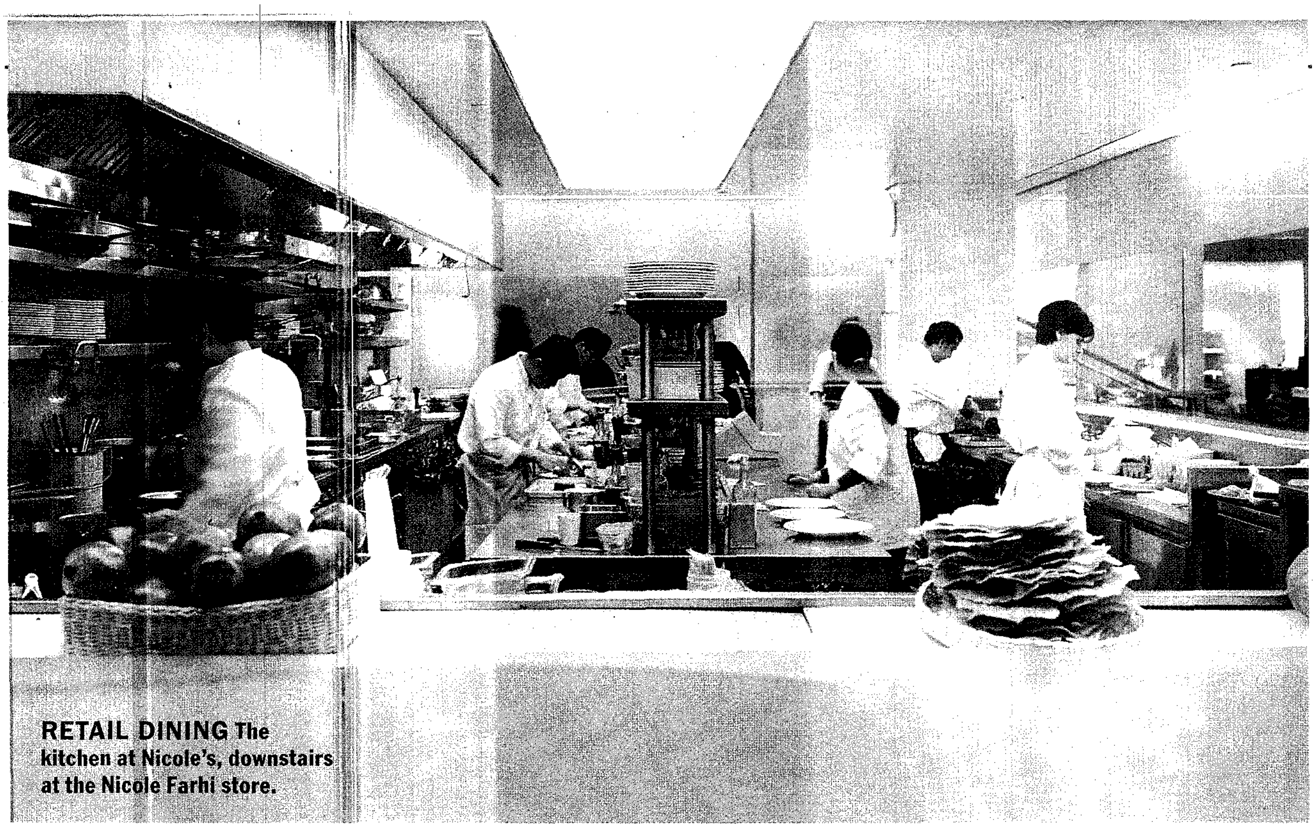
Looking for power and wattage? A contagion of media—many small-screen types, magazine brass, and observant Boswells—check into **Michael's** for lunch. The grubbier newsprint crew and the politicos that love them hang out late nights at evergreen **Elaine's**. At noon, a rabble of the rich and powerful from banking, real estate, home shopping, publishing, and underwear claim their "leased" tables in **The Four Seasons**' Grill Room. The kitchen still has its moments, but lately I find the staff has lost its practiced deference, its robotic perfection, and grown a bit casual, bemused, dare I say smart-alecky, spoiling the humble-retainer charade.

A small constellation of media stars—Mary Boone, Diane Von Furstenberg, Anna Wintour, Si Newhouse, Liv Tyler—blind, or indifferent, to the reality that the kitchen has ups and downs—have made 25-year-old **Da Silvano** their neighborhood cantina. Sixteen years of feeding the high and the flighty has not jaded or puffed up the folks that run **Il Cantinori**. You might spy Susan Sarandon, Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, Woody, Gwyneth, Calvin, or Donna Karan in the candlelit dim of this *faux*-Tuscan farmhouse. I'm thrilled to find whole duck, "roasted standing up," as our agreeable waiter boasts, and one night's risotto suffused with the scent of wild mushrooms and truffle oil.

Which new young chef seems destined for Valhalla?

I find myself cheering for Wylie Dufresne, the 29-year-old comer who has brought uptown class to a rag-taggle block east of Delancey below Houston with tiny **71 Clinton Fresh Food**. Dufresne went from the Gotham to Jean Georges, then was farmed out by Vongerichten to help launch Prime in Las Vegas. Now he's slinging rabbit tagliatelle, Scottish salmon mounded inside avocado, and

Photographs: this page, Warren Salowe; opposite page, top to bottom, Kenneth Chen, Karen Kuehn/Matrix.



RETAIL DINING The kitchen at Nicole's, downstairs at the Nicole Farhi store.

IS MESA GRILL'S DOUBLE-CHEDDAR-CHEESE BEAUTY REALLY THE BURGER OF THE YEAR?

aristocratic black bass in a rye-bread-and-edamame crust on a shoestring. From here, anything seems possible.

Forget genius for a moment and just contemplate New York's Great Gods of Pleasure. How settled and mature they are—Jean-Georges Vongerichten, David Bouley, Alfred Portale, Daniel Boulud, Eric Ripert; yes, even 34-year-old Ripert. Dare I add Gramercy's Tom Colicchio, Terrance Brennan, Nobu Matsuhisa, Rocco DiSpirito at **Union Pacific** (his "chef's spontanée" tasting is a series of delicious shocks and surprises)? If asked to nominate the youngest star to the Great Whisks Hall of Fame, I'd have to tap Christian Delouvrier. At 53, Delouvrier is as loose and happy as a pig in truffles at **Lespinasse**, where he does just what he wants to do, with the goofy enthusiasm of a teenager. Even the room seems less fossilized. Taste the chef's amuse-bouche of lobster under intoxicating asparagus cream without moaning—if you can. Exalt in the sensory roller-coaster of his truffles shiitake risotto with ama ebi shrimp lapped with an exquisite crustacean foam. Don't overlook the parmentier of beef stew with truffled mashed potatoes. I won't debate the morality of $18 desserts—a Bronx cheer for audacity—but I'm wild for the chocolate roasted-pear tartlet with its crumb crust and Pear William granité.

In a swamp of fusion cooking, don't you long for a trattoria?

At least once a week I need a simple untortured pasta or a Tuscan soup. **Bar Pitti** remains an unspoiled corner of Firenze. And the Maccioni clan's **Osteria del Circo** evokes Tuscany with enough New York–isms to disarm those who haven't a clue. **Lupa** is the trattoria of my dreams, and I like the party-animal vibe at **Baraonda**, where the food is always good enough. **Trattoria Dell'Arte**'s kitchen is consistently reliable. (I like the way the staff caters to the whims of long-retired New York *Times* critic Craig Claiborne.) Mark Strausman's Jewish-mother sensibility and passion for *la cucina Italiana* keeps **Campagna** vibrant.

There's an unrelenting power scene at **Coco Pazzo**, where the kitchen does mostly quite well. "There's about $20 million in the room at any time," my friend the Wall Street voluptuary observes. We're seething from being ignored at the bar for 40 minutes while friends of the house amble in and get seated instantly, a Coco Pazzo tradition. Belatedly, the maître d' sees it's me and plies us with crostini and a bowl of luscious flash-fried mushrooms and herbs. Though the fish is dry and the waiter pushy, we like the raw-artichoke salad, the special strozzapreti pasta, rigatoni alla buttera (sausage, peas, and cream), and a first-rate bistecca fiorentina with a side of Tuscan fries.

He's Japanese, and I want him to feel at home.

The sparkling freshness and the imported treasures at the sushi bar of **Kuruma Zushi** will earn points for you. **Sushi Zen** also draws homesick Japanese. Say *omakase* at **Taka** and let him be dazzled by the pottery and sushi art of a woman chef. The kaiseki tasting at **Sugiyama** can

Photographs: this page, Robert Wright; opposite page, Warren Salowe.

be scrupulously authentic for him, and should you wish, a shade less scary for you. **Honmura An** is the serene spot in SoHo for just-made soba.

I'm a health nut, so I only eat fish.

My passion is food, not vitamins. You'll find me in the great fish restaurants because I'm in need of an epiphany (**Le Bernardin**) or the casual feel of the seashore (**Pearl Oyster Bar**) or biscuits and chocolate pudding and salmon on a cedar plank (**Rosehill**). My affection for deep-fried clam bellies, rich chowders, and a lobster roll might take me to Rosehill, Pearl, or **Fireman's of Brooklyn**, where I might brave the "lobster shanty" (an outsize beauty buried under a hill of fried onion ribbons) and must certainly taste the banana-cream pie. For sublime smoked sturgeon and salmon or silken sable on a bagel, or any one of these scrambled with onions and eggs, head for **Barney Greengrass**. And when pals ask me to recommend a superior spot for seafood, I send them to **Tropica**, where the tuna tartare is my weakness and the fish is bravura without fuss. To **Oceana**, for its deferent service, its shipshape décor, its smoky chowders, and its perfectly cooked fish. And to **Aquagrill** for its friendly, laid-back air and creativity that never masks the pristine freshness of the seafood. Great-looking thirtysomethings flock to **Blue Water Grill** for its easy-going style, its raw bar, and the sensible prices.

Is it true there are dishes better than great sex?

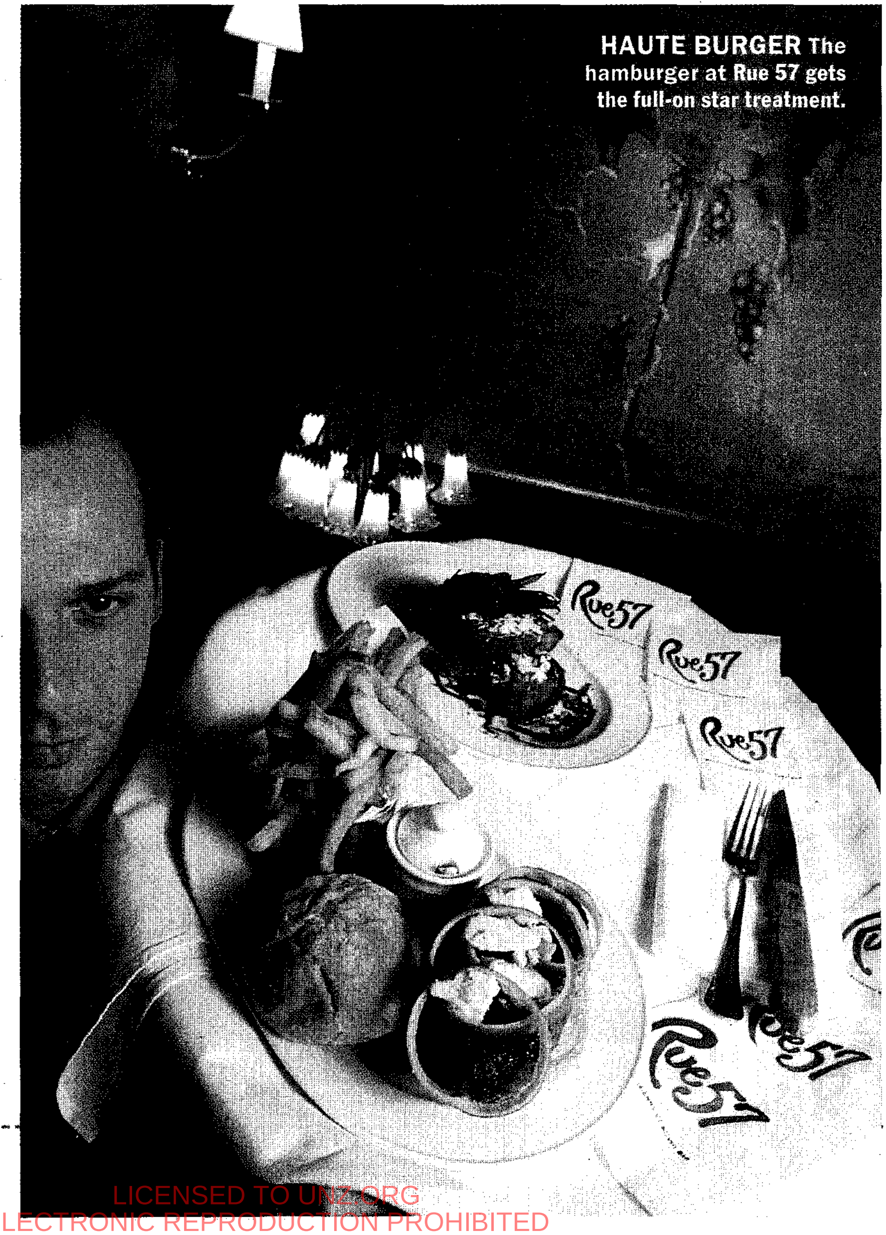
No. Definitely not. But each year there are moments so transcendent they knock all one's senses for a loop. At **Daniel** lightning struck twice, first in satiny foie gras exquisitely dotted with quince and pear, then again with three plump rigatoni made even fatter by a force-feeding of foie gras, mascarpone, and minced porcini. **Gotham Bar and Grill**'s seared yellowfin tuna tastes as if it's been pumped up to the ultimate of tunaness by some unknown alchemy, beside caponata similarly transubstantiated. At **Lespinasse**, the intense asparagus cream on lobster gelée with Osetra had all our heads whirling 360 degrees. Mustard-crumbed braised-pork terrine tuffet and perky frosted round of devil's-food hazelnut cake with buttercrunch toffee and caramel sauce did the trick at **Butterfield 81**. At **Le Bernardin**, it's the witty croque monsieur with caviar. **Chanterelle**'s oysters *floating in vivid cream get a flurry of white* truffle. **Danube**'s voluptuous braised beef cheeks in a superlative red-wine sauce and the powerful zing of elderberry fruit soup blaze in memory. The haunting citrus of lime-leaf paste makes squab on black sticky rice taste new at **Sono**. Is this the burger of the year? **Mesa Grill**'s double-cheddar-cheese beauty with grilled vidalia onion and horseradish mustard on a house-baked roll, crisp southwestern frites on the side.

I need new ideas for before and after theater.

The smorgasbord plate and icy aquavit at **Christer's** bar will get you there before the curtain. There's a bar menu for pre-theater snacks at **Thalia**, a smart and soaring new spot on Eighth Avenue. Or come late for a supper designed around starters by Michael Otsuka, the chef import from L.A.'s Patina: sprightly green-bean salad, the terrine of smoked ham hocks and leeks, crispy sweet-and-sour quail, and warm lobster salad with baby turnips and chanterelles. The **Redeye Grill** jumps late at night with live jazz, a cacophony of paintings by artists those latter-day Duveens Saatchi and Giuliani have yet to discover, and a fine smoked-fish platter, plus the town's quintessential cobb salad.

At **Palm West**, a Broadway clone of Manhattan's legendary steakhouse, two can share the spectacular crab cocktail—just fat lumps of freshest crab, meticulously cleaned—or lightly breaded crab cakes (again, the same plump tendrils just barely invaded by foreign matter) followed by a standard thick cut of sirloin.

Monster trucks block the path at noon. At night it almost disappears behind the scaffolding of the new hotel rising above it. But one of these days, theatergoers won't be able to miss the eccentric sign that says **Local**, just steps from Schubert Alley. If anything, too much thought has gone into the details, the silly mission statement, the ridiculous steel-hinged menus that test one's digital dexterity. But there is definite verve and elegance in the design, and chef Franklin Becker doesn't



HAUTE BURGER The hamburger at Rue 57 gets the full-on star treatment.

let invention lead him to preposterous excess. His tangy borscht really dazzles. The tender seared nubbins of lamb with layered beet-and-cheese tort or the caramelized-onions-and-black-olive tart with tomato confit and goat cheese are billed as starters, but either one would be lunch for me. Judy Schmitt's dried-sour-cherry cannolis with supernal bittersweet-chocolate sorbet under a filigree chapeau of chocolate and her marvelous banana dome are both showstoppers. Still, one might wish one's "local" would have friendlier prices.

Is it safe to go out on Sunday?

Sunday, chef's night off, can be risky. But, hey, this is New York! Didn't we *invent* Chinese on Sundays? **Shun Lee Palace** fairly bristles with a full house of demanding Chinese-on-Sunday faithful. Behind our table a chef I recognize is hacking away at a Peking duck. I'm eager to try the newest dishes. Owner Michael Tong (never here on Sunday) can't stop adding to the kitchen's already expansive repertoire. Soupy dumplings are the rage now in Chinatown's Shanghai joints, so he has to serve them, too. There is silken Chilean sea bass and slices of fresh water chestnut floating on shao-hsing wine, and gingered lobster comes with spikes of crisp angel hair. "Free range" makes a stunning difference in the familiar steamed chicken we dab with cilantro ginger sauce. Pickled mustard greens provide an earthen bitterness to sliced beef filet of unreal tenderness in a torrid but flavorful chile sauce. That sets off a cry for more vegetables. Crunchy yau choy with garlic is just the ticket. None of us is really hungry, but having watched a flock and a half of lacquered ducks divvied up before our eyes, we must have one, too. My idea of Sunday dessert: slivers of bird and crackling skin—the fat neatly liposuctioned away—rolled with hoisin, scallion, and cucumber in a pancake.

[illegible] **Cocktails at Le** [illegible] **elow, the del**[illegible] **otham B**[illegible]

I'm not a cheapskate; I'm just broke from the holidays.

Make a date for the $25 lunch in the bar at **Le Cirque 2000**, or reserve at **Gotham Bar and Grill** but stick to the $20.00 prix fixe, which just went up by one penny for the new year. At the MetLife's **Cucina & Co.** and its new namesake in Rockefeller Center, the three-course dinner for two is a public-spirited $19.95. Our Underground Gourmet is high on the eclectic home cooking at **Prune**. For more comfort food, the kitchen-sink salad, yam fries, and a fabulous BLT comes cheap enough at **Chat 'n Chew**.

Come on, I can't believe you don't have a secret favorite.

It's boring, I know. But greedy as I can be, I've always shared my favorites. Most of them are longtime loves. **Le Bernardin**. The **Gotham Bar and Grill**. **Nobu** and now **Next Door Nobu** too. And Charles Palmer's **Aureole**. **Daniel**, where flutters of rose curtains have finally softened a stiff room. There I was pleased to find chef de cuisine Alex Lee, a strong stand-in for the absent Daniel Boulud, producing lush seasonal specials with the house's signature elegance, as in lobster garbure with root vegetables and savoy cabbage, bay scallops on cauliflower purée with kumquat and Spanish capers, and duck confit with wild-mushroom fricassee, sautéed potatoes, and black truffles.

Bobby Flay's **Bolo** and **Mesa Grill** (where Wayne Brachman does great American desserts with an excess after my own heart) are golden oldies on this hit parade. Months ago, Mesa Grill shocked me with unwelcome sweetness in one dish after another. It was like catching your husband cheating. I didn't want to go back. But sensational cobb salad and a wickedly oozing barbecued-buffalo Reuben sandwich just days ago at a marvelous lunch make me hope that misguided dinner was only a lapse. As for my longtime favorite **Jo Jo**, friends

Photographs: left to right, Kenneth Chen, Robert Wright(2).

TASTER'S CHOICE **Dining at Morrell Wine Bar & Café in Rockefeller Center.**

tell me it's always wonderful, but Vongerichten's **Jean Georges** is my neighborhood haunt now. I do know that If I lived downtown, **Balthazar** would be my canteen and my sanctum for breakfast too.

Not long ago I added **Picholine**, which chef-owner Terrance Brennan has groomed and indulged in his drive for the top—surely such a grand inventory of cheeses with its own *fromagier* is a noblesse all my foodie friends rave about. **Butterfield 81**, with its winsome and romantic saloon look, hit the list just as soon as Tom Valenti took over the kitchen. A few nights ago the dining room suffered a meltdown. We waited 40 minutes for the first course. But seafood and avocado in a scrumptious marinade of lemon-cilantro oil and tomato water, along with the marvelous smoked-sturgeon-frisée salad with lardons and a poached egg, cured our grumps. Valenti's mythic lamb shank and his sure touch with short ribs made me crave a taste of tripe (my pals vetoed the order), but I'll be back.

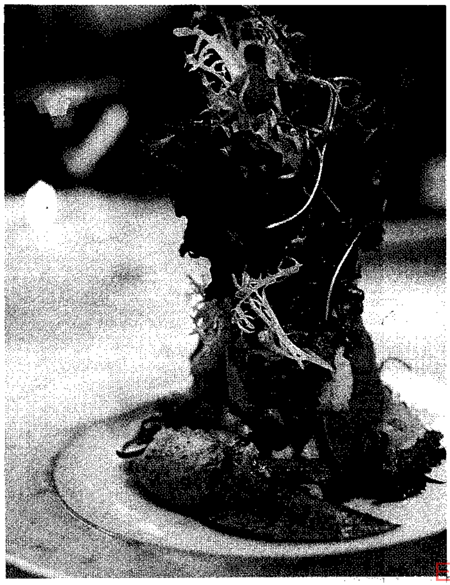
Gramercy Tavern scores with me for its exemplary service, Colecchio's consistently fine cooking, Claudia Fleming's brilliant and majestically simple dessert. And the appealing fare in its no-reservations discount Tap Room. Add **BondSt** (where I mostly stick to sushi, sashimi, and salads dreamed up by Hiroshi Nakahara) and **Shun Lee Palace**, still the best Chinese food in town. When I crave a Vietnamese dinner, I head for **Cyclo**. I love **Babbo** for better or weirder, and its bargain-basement twiglet, **Lupa**. The serving crew at **Patria** seems a notch more poised than remembered. As the former chef's longtime compadre, Andrew DiCataldo, moves seamlessly into Douglas Rodriguez's abandoned clogs. Similar wit, same daring. I share this list with people I meet in Istanbul and Delhi and Aspen and my ex-sister-in-law outside Detroit. I send them to **JUdson Grill** in midtown for bravura food by Bill Telepan that matches the bravura of the room. And to **American Park** in historic Battery Park on the tip of Manhattan for splendid food and a glorious view of the harbor and Ms. Liberty.

Will I still be writing this column in 2050? Or will we all be eating Soylent Green?

Five decades from now, I see myself semi-retired on half-salary ($2.5 million a year to keep up with inflation), zapping my work in to newyorkmag.com by genetic upgrade through GOL (Galaxy Online) from an air-cooled tropical-island capsule in near outer space. All that is left is my brain with its ever-expanding memory cells. Of course, I have an exquisite zip-up body for human interaction and video remotes, and so I don't scare the astronauts' kids. My lifelong passion for delicious excess has left all my senses purring along as if I weren't a day over 82, and I can report what's new and hot and worth the detour interterrestrially.

To me it seems only yesterday that most Americans stopped leaving their cell pads, thanks to the new technology that lets us call up a virtual restaurant, enter the bar, get sloshed waiting for a table, be insulted by a maître d', and receive whatever we order in situ by wireless delivery of biological molecules that reconstitute themselves on ancient plates in the style of whatever twentieth-century star chef we specify.

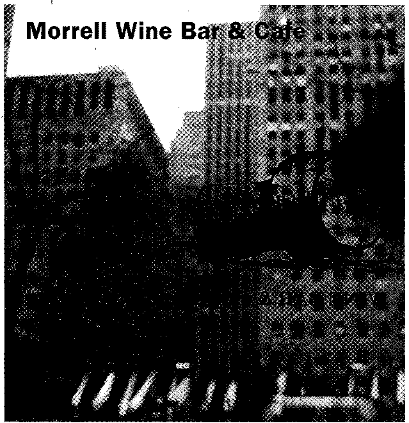
With the recent announcement that archaeologists have unearthed and restored a handful of twentieth-century dry-world restaurants atop venerable skyscrapers, teen skybladers are eating with anatomical mouths again after years of more convenient osmosis. The kids are discovering nourishing soups and porridges stewed from plant forms raised hydroponically in rotating farm capsules, and the heirloom vegetables that remain from before the polar icecap melted and New York's few survivors were washed up on the shores of Omaha. Of course, the vegetables must be pulverized since no one has teeth anymore. Those of us old enough to remember can program ourselves to experience the sensations of eating Shun Lee's hot-and-sour soup as we slurp the usual biodegradable organic mush. I'm amazingly content. No worry about fitting into last year's Armani. Though now and then, for auld lang syne, I slip on a vintage hat. ■



THE HOT LIST

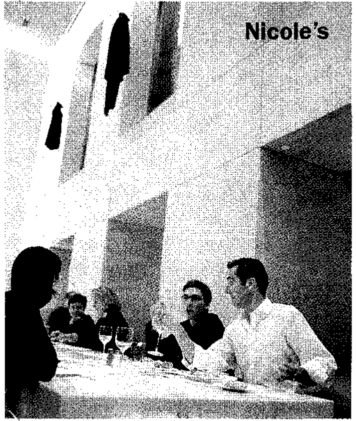
Acacia
217 East 59th Street
212-751-5557
American Park at the Battery
Battery Park, off State Street
212-809-5508
Angelo and Maxie's
233 Park Avenue South, at 19th Street
212-220-9200
Aquagrill
210 Spring Street
212-274-0505
Aureole
34 East 61st Street
212-319-1660
Babbo
110 Waverly Place
212-777-0303
Balthazar
80 Spring Street
212-965-1414
Baraonda
1439 Second Avenue,
at 75th Street
212-288-8555
Barney Greengrass
541 Amsterdam Avenue,
near 86th Street
212-724-4707
Bar Pitti
268 Sixth Avenue
212-982-3300
Beacon
25 West 56th Street
212-332-0500
Blue Water Grill
31 Union Square West,
at 16th Street
212-675-9500
Bolo
23 East 22nd Street
212-228-2200
BondSt
6 Bond Street
212-777-2500
Brasserie
100 East 53rd Street
212-751-4840
Brasserie Julien
1422 Third Avenue,
near 80th Street
212-744-6327
Butterfield 81
170 East 81st Street
212-288-2700
Café Fiorello's
1900 Broadway, near
63rd Street
212-595-5330
Campagna
24 East 21st Street
212-460-0900
Canteen
142 Mercer Street
212-431-7676
Cello
53 East 77th Street
212-517-1200
Chanterelle
2 Harrison Street
212-966-6960
Chat 'n Chew
10 East 16th Street
212-243-1616
Christer's
145 West 55th Street
212-974-7224
Churrascaria Plataforma
Belvedere Hotel
316 West 49th Street
212-245-0505
Coco Pazzo
23 East 74th Street
212-794-0205
Colina
35 East 18th Street
212-505-2233
C3
Washington Square
Hotel
103 Waverly Place
212-254-1200
Cucina and Co.
MetLife Building
200 Park Avenue,
near 45th Street
212-682-2700
Cyclo
203 First Avenue
212-673-3975
Daniel
60 East 65th Street
212-288-0033
Danube
30 Hudson Street
212-791-3771
Da Silvano
260 Sixth Avenue
212-982-2343
Elaine's
1703 Second Avenue,
near 88th Street
212-534-8103
Eli's Manhattan
1411 Third Avenue,
at 80th Street
212-717-8100
Fairway Café
2127 Broadway, at 74th Street
212-595-1888
Fireman's of Brooklyn
1081 Third Avenue, near
63rd Street
212-838-7570
The Four Seasons
99 East 52nd Street
212-754-9494
Golden Unicorn
18 East Broadway
212-941-0911
Gotham Bar and Grill
12 East 12th Street
212-620-4020
Gramercy Tavern
42 East 20th Street
212-477-0777
Grand Sichuan International
229 Ninth Avenue,
at 24th Street
212-620-5200
Guastavino Restaurant
409 East 59th Street
212-980-2455
Honmura An
170 Mercer Street
212-334-5253
Il Cantinori
32 East 10th Street
212-673-6044
Indochine
430 Lafayette Street
212-505-5111
Isla
39 Downing Street
212-352-2822
Jack's Fifth
8 West 58th Street
212-750-7474
Jean Georges
1 Central Park West,
near 60th Street
212-299-3900
Jimmy's Bronx Cafe
281 West Fordham
Road, Bronx
718-329-2000
Jimmy's Uptown
2207 Seventh Avenue,
near 130th Street
212-491-4000
JoJo
160 East 64th Street
212-223-5656
JUdson Grill
152 West 52nd Street
212-582-5252
Kitchenette
80 West Broadway
212-267-6740

Palace
455
Le Cirque
Le Cirque 2000

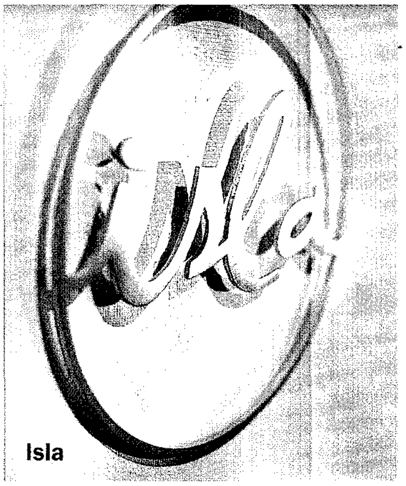

Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe

Pastis

Kuruma Zushi
7 East 47th Street,
second floor
212-317-2802
La Goulue
746 Madison Avenue,
near 64th Street
212-988-8169
Le Bernardin
155 West 51st Street
212-489-1515
Le Cirque 2000
New York Palace Hotel
455 Madison Avenue,
near 50th Street
212-303-7788
Lespinasse
St. Regis Hotel
2 East 55th Street
212-339-6719
Local
224 West 47th Street
212-921-2005
Lombardi's
32 Spring Street
212-941-7994
Lupa Osteria Romana
170 Thompson Street
212-982-5089
Maloney & Porcelli
37 East 50th Street
212-750-2233
Markt
401 West 14th Street
212-727-3314

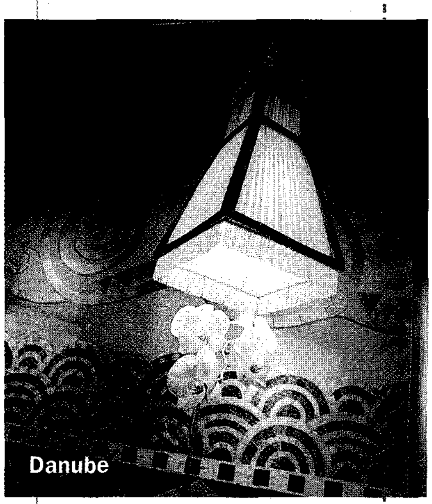

Nicole's

Mercer Kitchen
Mercer Hotel
99 Prince Street
212-966-5454
Mesa Grill
102 Fifth Avenue,
near 15th Street
212-807-7400
Michael Jordan's The Steak House NYC
Grand Central Terminal
23 Vanderbilt Avenue,
near 43rd Street
212-655-2300


Isla

Michael's
24 West 55th Street
212-767-0555
Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe
1 Rockefeller Plaza,
entrance on 49th Street
212-262-7700
Morton's of Chicago
551 Fifth Avenue,
at 45th Street
212-972-3315
New York Noodle Town
28½ Bowery
212-349-0923
Next Door Nobu
105 Hudson Street
212-334-4445
Nicole's
10 East 60th Street
212-223-2288
Nobu
105 Hudson Street
212-219-0500
Norma's
Le Parker Meridien Hotel
118 West 57th Street
212-708-7460
Oceana
55 East 54th Street
212-759-5941
Osteria del Circo
120 West 55th Street
212-265-3636
Palm West
250 West 50th Street
212-333-7256
Park Bistro
414 Park Avenue
South, near
28th Street
212-689-1360
Pastis
9 Ninth Avenue
212-929-4844
Patria
250 Park Avenue
South, at 20th Street
212-777-6211
Pearl Oyster Bar
18 Cornelia Street
212-691-8211

Picholine
35 West 64th Street
212-724-8585
Ping's Seafood Restaurant
20 East Broadway
212-965-0808
Prune
54 East 1st Street
212-677-6221
Rain
100 West 82nd Street
212-501-0776
The Red Cat
227 Tenth Avenue,
near 23rd Street
212-242-1122
Redeye Grill
890 Seventh Avenue,
at 56th Street
212-541-9000
Rosehill
2 Park Avenue,
at 32nd Street
212-684-2122
Ruby Foo's Dim Sum & Sushi Palace
2182 Broadway,
near 77th Street
212-724-6700
Rue 57
60 West 57th Street
212-307-5656
Russian Tea Room
150 West 57th Street
212-974-2111
71 Clinton Fresh Food
71 Clinton Street
212-614-6960
Shun Lee Palace
155 East 55th Street
212-371-8844
Sono
106 East 57th Street
212-752-4411
Sparks Steak House
210 East 46th Street
212-687-4855
Spartina
355 Greenwich Street
212-274-9310
Spazzia
366 Columbus Avenue,
at 77th Street
212-799-0150
Sugiyama
251 West 55th Street
212-956-0670

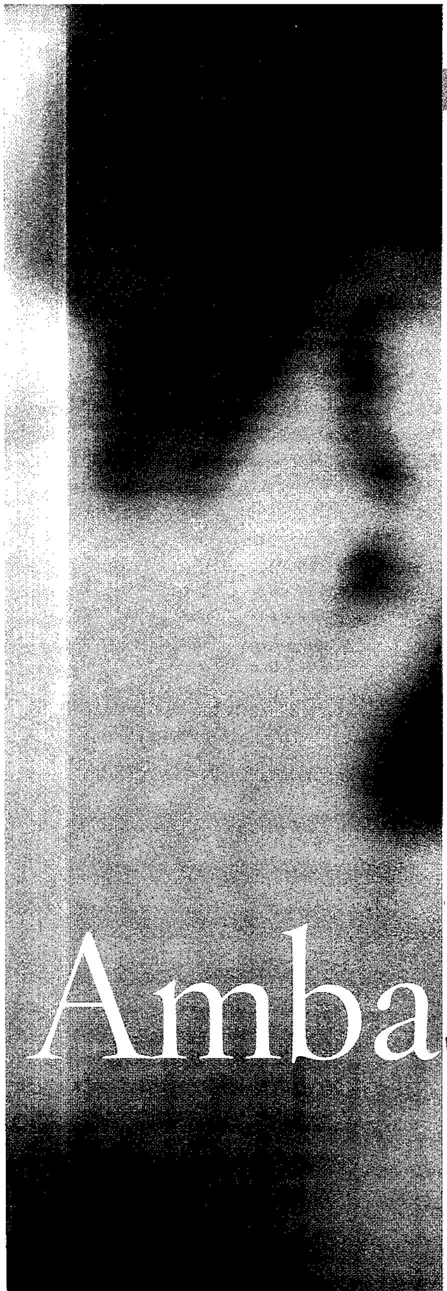

Danube

Sushi Zen
57 West 46th Street
212-302-0707
Taka
61 Grove Street
212-242-3699
Tapika
950 Eighth Avenue,
at 56th Street
212-397-3737
Thalia
828 Eighth Avenue,
at 50th Street
212-399-4444
Trattoria Dell'Arte
900 Seventh Avenue,
at 57th Street
212-245-9800
Triple Eight Palace
8 East Broadway
212-941-8886
Tropica Bar & Seafood House
MetLife Building
200 Park Avenue,
near 45th Street
212-867-6767
Union Pacific
111 East 22nd
Street
212-995-8500
Wild Blue
1 World Trade
Center, 107th floor
212-524-7107

Local

Photographs: left to right, Kenneth Chen; Robert Wright(3); Kenneth Chen; Warren Salowe; Karen Kuehn/Matrix.

See Dick succeed: At the announcement of Bosnia unification. Inset, with wife Kati Marton at the Russian Tea Room.



Ambassador A-List

U.N. ambassador Dick Holbrooke's hyperaggressive style has made him perhaps the country's most successful diplomat since Kissinger. And now he's using his glittering connections to bring the U.N. into the fabric of the city's social life. By Meryl Gordon

THE PALATIAL SUITE THE U.S. GOVERNMENT KEEPS FOR ITS UNITED Nations ambassador on the forty-second floor of the Waldorf Astoria is decorated with an eye more toward New York sophistication than toward Washington pomp. In the living room, there's a Jim Dine painting, an Alexander Calder mobile, and a grand piano, set off by overstuffed white couches and twinkling city views. In the past, the parties held here have tended toward the slightly stuffy diplomatic A-list, with a sprinkling of Council on Foreign Relations luminaries, New York *Times* eminences, and Wall Street honchos. • But Dick Holbrooke, who's been U.N. ambassador since August, has a different idea of what sort of people the suite should be filled with. Tonight, he's hosting a dinner for General Wesley Clark, the granite-faced, soft-spoken NATO chief, who is leaving his post in April. Holbrooke and Clark were bonded in tragedy. In 1995, they were traveling in an Army Humvee in Bosnia when the next vehicle in the convoy slid off the

mountainous track, killing two U.S. diplomats and an Air Force lieutenant colonel. The two later spent 21 days in Dayton doing a bad-cop-good-cop act with Bosnia's leaders, negotiating the accords that brought peace to the region.

By 8:30 P.M., in addition to the usual complement of ambassadors and diplomats, the living room is filled with an A-list New Yorkers might recognize. Superagent Binky Urban is schmoozing with *Time* editor Walter Isaacson. Barbara Walters races in, apologizing for running late. Ted Danson and Mary Steenburgen are on hand, having flown in from L.A. (Steenburgen's mother knows Clark's mom back in Arkansas).

Dressed in a formal pin-striped suit, crisp white shirt, and red tie, Holbrooke still manages to look comfortably rumpled—his unruly hair is the secret to this effect—as he banters his way around the room. Introducing Clark to billionaire financier George Soros and Canadian press lord Conrad Black, Holbrooke teasingly calls the general, whose formal title is supreme Allied commander for Europe, "The Supreme," then launches into a hummed rendition of "Stop! In the Name of Love."

Holbrooke's wife, the author Kati Marton, is equally adept at the art of the cocktail party. Dressed in an elegant white pantsuit, she ushers guests into the dining room, where four tables are set for a meal of crab cakes and sautéed duck. Marton and Holbrooke, who have been giving twice-a-week diplomatic dinners, have a carefully choreographed act. "I give the opening toast, which is unorthodox in the U.N. village," she explains. "Richard and I are making the point we're doing this together."

In toasts after the meal, Holbrooke and Clark sound like Oscar-and-Felix-do-the-Balkans, ribbing each other about their explosive initial meeting that (surprise) featured tonight's host tongue-lashing the guest of honor over diplomatic strategy in Bosnia. Clark says that his toast is the "first time I've ever gotten the last word" with the loquacious Holbrooke. But then the general goes on to strike a serious note, expressing a sentiment shared by many in the room, calling Holbrooke "the most brilliant diplomat of this generation."

BRILLIANT, PERHAPS; CONTROversial, absolutely. In the foreign-policy world, Holbrooke is known as much for his brash manner and unconventional style as for his foreign-policy expertise. "Most diplomats are low-key people who blend in," says Leon Fuerth, Al Gore's chief foreign-policy aide and a Holbrooke ally. "Dick is a dramatic personality who absolutely sticks out from the crowd and is very conscious of the media as an active ingredient in diplomacy."

Over the past year or so, the Washington *Post* has written in its news columns about his "knuckle-busting diplomacy," and the New York *Times* has called him a negotiator who can "outbully" anyone in the room—and those are friendly papers. In fact, Holbrooke, who grew up in Scarsdale and Manhattan, is often tarred with the kind of demeaning adjectives that tourists from Topeka apply to most New Yorkers: arrogant, ambitious, pushy, relentless, argumentative, ego-obsessed, social-climbing, and just plain rude. Sure, Dick Holbrooke can be all that and more, but he is also charming, funny, seductive, surprisingly self-deprecating, and passionate about trying to save the world. Encapsulating the view offered by Holbrooke's many pals, his son from his first marriage, David, 34, a CNN producer, says, "I'm not going to pretend that my father doesn't have his foibles, but the bottom line is, he's trying to make a difference. He really cares, he's clearly saved lives, and that's pretty impressive."

Even Holbrooke's rivals admit, when pressed, that he is animated by a love for the diplomatic game and an intense commitment to the calling of public service. But what is telling at this moment in Holbrooke's long career—which has included high-ranking State Department jobs, high-paying Wall Street stints, and such disappointments as being twice passed over for secretary of State by Bill Clinton—is that never have the man and the job been so well matched. To be U.N. ambassador, a post held by such luminaries as Adlai Stevenson, Andrew Young, George Bush, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Madeleine Albright, means that you are the only professional New Yorker in a Cabinet of men and women from the provinces. Pulling the levers of power in New York, a city built on real celebrity (only Washington gushes over Trent Lott), requires skills that Holbrooke has in abundance—sharp elbows, a keen understanding of the realities of money and power, and the kind of Rolodex that would make Bobby Zarem weep. "This is oxygen to him," says Tom Brokaw, a friend for more than two decades. "Dick is a public servant through and through."

As for Holbrooke's current round of diplomatic dinners, his intent is to introduce key Washington officials to U.N. diplomats and throw New York glitz into the mix (at a recent dinner, he paired Robert De Niro—*You talkin' to me?*—with national-security adviser Sandy Berger). "The purpose," Holbrooke says with rare diplomatic understatement, "is to promote American policy interests."

But Henry Kissinger, a frequent dinner guest, notes that Holbrooke makes a point of including journalists. "He works skillfully to use his Waldorf apartment to create various constituencies," Kissinger says. "When you've been to dinner, you may not be so determined to go for the jugular without overwhelming evidence."

With only a year or so left to the Clinton administration, Holbrooke has no

Hear it like it is: With anti-independence East Timorese militiamen; opposite, with Bosnian foreign minister Muhamed Sacirbey, Pamela Harriman, and NATO chief Wesley Clark.

Previous page: left to right, Najlah Feanny/Saba; Patrick McMullan.

time to waste in making his mark. He's been globe-trotting to the world's hot spots in recent weeks, stopping in East Timor in November, where he was shown worldwide on CNN barking at armed militiamen who balked at letting refugees return home. In December, he set off on the most thankless diplomatic itinerary of all, a trip visiting eleven different fractious African states. Arriving back on a Sunday afternoon after the 30-hour trip, Holbrooke was hoarse and nearly keeling over from exhaustion when he arrived at the Plaza two hours later for an American Jewish Committee dinner. Deviating from a prepared speech honoring civil-rights activist Morris Abram, Holbrooke had the look of a man who wanted to grab the well-dressed audience by the collar, speaking with anger about witnessing Africa's twin scourges, constant warfare and the AIDS epidemic. "It's easy for people to say, 'That's not our problem—Africa's too difficult,' " he preached. "That may sound comfortable here in New York. But these problems have to be addressed."

"Did Kati transform me from an ugly duckling to something more presentable?" asks Holbrooke. "She thinks she did, and that's fine with me."

Afterward, U.N. secretary-general Kofi Annan, noting Holbrooke's visible jet lag, asked with concern, "Did you pace yourself on the trip?" Holbrooke just laughed. "What does that mean—pace myself?" His staff has learned that their best chance to grab a minute is to ride with him between events, so there is always a line of people trying to squeeze into the backseat in his bulletproof Cadillac Fleetwood. Come along, and Holbrooke will eagerly discourse seriously on foreign policy but can't resist mischievous asides (quipping after a Washington speech that the audience was filled with "envious former colleagues") and entertaining anecdotes (such as the story about the frosty call he received this fall from Clinton, who was at the Waldorf suite and wanted to know why Ken Starr was on the speed dial. "This is the good Ken Starr, my accountant," explained an amused Holbrooke). Improbably, this overachiever already has tangible accomplishments to show for his efforts. Back in September, he pushed the National Security Council into an all-night session to pass a resolution quickly to send peacekeeping troops to bloody East Timor. "He said, 'We're not leaving until we get this thing done,' which is not the norm around here," says Nancy Soderberg, U.S. representative for special political affairs. Annan is a fan of Holbrooke's bulldozing style. "He'll call you early in the morning," Annan says. "He keeps calling, and he just keeps pressing until he gets it done. He pushes so hard that sometimes he irritates people. But he's also capable of saying 'I'm sorry.' "

SITTING IN HIS SPACIOUS CORNER office at the mission on First Avenue overlooking the United Nations on a November Thursday afternoon, Holbrooke is on the phone with a Bosnian leader, wrangling over the logistics for a new negotiating session. The ambassador's conversation is alternately blunt ("That's crap") and conciliatory. "I apologize for yelling at you," he says—then adds with a laugh, "but I'm sure I'll do it again."

Just days later, Holbrooke was browbeating the leaders of Bosnia's three-headed government into submission in a Sunday-afternoon meeting at the Waldorf suite that lasted until 1:30 the next morning. The three Bosnian presidents (representing the Muslim, Croatian, and Serbian sectors), onetime enemies presiding over an uneasy peace, reluctantly agreed to issue a common passport for all residents of that war-torn nation and to create a common border-police force representing all factions. Perhaps his most difficult task this fall involved successfully lobbying Congress to pass a bill to pay the United States' nearly $1 billion in back dues to the United Nations. America's allies were enraged that the U.S. had become the U.N.'s biggest deadbeat. "It was becoming a huge problem," says Annan. "The decision of the U.S. not to pay offended friends and foes alike." But because Representative Christopher Smith, a New Jersey Republican, attached an anti-abortion provision to the U.N.-dues bill, Clinton vetoed the legislation twice (most notably in the fall of 1998, to keep feminists happy as the president braced for an impeachment vote), and it was languishing once again in Congress. Becoming a regular on the 6:30 A.M. shuttle to Washington, Holbrooke tramped the halls of Capitol Hill, arranging official and on-the-fly meetings with more than 70 congressmen, framing the vote as a national-security issue. "He was the first person from the administration to come see me on this issue," says Jim Greenwood, a Pennsylvania Republican, who supported the U.N. vote. "He has a good way of lighting a fire." Tony Hall, an Ohio Democrat who has known Holbrooke since the Carter administration and has knocked heads with him in the past—"The ambassador can be abrasive as heck and charming"—credits Holbrooke with deft lobbying. "This was not a high priority with the State Department or the president. Holbrooke put it on the list."

The end result was mixed. The White House cut a deal with the House Republicans to approve the $1 billion in dues that included a symbolic anti-abortion victory: a one-year ban on U.S. financing for international groups that promote abortion rights, mitigated by enough loopholes to assure the status quo. Women's-rights groups howled with fury, and Al Gore and Bill Bradley promptly denounced the deal. But Holbrooke is nothing if not a pragmatist. "Hey," he says, "we got the money."

Actually, the most explosive politics was within the administration over the most important issue of all: Who gets the credit? In the midst of fragile negotiations with Congress, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright won a page 1 headline in

Photographs by Agence France Presse/Corbis (2).

the *Times*—ALBRIGHT OFFERING TO TAKE CRITICISM FOR A DEAL ON U.N.—an overt move that outraged Holbrooke's staff. Although often aligned ideologically, pressing for a more interventionist foreign policy, Albright and Holbrooke have long had a notoriously prickly personal rivalry. Remember, Albright had Holbrooke's current job during Clinton's first term, and in the second term, they both vied for the top job in Foggy Bottom.

Right after the *Times* article appeared, Jamie Rubin, Albright's spokesman and a master Washington spin doctor, made his side's view clear, subtly diminishing Holbrooke as he told me in a phone interview, "Secretary Albright and Mr. Holbrooke's tag-team diplomatic efforts are paying off. Mr. Holbrooke has pursued things as far as he can in New York, and then handed off the baton." As for Holbrooke, the not-always-diplomatic ambassador is currently eager to stress that he can work and play well with others, insisting repeatedly that he and Albright have a good relationship. "I talk to Madeleine every day. There is no feuding at all," he says. "That's an old story line. But every journalist is waiting for it."

“What amazes me is his relationship with the press,” enthuses Biden. “It’s a phenomenal asset. His contacts exceed those of most presidential candidates.”

IN NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON, Holbrooke remains a polarizing figure: The mere mention of his name evokes either vituperative reactions (off the record, given his current prominence) or gung ho praise. "When you reach a certain eminence," says Henry Kissinger, "you attract a certain hostility." At the State Department, career bureaucrats resent the way Holbrooke has leapfrogged his way to the top—moving repeatedly back and forth from ever-higher government posts to lucrative Wall Street jobs—but complain in particular that he hasn't always been kind to the little people. "Dick has a way of letting you know you're not an equal," one ex–Washington colleague dryly notes. A classic Holbrooke story: When he was named ambassador to Germany in 1993, he tried to oust, by phone, a woman he'd never met—Rosemarie Pauli, a Foreign Service officer who had just been transferred to Bonn by the State Department. Urging him to give her a chance, she met Holbrooke at the airport upon his official arrival. "Here comes this guy with tousled hair, and I'm thinking, *How am I going to tell him he needs a haircut?*" recalls Pauli. "I introduced myself by saying, 'I'm here to run your life.' To their mutual surprise, she says, "we just clicked." Now one of Holbrooke's most trusted aides, Pauli is his U.N. chief of staff.

Utterly confident on issues of foreign policy, Holbrooke can be brusque and impatient when others dare to disagree. "Dick can't brook argument. He's right, you're wrong," says James Hoge, editor of the influential magazine *Foreign Affairs*, who quickly adds, "He's one of the most loyal friends I know."

For many years, one of the much-joked-about spectator sports in two cities was watching Holbrooke maneuver at cocktail parties, pointedly chatting up every important figure in the room. Frank Wisner, a former ambassador to India and Egypt who befriended Holbrooke in Vietnam nearly 40 years ago, takes a more nuanced view. "He's gifted with an extraordinary mind, and it's Dick's ambition to use that mind to the fullest, which can play out as an instinct to move ahead roughshod," says Wisner. He then adds, "What's irritating at a cocktail party is a strength in another context—the ease with which he can pick up the phone and reach virtually anyone."

THE UNMARKED OFFICIAL CAR IS speeding down Park Avenue, taking Holbrooke from the Grand Hyatt, where he's given one dinner speech, to the Plaza, where he's supposed to give another, an accidental double booking. Holbrooke, who's been up since 5 A.M. and flew to and from Washington for the day, has been on the phone every free moment dealing with one crisis after another. Mary Ellen Glynn, his press aide, and I have crammed into the backseat of the car with Holbrooke and Kati Marton, who is perched precariously on his lap. "Richard, did my Christopher reach you today?" Kati asks, speaking of her 17-year-old son with ABC anchorman Peter Jennings, her ex-husband. He shakes his head no. She explains, "He's got this paper due on East Timor." Holbrooke launches into a fake-stentorian monologue: "Well, Christopher, according to the Security Council resolution . . ."

Photographs courtesy of the Holbrooke family.

For Holbrooke and Marton, both previously divorced twice, it wasn't love at first sight—although perhaps, in hindsight, there were romantic glimmerings. Marton, a stylish, animated woman with a brilliant smile, is the daughter of two Hungarian journalists who were jailed—her father for a year, her mother for two—when she was 6 years old and later fled to the U.S., where her father became an Associated Press correspondent and her mother a French teacher. Brought up in Chevy Chase, Maryland, divorced after a brief marriage, Marton was working as an ABC-TV journalist in London when she met and married Jennings. By the time the anchor-couple moved to Manhattan in 1983, she had started writing books, which have included biographies of Holocaust hero Raoul Wallenberg and journalist George Polk. Walking with me through the sprawling, handsome Central Park West apartment she once shared with Jennings, Marton explains, in one of those classic small-world New York stories, that Holbrooke used to be one of her neighbors. He and Diane Sawyer were living together in an apartment in the same building, and the two couples socialized. "I remember Diane and Richard sitting in those chairs," Marton says, pointing across the living room (Holbrooke and Marton live here, using the Waldorf suite for entertaining), "and Diane crumpling balls out of paper to throw to the kids." (Besides their son, Christopher, Marton and Jennings have a daughter, Elizabeth, now a college sophomore.) "Richard was helpful to me on writing projects. Maybe once a year we'd have lunch." But there was nothing between them. Holbrooke's seven-year romance with Sawyer ended abruptly in 1987. As one of his friends tells the story, Sawyer came home one day and announced she'd had lunch with Mike Nichols, and said she thought it might turn into something. Soon after, Holbrooke moved out. (Searching through a box of photos in his office one afternoon, Holbrooke paused upon coming across several photos of himself and Sawyer. "I was going to throw these pictures out, but Kati said I had to keep them." Why? "To show how open-minded she is.")

Done deal: Marton and Holbrooke in Paris; opposite, the Holbrooke bunch in Telluride.

The troubled Jennings-Marton marriage was tabloid fodder for years, replete with rumored infidelities on both sides, before Marton finally told the anchorman she wanted a divorce in the fall of 1993. By then, Holbrooke was ambassador to Germany. Upon learning that Marton was in Paris that Christmas ("I was as sad a sack as you can imagine," she says), he tracked her down, and the two of them went off on a four-day road trip. "Our first stop was Chartres. Richard was really knowledgeable about architecture; we had something to talk about that wasn't my situation. Occasionally I'd go off to the bathroom and have a good cry and come back. He was a great companion."

What stunned Marton, however, was a scribbled document Holbrooke gave her after they began seeing each other seriously several months later. "Richard gave me a list of every time he'd seen me in nine years. He has a phenomenal memory. It included things like elevator sightings, large parties, small parties. I was so overwhelmed. Even if I wasn't already half in love with him, that would have pushed me over, because of that sustained devotion and the fact that he never let on." Mention this missive to Holbrooke and he growls, "I wanted her. But the point of the story is that she remembered those times, too. She was in denial—she didn't realize she was irresistibly drawn to me."

The two have more in common than overlapping social circles. Marton didn't discover until she was researching her Wallenberg book in the early eighties that her grandparents were Jewish and had died in Auschwitz, a fact her parents, who raised her as Catholic and are still alive, chose not to disclose. Holbrooke, also the son of Jewish refugees, knew about his roots but was brought up as a Quaker. Married in 1995, they have spent a lot of time together talking about this unusual shared past. "I had a rift with my parents over withholding something so enormous," Marton says. "Richard helped me put their decision in the context of this nightmarish period."

For Marton, now researching a book on the complexity of presidential marriages, the United Nations has become the equivalent of a second full-time job. Joining Holbrooke on the Africa trip, Marton, a former director and current board member of the Committee to Protect Journalists, skipped the typical spouse sightseeing to meet with journalists in Angola and Congo who had been tortured and imprisoned by their governments. Back in New York, not only can you see Marton at a United Nations Security Council meeting, sitting in the visitors' gallery, but she also does the wife thing, planning menus and guest lists for their constant entertaining. "For both of us, this is a very happy time," she says. "I'm completely addicted to him. And he never stops telling me, whatever he's doing, he couldn't do it without me."

Friends who knew Holbrooke during his romance with Sawyer or his two previous marriages—to college sweetheart Larrine Sullivan (the mother of his two sons, Anthony and David) and to TV producer Blythe Babyak—say Marton has been a soothing influence on the ferociously driven Holbrooke. He rolls his eyes at this theory: "Did Kati transform me from an ugly duckling to something more presentable? She thinks she did, and that's fine with me."

ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE U.S. Mission, with its spectacular view of the East River, Holbrooke is circulating among diplomatic reporters at a meet-the-new-ambassador reception, introducing a short, dark-haired older woman by his side—his mother, Trudi Kearl. Including her in this gathering seems like the ultimate act of a thoughtful son, but when I mention that sentiment to him in an aside, Holbrooke confides, "I didn't know she was coming." Indeed, Mrs. Kearl cheerfully admits that she crashed the party. Alerted about the event by a German newspaper reporter, she decided to show up and surprise her son. "I didn't know if Dick would be mad at me or pleased," she explains, adding that since recently being widowed for the second time (Holbrooke's father, Dan, died in the mid-fifties), she likes to get out: "I'm social." Kearl, who was born in Germany and fled in the early thirties, as Hitler was taking power, to Buenos Aires and then New York, does a virtuoso proud-mother act. "Dick was always the best at everything," she says. "That's what the teachers told me." ("Actually, I was not that good a student, but I had high college-board scores," he tells me later.)

Holbrooke, looking bemused, quips to the crowd, "My mother is holding her own press conference in the back—and anything she says is off the record." Holbrooke's friends say he inherited his extraordinary confidence from his mother. As for his father, a refugee from White Russia who arrived in New York in the late thirties, Holbrooke describes him as a brilliant and compassionate doctor and the ultimate believer in the American dream. He became ill with colon cancer when Holbrooke was 7 and died eight years later. "He wanted me to be a scientist," says Holbrooke.

Like many other immigrant parents, his father was intent on his son's education, refusing to allow Holbrooke to cut classes to attend the greatest day in Yankees history, Don Larsen's perfect game in the 1956 World Series. The little boy in Holbrooke comes bursting out as he says, "The most famous game in history—and I could have been there." Eager to Americanize themselves, the Holbrookes rarely spoke about their pasts. "They came to the New World full of idealism, fleeing a Europe in flames, and they didn't want to think about it or talk about it," Holbrooke says. "They didn't teach me foreign languages, even though my father spoke eight or nine; my mother speaks six." He and his younger brother Andrew, now a photojournalist, were brought up as members of the Society of Friends. "The joke at our Quaker meeting house," Holbrooke recalls, "was, 'Some of our best Friends are Jews.' " Only when Holbrooke became ambassador to Germany in 1993 did he belatedly become curious about his Jewish roots. James Hoge recalls Holbrooke's describing his first visit to Washington's Holocaust Memorial Museum: "I've never seen him so devastated." In Germany, he made pilgrimages to concentration camps.

When Holbrooke's mother came to visit him in Germany, her first trip back in 61 years, she told him the family stories she'd repressed for decades. Holbrooke made a point of prominently displaying a photo in his official office of his grandfather, a leather importer, wearing a distinctive twenties German Army hat. "The German reaction was unbelievable," he says proudly. "[Chancellor] Helmut Kohl looked at it, didn't say a word, and walked away." At a time when American foreign policy has become increasingly isolationist—note Congress's refusal to pass the nuclear-test-ban treaty—Holbrooke passionately believes America has a responsibility to intervene. In October, Holbrooke spoke at the Holocaust museum in Washington during a conference on preventing genocide. "Why didn't the world prevent Hitler? Stop the Khmer Rouge?" he asked. "Why did it take four years to get together on Bosnia? These are not mistaken people who had bad childhoods. Our task is to recognize that evil exists and to denounce it, and match our rhetoric with resources."

Hair apparent: Holbrooke (then an assistant secretary of State) and colleagues outside Vietnam's embassy in 1977; opposite, with Diane Sawyer before they split.

ASK MARTON WHAT DRIVES Holbrooke, and she theorizes, "Because he lost his father, he was always looking for father figures." He's found an impressive group of them: Dean Rusk, Averell Harriman, Clark Clifford, Cy Vance.

As a 19-year-old student at Brown University, he joined the *Brown Daily Herald* and wangled his way to Paris in 1960 to write about the U.S.-Soviet Summit, where Nikita Khrushchev stormed out after the downing of America's U-2 spy plane. Ingratiating himself at the summit with the New York *Times* reporters, Holbrooke was hired as a temporary $10-a-day copyboy and landed a summer job at the *Times* the next year. "I took to him very much," says Abe Rosenthal, who was then posted in Europe and recently retired as a *Times* columnist. "I never thought of him as a kid but rather as a smart young man. Later, he was called pushy, but I never saw that." For Holbrooke, the Paris trip was riveting—the high-stakes drama, the Cold War climate, watching history unfold. When a job at the *Times* did not materialize after graduation, he took the foreign-service exam with encouragement from an extremely well-connected family friend. "In one of those extraordinary accidents of proximity," Holbrooke says, "my high-school best friend's father had just become secretary of State—Dean Rusk."

Sent to Vietnam in 1962, Holbrooke went first to the rural Mekong Delta, reporting back on the political situation, then to Saigon as an assistant to ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, who passed along tips of the diplomatic trade. "He gave a group of us these little lessons, such as, the most important thing you'll ever do at the embassy is the guest list and seating," Holbrooke recalls. "We were in our early twenties and thought it was amusing." Now, of course, he takes such things seriously.

Holbrooke was later a junior member of the American delegation at the failed 1968 Paris peace talks. Frank Wisner, who worked in Vietnam with Holbrooke, says, "Dick was uncommonly bright, keen to move ahead, absolutely certainly he could see those moves ahead on a chessboard, fascinated with people in power, wanted to know what makes a McGeorge Bundy and a Robert McNamara tick."

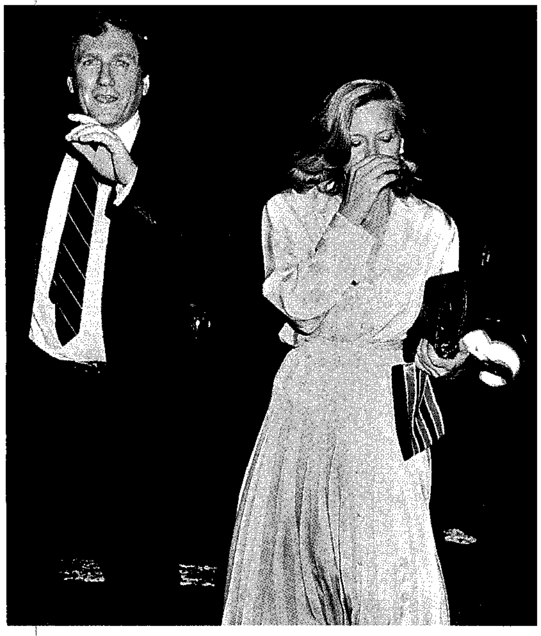
Henry Kissinger, then merely a Harvard professor consulting on Vietnam for Henry Cabot Lodge ("I wasn't Henry Kissinger yet," he says), remembers watching a parade in Saigon from Holbrooke's apartment, after having his pocket picked en route. Kissinger was impressed enough by the twentysomething Holbrooke to stay in touch. "I thought it was worthwhile talking to him," Kissinger says. "Interesting analysis, inquisitive mind, requisite amount of cynicism." As for Holbrooke's approach to diplomacy now, Kissinger says, "His style is to get the other party to submit to what he wants. I yell at my staff but not at negotiators; he's probably nice to his staff but yells at the people he's negotiating with."

Holbrooke's résumé spans many coun-

This page: photograph by AP/Wide World Photos. Opposite: photograph by Anthony Savignano/Galella.

tries and disciplines—Peace Corps director in Morocco, managing editor of *Foreign Policy,* assistant secretary of State for East Asia under Jimmy Carter, investment banker, and assistant secretary of State for Europe under Clinton. In his best-selling book about the Bosnia peace negotiations, *To End a War,* Holbrooke refers most often to Vietnam in explaining his actions in the 1995 talks, from insisting that Washington give him reasonable autonomy to constructing the right-size table for the warring leaders. The book, optioned by HBO, tells a swashbuckling story of Holbrooke and his team's hurtling back and forth through the dangerous Balkans. In marathon negotiations in Dayton, he cajoled and threatened Bosnia's leaders—Slobodan Milosevic, Bosnian president Alija Izetbegovic, Croatian president Franjo Tudjman, and others—into halting the fighting. "Dick's name will always be linked to finding a solution to the Bosnian war," says Leon Feurth. "In the Bosnian negotiations, you needed an emotional bulldozer, someone whose emotional temperature could match the heat of the other participants. Most of the time I've dealt with him, he's silky." This past winter, Holbrooke was the U.S. point man again on the Balkans, unsuccessfully threatening and trying to reason with Milosevic in seven high-anxiety meetings to stop the "ethnic cleansing" of the Albanians in Kosovo. Holbrooke's final grim-faced task in March was informing Milosevic that NATO bombs were on their way. He still sounds frustrated that his well-publicized advice—that NATO go in earlier—wasn't followed. "We had fighter jets on the runway in October, we had targets picked, we had Milosevic under pressure, but we didn't ask to introduce NATO forces," he says. "By the time we reached the March crisis, the margin for persuasion was over."

"I yell at my staff but not at negotiators," says Henry Kissinger. "He's probably nice to his staff but yells at the people he's negotiating with."



MANY AN AMBASSADOR has gotten a post by giving money. Holbrooke, too, had to pay up, to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars—in legal fees. (Mind you, he's not hurting; he and Marton have a net worth in the double-digit millions, thanks partly to his investment-banking years; the couple has vacation homes in Bridgehampton, Telluride, and Washington, Connecticut.) Holbrooke's nomination as U.N. ambassador was initially derailed in July 1998 by an unsigned letter to the State Department accusing him of ethics violations in his contacts with embassies after leaving his government post as assistant secretary of State in 1996 to join Credit Suisse First Boston. The letter launched a long, largely fruitless investigation into virtually every aspect of his professional life. Holbrooke reluctantly agreed last February to pay a $5,000 fine to settle, stipulating that he was not admitting guilt. "It was absolutely the only way to bring this thing to an end," says Richard Beattie, his lawyer, "and get the confirmation process going."

No sooner were those charges settled than another controversy erupted, over whether Holbrooke, while an unpaid special State Department envoy to Bosnia, had made paid speeches on the topic. And after he was cleared of those charges, Republican senators decided to hold up the appointment to make policy points unrelated to his fitness. Holbrooke sought solace during this period by indulging in his lowbrow passion for escapist teen flicks. "My father likes to see youth movies I would never think of going to on my own," says his son David, citing *I Know What You Did Last Summer, 10 Things I Hate About You, Austin Powers,* and *Election.*

Angry that his integrity was being questioned, Holbrooke tried the patience of his allies, losing his temper, making frantic 2 A.M. phone calls. "He'd call me 50 times a day," says Senator Joe Biden, an influential member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "He wanted to litigate everything. I had to tell him, 'Shut up, I'm not listening.' "

Biden ultimately helped secure the diplomat's confirmation, and in partial thanks, Holbrooke recently threw a Waldorf dinner in the senator's honor. That night, the living room was deep with media heavies: The New York *Times* contingent included columnists William Safire and Anthony Lewis and editorial-page writer Steven Weisman and his wife, City Hall reporter Elisabeth Bumiller; also there were *Newsweek's* Jonathan Alter and Ed Bradley of CBS. "What amazes me is his relationship with the press," enthused Biden the next day. "It's a phenomenal asset. His contacts exceed those of most presidential candidates."

As it happens, one of Holbrooke's other guests that evening was Karenna Gore Schiff, the daughter of a presidential candidate. Holbrooke would certainly make the shortlist for secretary of State in a Gore administration. The ambassador and the vice-president go way back: Holbrooke stumped for Gore in New York back in 1988, the last time the former Tennessee senator ran for president, and now they talk frequently. The morning after Al Gore and Bill Bradley's first debate this fall, Holbrooke was positively jubilant, proclaiming, "Al was really pumped up."

Holbrooke, however, isn't banking on an Al Gore presidency; he knows the future may not work out as planned. He often refers back to the horrifying accident in Sarajevo when his top aides were killed and he and Clark were shelled. "If I'd gone in the other vehicle," he says haltingly, then adds, "if I'd gone on Ron Brown's plane"—Holbrooke had helped in the arrangements for that fatal flight—" . . . A friend told me I should have been dead twice already." But then he sits up straight and insists that what-ifs and might-have-beens don't keep him awake at night. "There's no point in being haunted," he says. "Isn't life always a question of inches?" ▬

Shall

Ten years after taking over the American Dance Theater, Judith Jamison—Alvin Ailey's astonishing muse—celebrates with a Kennedy Center Honor. By Joanne Kaufman

FOR JUDITH JAMISON, SITTING IS an aerobic activity. The former star—and muse—of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater slices her hands through the air, wiggles them alongside her head to illustrate a point, and waves them across her body with tsunami-like force. Perched on a platform chair in her office, Jamison, who's been the company's artistic director since Ailey's death in 1989, suddenly scooches around to point out her artificial hip ("Titanium," she clarifies) and the place in her thighs where surgeons implanted steel some years back. "I'm bionic," she says, now leaning forward, a characteristically warm smile making the long journey east to west across her broad, expressive face.

Because the demands on her time and attention, not to mention her sound bites, are great—and have gotten greater since she was named a recipient of this year's Kennedy Center Honors (the ceremony will be broadcast December 29 at 9 P.M. on Channel 2)—Jamison tends to hop on board a conversation in the middle. "I'm the caretaker of spirit," she says by way of introduction. "I'm responsible for people who look like this" (she hauls out a cache of eight-by-ten glossies of company members) "and who can dance. That's Dwana Smallwood. And this is Bahiyah Sayyed. That's me directing. I just have gorgeous, *gorgeous* people. I ask for individuals, and I get them. I'm trying desperately with the dancers I have now for people to pay as much attention to them as they did to me."

Indeed, before Jamison, the names that were known in modern dance were the ones on the front door—Martha Graham, Twyla Tharp, Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor. There *were* no household names, no certified stars in the companies' ranks. But Jamison's astonishing performance and presence—the embodiment of all our mothers—in Ailey's *Cry,* her very handling of a white chiffon–decked umbrella in Ailey's signature gospel masterwork *Revelations,* changed all that.

"When Judy was onstage, no one else was onstage," an Ailey colleague observes simply.

Now in residence on the sidelines, Jamison, who is 56, is working another brand of alchemy. "I don't think there's any doubt that Judy is the principal reason that Ailey is one of the few modern-dance companies that's survived the death of its founder," says Ailey board president Henry McGee. "Ten years ago, the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. Now it has the largest budget of any modern-dance company in the country and is fiscally very sound. That turnaround has a lot to do with her. She's always exploring new artistic boundaries. What you have now is the Ailey legacy infused with her vision."

In fact, Jamison makes no distinction between her vision and Ailey's. "He spent fifteen years understanding who I was as a human being, and I understood who he was. Just because he left physically doesn't mean we're still not walking the same path. I *agreed* with what he was doing. I *agreed* that dancing is something that should be accessible to everyone and not an elitist field where you have to go with your gloves on and applaud very delicately. I *agreed* that you could be alive and well in an audience and if you felt like jumping up and having an expression you could do that. Before *arts-and-education* became a buzzword, I agreed with Alvin that we should be connected to the community. I'm just here to water the tree so it will grow and stay as strong as a sequoia."

"YOU WANT TO HEAR THE STORY?" SHE ASKS when the subject of the Kennedy Center Honors comes up (her co-honorees are Sean Connery, Stevie Wonder, Jason Robards, and Victor Borge). "The story is that I was on the road, and when I got back my assistant said to me, 'Didn't you look through your mail and see this letter that says you're getting the Kennedy Center honor?' And I said, 'No, you're wrong. It says *giving.* They want me to be a presenter, right?' "

Wrong.

"I didn't believe her. So she faxed this thing over to my apartment so I could see 'Receive the honor for unique and extremely valuable contribution to the cultural life of our nation,' " says Jamison, reading the citation. "At the time I was looking at a picture of Alvin, and the tears started. I didn't *try* to cry or anything"—a wholly unnecessary addendum, since it's pretty clear pretty quickly that Jamison would as soon buy season tickets to *Riverdance* as manufacture an emotion. "The last time I was at the Kennedy Center, it was to see Alvin get the award. And here I am."

"GRAB YOUR BUTTS TIGHT. BOOM. FASTER! Flip now." Jamison, hair collected into innumerable skinny braids wrapped tightly around her head, is leading the full company—31 dancers—through a rehearsal of *Hymn,* a dance of piercing angular movements she created in 1993 as a tribute to Ailey. "When you're reaching with your hands, you must evoke something, as if you were pulling energy out of the room."

"I think we're all more prepared when we work with her," says Renee Robinson, who's been with the company seventeen years. "We want to please her on so many levels. She's the choreographer and the artistic director, and she's Ms. Judith Jamison.

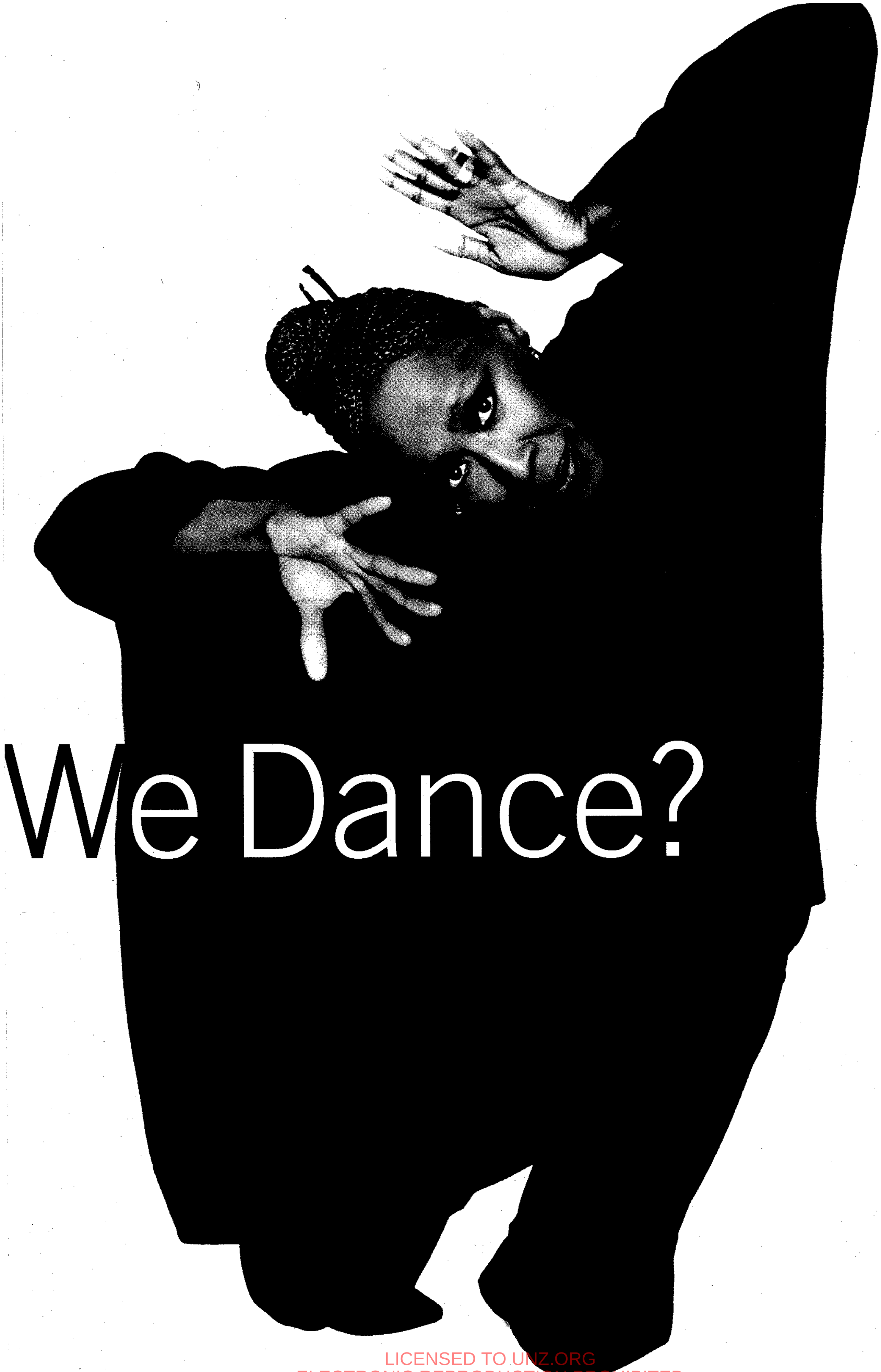
"Sometimes, we get kind of tickled," she adds. "We know we're there to follow instructions, but when Judy demonstrates something, we're watching and saying, 'Oh, my goodness.' She can see our faces change, not looking to copy her but just being in awe. She'll turn with a smile and say, 'I'm doing this so you can do it. Stop staring at me and get to work.' "

Jamison moves through four rows of dancers to correct an errant elbow, clarify a movement, adjust the pace.

"I see these dancers today. They have much more facility than my generation, much more. Their legs go higher. They can turn more. They can jump higher."

"Never do a piece for 31 dancers," she tells a visitor, inviting her to try a few steps. Only if Jamison joins in. "Thank God I don't dance anymore," she says. "There are some dancers who go on and on. I wasn't one of them. I certainly wanted to dance as long as I could, where I felt what I had to say to an audience was something extraordinary. But after that, it's someone else's turn. My expression can still be had through my dancers. There are places for them to go. My pleasure is in watching them get there." ■

Photograph by Len Irish



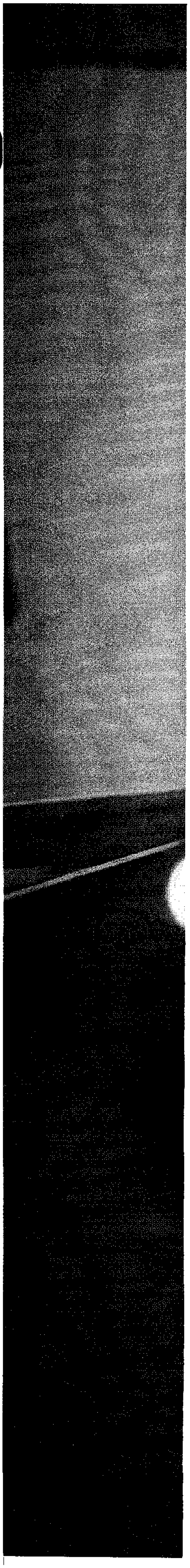
We Dance?

BOY, INTERRUPTED

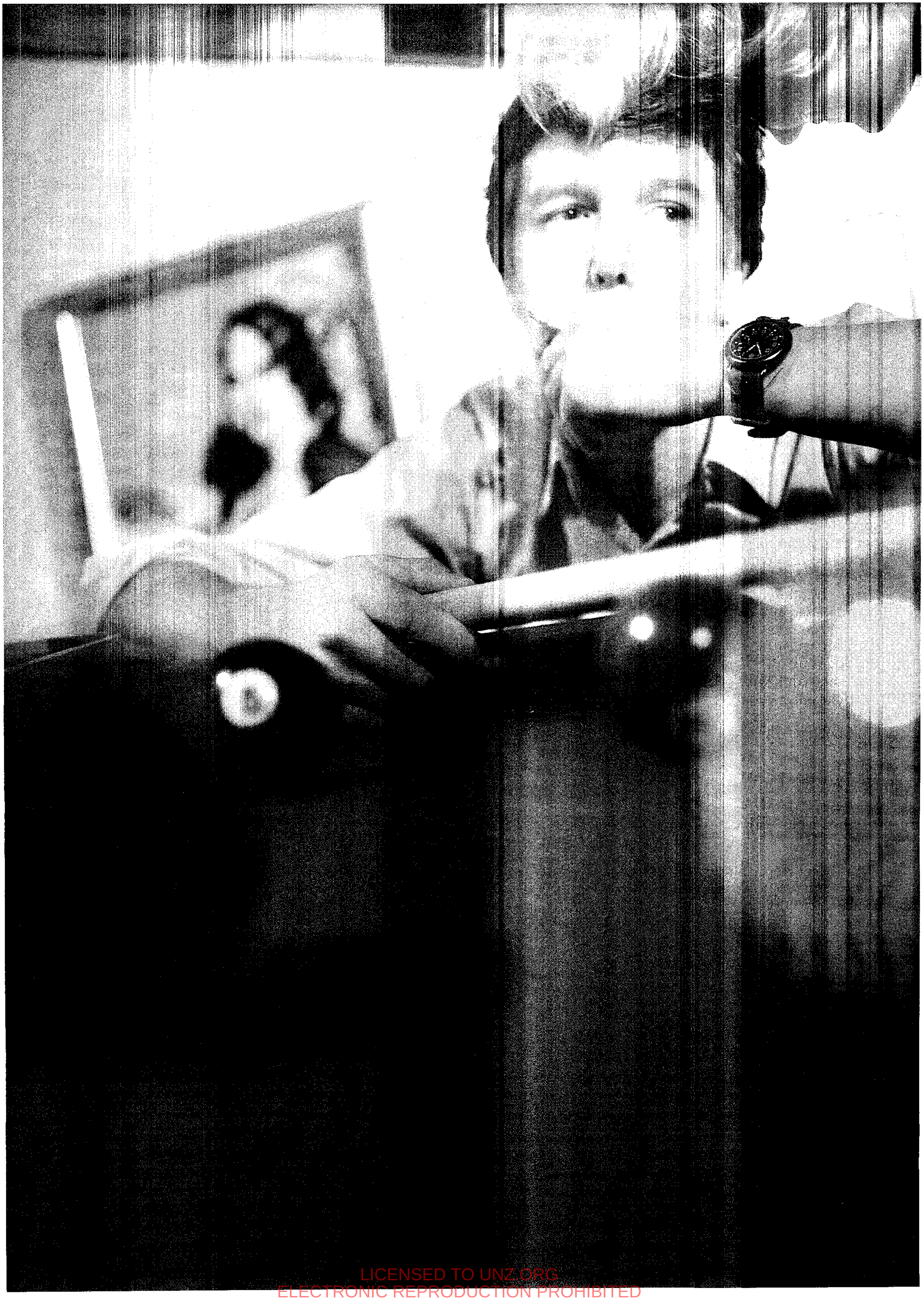
ROB BINGHAM LIVED THE FANTASY LIFE OF A LITERARY BAD BOY: A CHARISMATIC, ARROGANT, FABULOUSLY WEALTHY WILDCHILD WHO DIED JUST BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF HIS MUCH-ANTICIPATED FIRST NOVEL.

BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

ON THE RNOON OF HIS LIFE, TWO DAYS AFTER THANKSGIVING, ROBERT WORTH Binghan ed tennis at the Midtown Tennis Club in Chelsea. The 33-year-old writer w e athlete on top of his game—"feel the pain" was one of the expressions he se when slamming an ace over the net with his Yonex. Gleefully besting his Bingham threw on his battered suede jacket and headed downtown on the le got off at the Canal Street stop and climbed the four stories to his cav e Street loft, a messy floor-through with few furnishings save for a pool ng machine, ceiling-high oak bookshelves, hundreds of photographs, and ge abstract paintings that hung crookedly from scuffed white walls. • Not long , his apartment had been a round-the-clock beehive of activity. By day it served as the busy headquarters of the literary journal *Open City*. At night, it was a virtual clubhouse populated by former schoolmates from Groton, young Manhattan writers, assorted demi-celebrities, a reliable drug dealer, and a steady stream of pretty girls. Pavement's Stephen Malkmus crashed there whenever he was in town. • In recent months, however, things slowed down considerably. Last May, Bingham married his longtime girlfriend, Vanessa Chase, a Ph.D candidate at Columbia. At her urging, Bingham, who had used heroin intermittently for six years, pulled the plug on the party and struggled to stay clean. Without backgammon partners, drug dealers, and drinking partners to distract him, he had ferociously attacked his first novel, *Lightning on the Sun,* until, after several revisions, it was finally ready to be published next spring. Several movie producers were already circling around the manuscript, says his agent, Jennifer Rudolph Walsh. Brad Pitt had even expressed interest in playing the lead role.



PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN SHUNG



But at 4 P.M. on that rainy Saturday, he was alone and bored. After celebrating Thanksgiving at his mother's Manhattan apartment, Bingham had declined to spend the rest of the weekend with the Chase family at their home in Princeton. He and Vanessa had argued and she decided to go alone.

Sitting down at his computer, Bingham checked stock quotes and e-mailed a few friends. "Hey whassup," he wrote one of them. "Oh, fuck it, I'll just call you." He settled into an armchair recently reupholstered by Vanessa, surrounded by scattered books and sheaves of papers; Bingham was notorious for saving a hard copy of every draft of his writing. He poured himself a succession of drinks as he ambled about the apartment: Diet Coke, tea, a tumbler of Maker's Mark. He smoked a few cigarettes. Then he positioned the galleys of his novel on his lap and read through them one more time, making small comments in the margins.

Bingham had finished Chapter Five when he departed for the Knitting Factory around 8 P.M. with his tennis partner Sam Brumbaugh to hear a solo performance by Evan Dando, the lead singer of the Lemonheads and an old friend. Dando was in a sour mood that evening, and played just five songs before storming off the stage. Disappointed, Bingham drank a few beers at the bar and took off suddenly, as was sometimes his habit, without saying good-bye to friends.

Eventually he ended up at the Baby Doll Lounge. The divey strip club downstairs from his apartment had become less fun since it was forced to put the girls in bikinis and curtain off a back room for the more exciting stuff, but the bouncer, Kevin, was still a friend, and two hostesses named Cindy and Sapphire, he wrote, "catered to my needs."

It grew late, and his onetime drug dealer was posted across the street. At some point, a friend reports, he purchased two bags of heroin, which he snorted at home. Some speculate that because he had been clean for so long, his body rebelled against a dose that he had once been easily able to handle. He passed out in his bathroom, facedown next to a sliding glass door. His young wife discovered his body when she returned from Princeton on Sunday night. By Monday afternoon, news of his death had spread throughout the city.

"THE LIFE ROB SPENT WAS PERPLEXING BUT INSPI

BELLER. "BECAUSE WHAT HE WAS STRUGGLING WITH WAS THE TRUTH ABOU

DYING YOUNG WASN'T AN ALTOGETHER surprising end for a man who lived his life like a character out of a Fitzgerald novel, but as one guest commented after the packed memorial service last month, Rob had always managed to beat the odds before. By week's end, his life had been chronicled in over a dozen papers, including the New York *Times,* which devoted three stories to Bingham in eleven days.

All the attention was not surprising. In an increasingly antiseptic city, Rob Bingham was an oversize character whose life easily lent itself to mythologizing. He was, for one thing, fabulously wealthy, the scion of a legendary Louisville publishing family who amassed a fortune estimated at nearly half a billion dollars. Shabbily handsome, with dark hair flopping above brown eyes and a Brooks Brothers tie serving as a belt for his chinos, Bingham sometimes came off as a prototypical Gen-X slacker, but he managed to cram a great deal into his 33 years. At various times, he worked as a journalist in Cambodia and as a beat reporter in Nashville; he was an alt-rock devotee, a Web entrepreneur, and a benefactor to young artists and writers. His money allowed him to veer from vocation to vocation, abandoning people and projects as soon as he tired of them.

Unlike others who inherit great wealth, "Rob wasn't ashamed of being filthy rich," says a friend, though he loathed the artifice and dishonesty of the upper-crust social set in which he was reared. "One story that Rob loved to tell was about a friend who was driving a cab," says a college pal. "A socialite friend of his mom's

Photographs: right to left, Alix Lambert; Pryde Brown.

Left, Rob and Vanessa at their engagement in Princeton; below, Rob at the *Open City* offices in October.

got in and asked to be driven to her apartment but said she needed to make another stop. The cabdriver waited for a half hour, and she came out and walked off without a look in his direction. Robbie just loved that, the hypocrisy of it. How this major socialite would screw the little guy without a second thought."

BINGHAM STARTED WRITING AS A CHILD, and published his first short story in *The New Yorker* when he was just 26. Much of his fiction focuses on the young disillusioned elite of his world, men and women who move detachedly through their Manhattan duplexes and Nantucket homes and Greek-island cruises. His favorite writer was the globe-trotting existentialist Robert Stone; he also admired Graham Greene, Denis Johnson, and of course, Hemingway, whom he referred to as "Papa." Bingham's best-known story, "The Other Family," which was included in his collection, *Pure Slaughter Value,* centers on the funeral of a cousin who died of an overdose. "The story didn't come to me in any insider-ish way—I just found it in a pile of 'Dear Editor' letters," recalls Deb Garrison, at the time a 27-year-old assistant editor at *The New Yorker.* "I was proud to bring it to senior editors and say, 'This is *us*—this is my generation speaking up with a really interesting voice.' "

THE BINGHAMS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A LIBERAL, philanthropic family, and Rob didn't break from tradition. His generosity was legendary, and he helped many people over the years, often anonymously. He quietly bankrolled endeavors such as the Thread Waxing Space gallery, a photographic archive of Cambodian civil-war victims, the Southern lit-zine *The Minus Times.* He funded indie movies by promising young directors and collected work by painters just launching their careers. "Rob never asked to look at proposals or budgets or outlines," says conceptual artist Alix Lambert, for whom Bingham funded a documentary about the tattooing practices of Russian prisoners. "One day, he decided to call in a limit order on a stock he had been holding. If the stock hit the order, he said he would sell it all and give the money to my film company. It did, and he did."

Brash, fun-loving, and magnanimous, Bingham was often the life of the party, surrounded by friends, acolytes, and hangers-on who listened attentively as he regaled them with outrageous stories and smiled gratefully when he picked up the tab at Odeon dinners for ten. When friends needed money, he lent them large sums and didn't embarrass them by asking for it back.

Yet as charming as he was, Bingham could also be a loaded gun, a cynic who sprayed bullets indiscriminately when impulse struck. He was thrown out of bars for acting up, had a tendency to comment loudly and crudely on a woman's anatomy, and viciously ridiculed people who didn't meet his standards. "The life Rob spent was perplexing but inspiring, because what he was wrestling with was the truth about society and himself," the writer Thomas Beller observed at his memorial. "Love and fury could surface at any moment."

MUCH OF HIS FURY, FRIENDS SAY, had to do with his family. Like the Kennedys, to whom they are often likened, the Binghams had suffered more than their share of tragedy, and Rob would joke nervously about carrying on the "family curse." In 1964 his uncle John, a Harvard disciple of Timothy Leary's, was electrocuted at the age of 36 while wiring a Kentucky barn. Two years later, his father, Worth, died in a freak accident when Rob was just 3 months old.

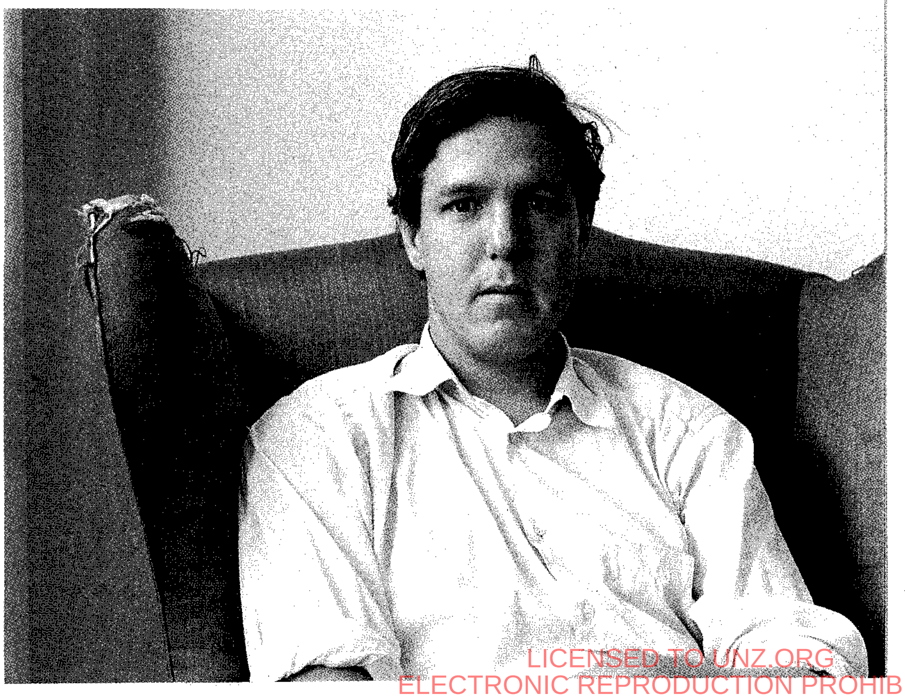
Worth was the Bingham family's prodigal son, a good-looking football star with a pronounced party-boy streak who was kicked out of Exeter for drinking when he was 16. One summer morning, while vacationing with his family in Nantucket, he decided to drive to the beach to surf, placing his board horizontally across the backseat of his convertible. When one protruding end hit a parked car, the whole surfboard swung around and crushed his neck.

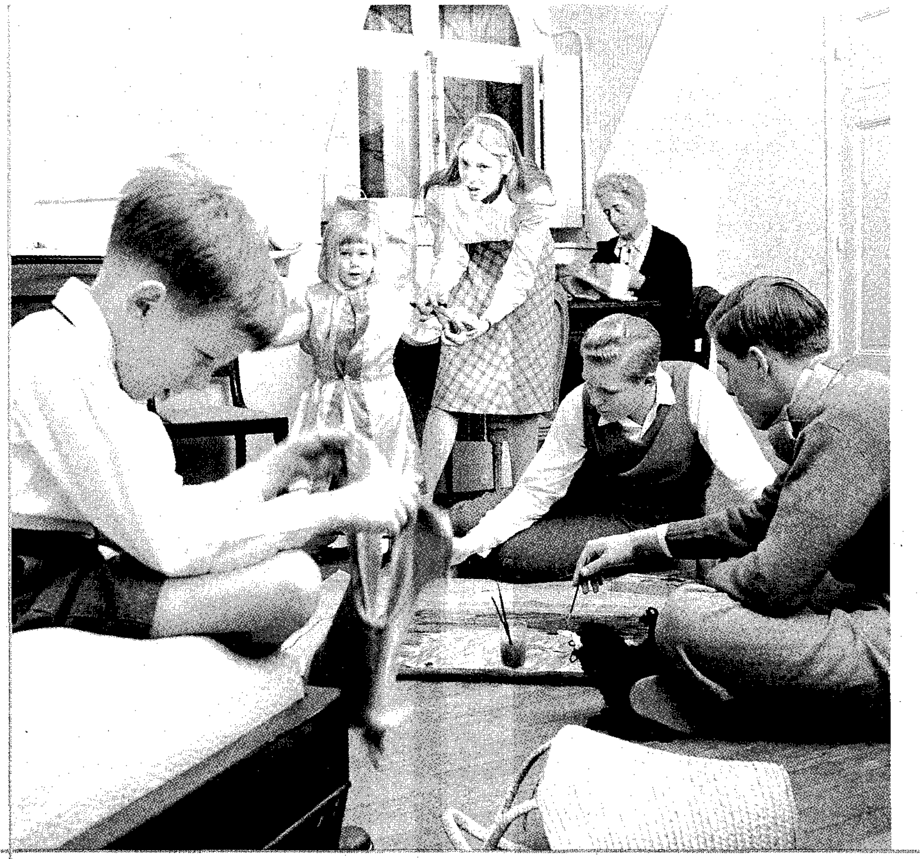
Following Worth's death, his brother reluctantly took over the family business, an empire that included the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* the now-defunct Louisville *Times,* television and radio stations, and a printing house. In a messy, highly publicized battle over the family fortune, the remaining daughter of the family patriarch forced the sale of the newspaper empire in 1986.

Though she remained on the board of the Louisville-based company, Rob's mother, Joan, took her young son and his sister and moved into an apartment in the attic of the Dakota after Worth's death. A well-regarded photographer who is now executive editor of Grove Atlantic Press, Joan tried to stay close to her in-laws, and the entire brood spent summers in Patmos and gathered each Christmas in Louisville at the estate they called the Big House. Joan watched proudly as Mary Bingham, the family matriarch, held recitation contests for her grandchildren: Rob once won $350 for his rendition of "Once More Unto the Breach," from *Henry V.*

Rob was affected by Worth's death, though he never knew his father. "Men tend to die early, freakish deaths in my family," he wrote in an essay for the online magazine *Word.* "Being the only male with the last name of Bingham left in my generation, I have some seed-planting issues with which to wrestle. If I am found impotent or die before impregnating someone, there goes the family name."

NG," SAYS FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE TOM
OCIETY AND HIMSELF."





OVER DINNER AT AN UPPER EAST SIDE BISTRO, HE
REPRESSIVE PRIME MINISTER. “HE WA

JOAN BINGHAM WAS DETERMINED TO have Robbie take over the newspaper empire, a relative told journalist Marie Brenner in *House of Dreams,* Brenner’s 1988 book on the Bingham family. And though he never got that opportunity, Bingham retained a lifelong interest in journalism. He interned at the *Courier-Journal* over summers in high school: “I learned how to write my first news story soon after my first ejaculation,” he told *New York* in 1997.

In the late eighties, he was hired as a city reporter at the New York *Post,* but, to his mother’s relief, he was fired after just three months, shortly after “Pistol Packing Baby,” his story on a gun-wielding child, made the front page. Bingham’s interest in more upscale literature began much earlier; at Groton, he rowed crew in the mornings and wrote short stories in study hall at night. A dormmate remembers him dramatically reading his stories aloud, to the dismay of classmates who wanted to be sleeping.

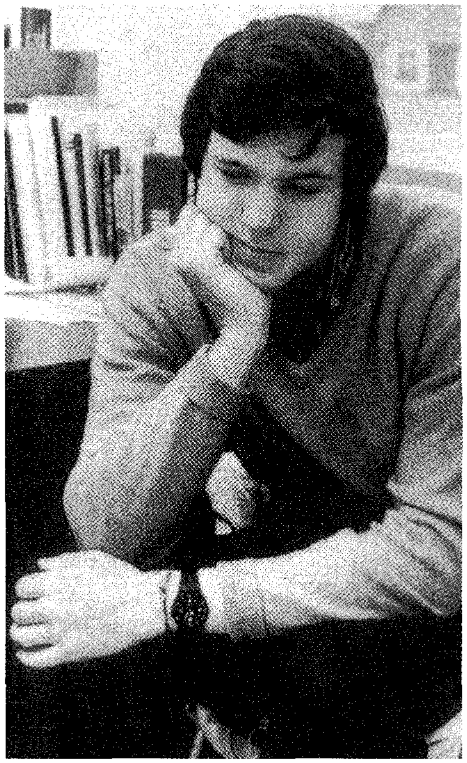
Brown University, with its Manhattan prep-schoolers and flashy Euros, at first proved disappointing to Bingham, and he often spent weekends at Trinity College, which most of his friends from Groton attended. One morning during his sophomore year at Brown, Bingham was in the Beef and Bun diner with classmates when a friend drew everyone’s attention to that day’s *Times,* which featured a story about the $440 million sale of his family’s newspaper empire to Gannett. “Rob just shrugged it off, like, ‘Oh, my family’s really fucked up,’ you know, in a don’t-be-jealous-of-me way,” says a friend. In private, however, he was upset at losing his chance to run the business. “It was very eerie,” Bingham told Brenner, after the sale. “I cried a little bit. It was like the end of the dream.”

TWO YEARS LATER, IN HIS SENIOR YEAR, Bingham moved in with six new friends—including Tony Mamet (David’s brother) and Internet pioneer Nicholas Butterworth—sharing a crumbling Victorian house off campus. The house is remembered by classmates for its lavish parties in the basement, the door to which the landlord kept closing up—and which they kept prying open. Bingham shuttled between his attic bedroom and a den filled with mountains of pizza boxes, broken furniture, and a television that never went off, drinking Jim Beam straight from the bottle.

Nearly everyone he knew was moving to New York after graduation, so he did, too, into a Seaport apartment that he shared with four friends. After six months, somehow unable to find a job, he decided to go down South to cover the police beat in Nashville for the *Tennessean,* where he remained for a year. “It was a time of great intoxication, adherence to punk-rock principles (drunk, we’d watch *Gone With the Wind* with the stereo turned up),” he wrote of his experience there. “I slept with a Vanderbilt coed whom I actually called Trixie—and to her face. There was also a fellow reporter I fucked frequently in my car but for whom I cared very little.”

After these inconsequential affairs, Bingham took off once again, landing in Kentucky to work on the senatorial campaign of Dr. Harvey Sloane, a Democrat long supported by his family. As always, Bingham threw himself enthusiastically into the task, traveling with Sloane for months in a twin-engine prop plane, familiarizing himself with the sleepy cities and strip-mined mountains of the state he would have lived in had his father not passed away.

Sloane’s campaign fizzled, though Bingham labored mightily to persuade his grandmother Mary to write the candidate a check. To plead his case, he knelt before her in the Big House, where she sat in a tea gown with Plutarch’s *The Fall of the Roman Republic* open on her lap. Unfortunately, her donating $75,000 later backfired when Bingham confided the details to a reporter over too many martinis. It turned out that the donation vio-



Top, the Bingham family in Paris, 1949; above, Rob, pensive, with his books at Brown University in 1986.

Photographs, top: N. R. Farbman/*Life* magazine © Time Inc. Bottom: Pam Spaulding/Louisville *Courier-Journal* (2).

lated campaign-finance laws on soft money, and the matriarch was subjected to a five-year investigation by the Federal Election Commission and threatened with a lawsuit.

EMBARRASSED BY THE INCIDENT, BINGHAM fled Kentucky and came back to New York, where he entered Columbia's Writing Program. During this time, he became involved with a coterie of young writers, including Thomas Beller and Daniel Pinchbeck, who would later become his partners in *Open City.* "He fell in love with that whole scene," says a family member. "He wrote constantly. It was the first time he felt people could really respect him as a professional writer."

That summer, he took a self-exploratory trek through Southeast Asia. A year later, he went back again and ended up in Phnom Penh. It was 1991, and the Cambodian capital had been opened for the first time in a peace agreement that brought $2 billion in aid to the region—and with it, U.N. aid workers and eager young reporters. "It was a journalistic 'golden age' for Cambodia, with foreign correspondents converging on a country the way ambitious sportsmen had flocked to the Alps nearly a century and a half earlier," wrote journalist Barton Biggs.

Bingham first camped out at the crumbling Renakse (Khmer for "justice") Hotel on the Boulevard de Lenin, just opposite the Royal Palace, and began work on an article about the Khmer Rouge for *The New Yorker.* When he wasn't working, he played tennis with friends at the International Athletic Club, on courts that he excitedly noted had been the site of beheadings of government officials during the Khmer regime. One day, while exploring the penthouse of the hotel, he stumbled into Biggs, who was working on an English-language paper called the Cambodia *Daily.* Bingham enthusiastically pitched in.

He would work intermittently at the *Daily* without pay for six years, enlisting friends from the States and befriending the Cambodian staff. "Robert is the reason I am a journalist," says Ek Madra, a high-strung ex–*Daily* reporter whom "Mr. Rob" hired as his personal assistant on the condition that he take Valium.

When he wasn't working, Bingham could usually be found drinking at a dingy bar named Heart of Darkness or at his regular table at the Foreign Correspondents Club (FCC), the nexus of expat social life. Drugs and sex were cheap and plentiful. He bought a two-bedroom loft overlooking the Mekong River, where he hung out with a crowd denigrated by other expats as slumming prep-schoolers.

During the Cambodian hostage crisis of 1994, Bingham and some other reporters were stopped at a roadblock. The soldiers, who usually demanded cigarettes in exchange for access, asked for money instead. Enraged, Bingham pulled out his new 9-mm. pistol. His terrified fellow journalists were not amused, and a formal letter of complaint was lodged against him by the president of the FCC.

Humiliated, Bingham left Cambodia soon afterward and didn't return for a year. He still maintained his interest in the country, however. Over one dinner at an Upper East Side French bistro, he told friends that he'd looked into assassinating the repressive prime minister Hun Sen. "He was deadly serious," says a friend. "He said he thought it would cost about $30,000."

LD FRIENDS THAT HE'D LOOKED INTO ASSASSINATING CAMBODIA'

EADLY SERIOUS," SAYS A FRIEND. "HE SAID IT WOULD COST ABOUT $30,000."

BINGHAM'S EXPERIENCES IN CAMBODIA would form the material of his first novel, which he started writing in 1997. *Lightning on the Sun,* which borrows heavily from incidents in his own life, is the story of a preppy heroin user in Phnom Penh who decides to move some dope bought from a loan-sharking massage-parlor owner to New York with the aid of his lovely Harvard-educated wife. "It's like Stone, Greene, even Joseph Conrad, for God's sake, and I don't throw around those comparisons lightly," says his editor at Doubleday, Jerry Howard. "This fellow was a real writer, not a spoiled kid."

Though he continued to travel to Cambodia each year until the end of his life, Bingham began to devote more time to literary pursuits in the U.S. In 1992, he teamed up with Beller and Pinchbeck and became the publisher of *Open City,* a journal that would give a voice to new writers while unearthing worthy ones from the past. Bingham proved an adept editor, rustling for hours through submissions, searching for new talent.

"The magazine was intended as a small antidote to the commercial, profit-making attitude that pervades New York today," says Pinchbeck. "We were moving toward a perfect Bloomsbury-like situation, with the idea that our books might not make a short-term profit but they would perhaps make a long-term one as people built their careers."

At a time when literature seemed increasingly irrelevant, Open City was a romantic throwback to another era when writers were as badass and potent as Internet moguls are today. But despite its noble intentions, *Open City* would become as famous for its parties as for its short stories by young writers like Mary Gaitskill, David Foster Wallace, and Martha McPhee. (In fact, the most press it received was for a poem titled "I Am a Pizza" written by Monica Lewinsky when she was 11 and published last year.)

Open City's popular parties attracted personalities from Chloe Sevigny to Matthew Modine to Katie Roiphe to spaces like downtown theaters or alternative art consortiums. Often, Bingham would host the events in his loft. "We wanted to create environments where people would just feel, 'Wow, this is the New York that I dreamed about when I was a kid, where anything is possible,' " says Pinchbeck.

BINGHAM'S LOFT ALSO BECAME A HANGout for all sorts of antics. "A year or two ago, at the dawn of e-commerce, Rob tried to buy a frozen duck online," recalls James Linville, co-editor of *The Paris Review.* "But he ended up with about a dozen frozen ducks. This being Rob, he called up all his friends and made it an occasion for a feast of ducks."

One novelist remembers stumbling into a bedroom to get her coat and finding Evan Dando strumming a guitar, surrounded by a claque of giggling editorial assistants. *Open City* parties were packed and hazy with cigarette and pot smoke; at one event, guests took turns doing lines of coke off of the cover of *The Paris Review.* Yet, even among this hard-living crowd, Bingham became noted for excessive drinking and drug use, and friends who had tendencies in that direction admit that they avoided his apartment when they were trying to stay on the wagon. People close to Bingham's family insist they had no idea about his drug use. Early on, however, they became concerned about his drinking and took pains to get him sober. In 1993, they prevailed on him to go to a rehab in Minnesota. Though he found the twelve- *(continued on page 109)*

BEST BETS

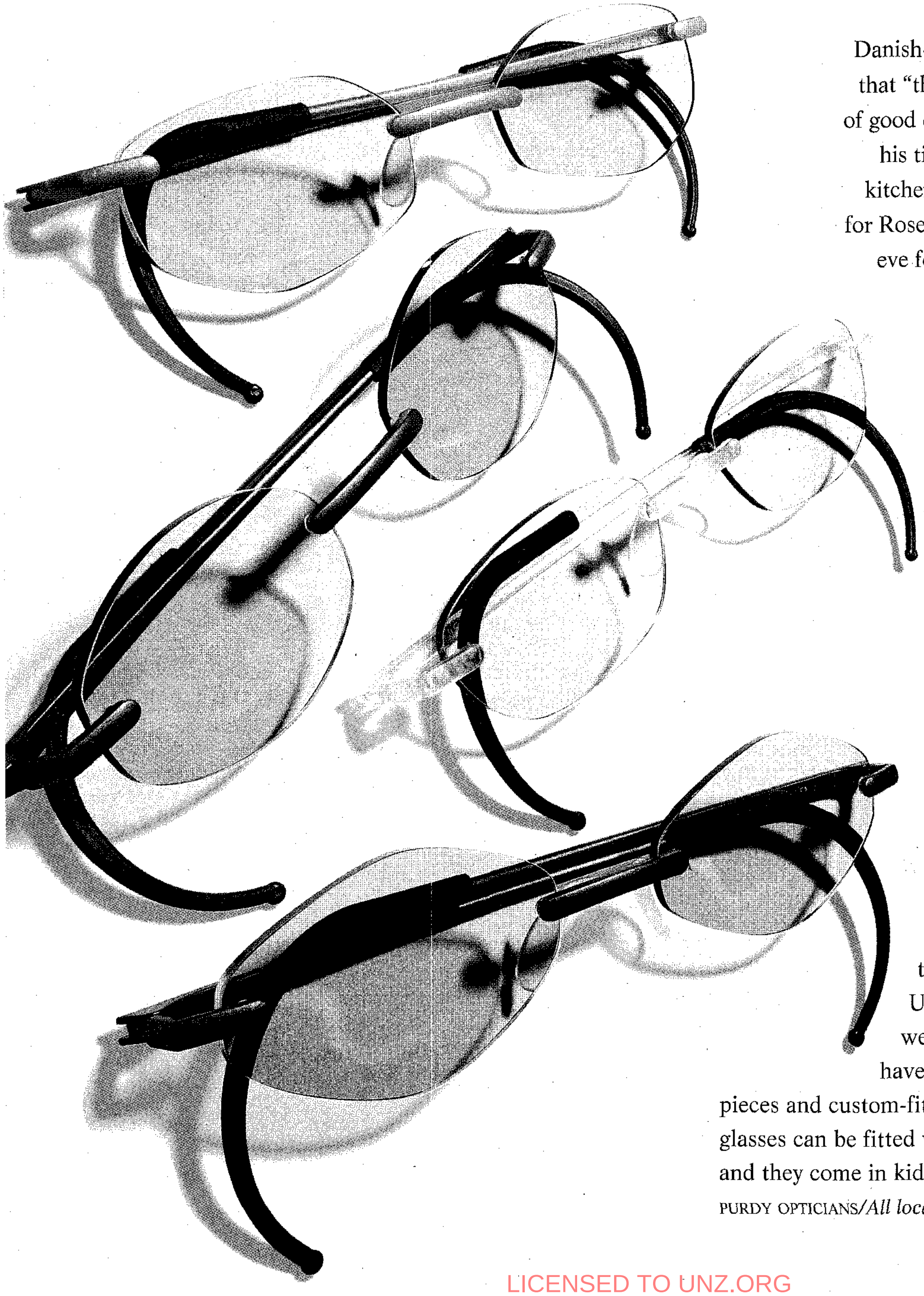
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Pop Star

Danish-born goldsmith Erik Bagger believes that "the kitchen drawer is the No. 1 enemy of good design," and so he's devoted much of his time to creating inventive stuff for the kitchen. His newest, the Grand Cru opener for Rosendahl, provides help this millennium eve for the champagne-popping-impaired. It has six inner teeth that grip the cork firmly so the stopper can be eased out of the bottle without a champagney cataract. ABS plastic and stainless steel are Bagger's favorite materials, so it's not surprising that the opener is made of both ($26.50).

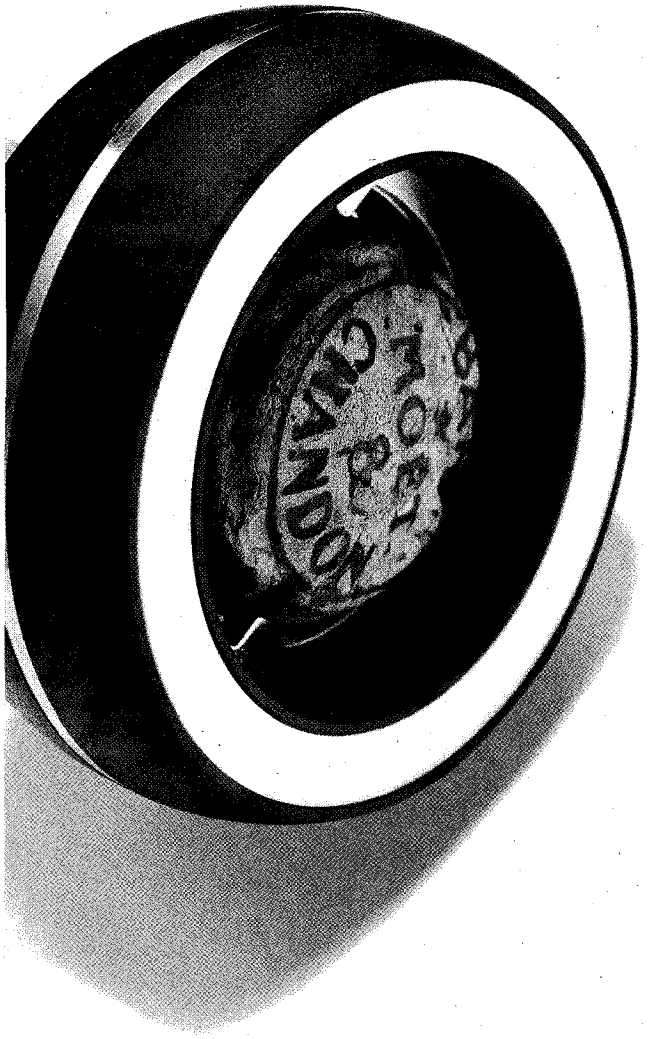
MOMA DESIGN STORE/
44 West 53rd Street/212-767-1050



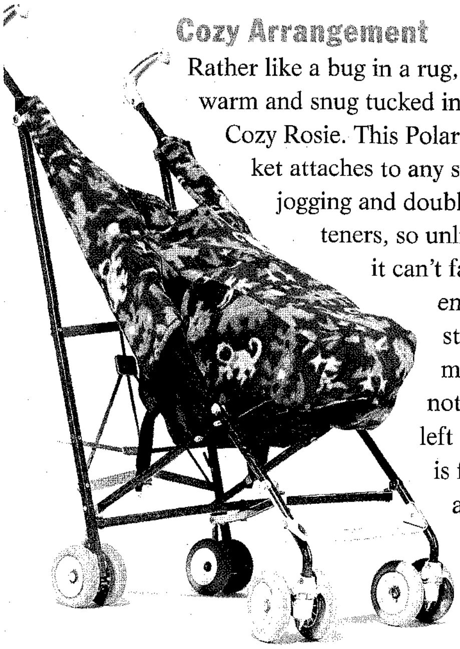
Incredible Specs

Eyephorics sunglasses are barely there, but what is there is awesome. These UV-protection Swiss specs weigh a mere 2.5 grams and have interchangeable nose pieces and custom-fitting temple ends. The sunglasses can be fitted with prescription lenses, and they come in kids' sizes, too ($225).

PURDY OPTICIANS/*All locations*



Cozy Arrangement



Rather like a bug in a rug, wee ones will be warm and snug tucked into Jeanette Benway's Cozy Rosie. This Polarfleece stroller blanket attaches to any size stroller (including jogging and doubles) with Velcro fasteners, so unlike ordinary blankets it can't fall off or become entangled in the stroller wheels. It's machine-washable and not bulky, so it can be left on when the stroller is folded up and put away ($44.95).

SCHNEIDER'S/*20 Avenue A/212-228-3540*

Do You Know the Way to Saint-Tropez?

Legend has it that when a visiting journalist in Saint-Tropez in 1970 couldn't find proper swim trunks (longish boxer shorts, not the skimpy ones worn by the locals) he set about cutting a pair out of quick-drying spinnaker sailcloth. So Vilebrequin (a shop that only sold men's swimsuits) was born. The company has now gone international and opened a sliver of an outpost in SoHo that's an exact replica of the Côte d'Azur original. Here, shelves and drawers are fastidiously crammed with classic, competition, and sport models in hundreds of solids and eye-popping prints. The boxers are stitched like men's trousers, even the interior lining is cotton, and most of the suits come with a waterproof pouch for money or car keys. Though billed as menswear, Vilebrequin swim shorts have been spotted on many a Riviera chick ($100 to $120; kids sizes 2 to 12, $55).

VILEBREQUIN/*436 West Broadway/212-431-0673*

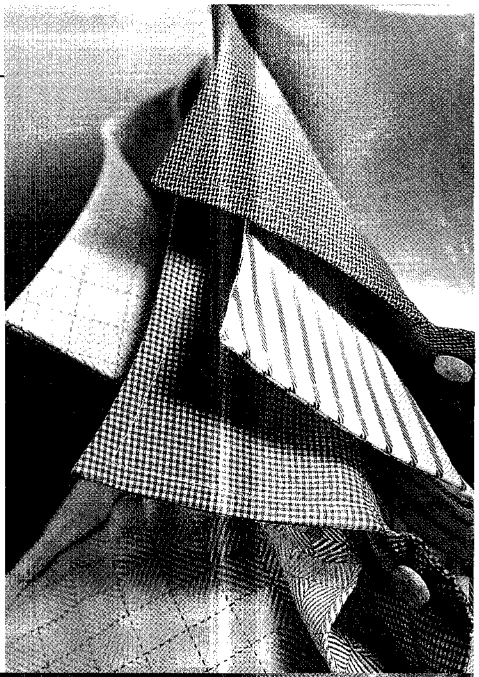
VILEBREQUIN
MAILLOT DE BAIN

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Collar Commentary

The days of the comfortingly drab corporate uniform are gone. Show that you're hip to the dressed-down office without stooping to chinos. By Marion Maneker



MORLEY SAFER, FASHION ICON. Stop sniggering. And pay attention. Men are dressing in a new way that combines informality with business attire, and before you know it you might be showing up at work dressed in a dark suit over a brightly colored, checked or striped shirt—just like old Morley.

In the old days that reached their apogee way back in the eighties, the corporate uniform was a blue suit, white shirt, and yellow foulard power tie. But those were the pre-entrepreneurial, not-yet-downsized, hierarchical days when corporations resembled the Army. You dressed to show your loyalty and your rank. No one much wants to be in the Army, large corporate organizations, or uniforms anymore. Earlier this year, when a group of Silicon Valley venture capitalists trotted out to old-school Procter & Gamble, they donned their starched and pinstriped best. The P&G men, trying to be groovy, greeted the VCs in the now-familiar garb of serious equity builders—khakis and polos. It's officially a dressed-down world. But without a general consensus on how men should dress for work, the e-decade has been marked by sartorial confusion.

Dressing down means anything goes, but many guys can't bring themselves to do khakis at the office, so they are taking their old conservative suits and pairing them with bold shirts in voluble colors and patterns. "A patterned shirt," the Atlanta-based designer Edgar Pomeroy says, "takes a boring suit and gives it new life. It separates the dandies and the dressers from those who merely get dressed." Morley Safer has done this for years, injecting excitement into staid suits with the addition of a large gingham check. Each week, he virtually conducts a seminar in the subtle vocabulary of men's clothes.

Where can one get distinctive patterned shirts? If you are a ready-to-wear man, go straight to midtown. A block apart stand **Façonnable** and **Thomas Pink**. Both feature colorful shirts in creative patterns that you won't find anywhere else. Façonnable took the American Ivy League style and made it cool. Here you will find subtle color combinations and elaborately constructed checks that will keep people staring at your collar for hours. To add a twist, try out the store's spread collars that button down. (Only the French could get away with combining British dash and American comfort.) Pink goes for a stronger palette. The colors are, as a friend of mine says, vivid but stop short of being vulgar. Look out for herringbone patterns that will all but shimmy underneath your shirt collar.

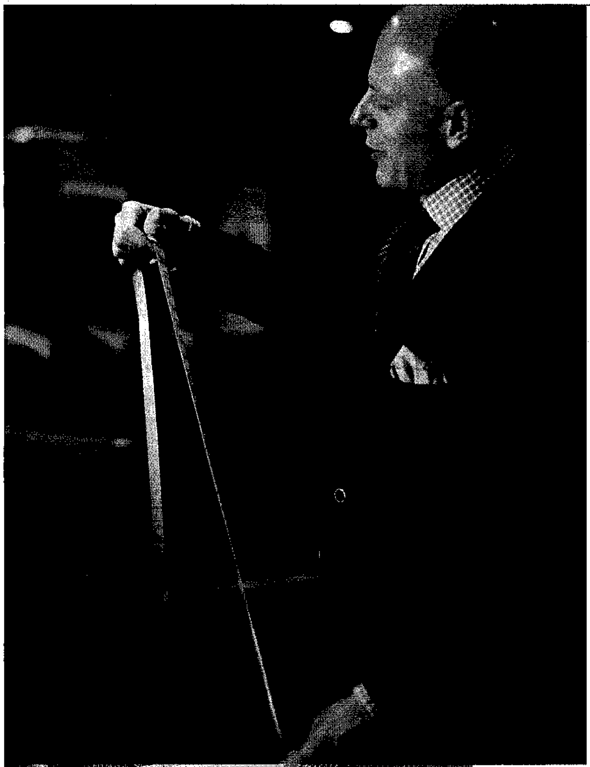
You can get a better shirt that will last longer for just a little more money if you go to a custom shop. Many men extol the virtues of bespoke shirts by praising the superior cut, the higher-quality construction, or the ample choice of collar styles and cuff treatments. While all of these ra-

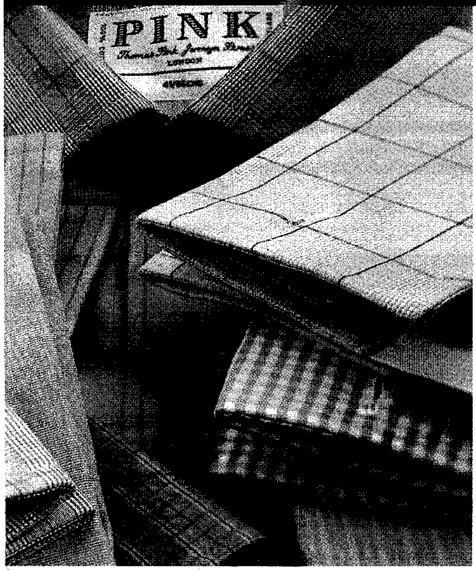
EXPERT TESTIMONY

A Dreamcast Deferred?

It was an ideal last-minute Christmas-gift option, but is the new ultrafast Sega Dreamcast video-game console really worth $199, twice what the older-generation Sony PlayStation and Nintendo 64 platforms sell for? We impaneled four veteran gamers to test-drive the Sega, and their verdict—with one caveat—was overwhelming: Don't bother waiting for next fall's PlayStation II; the future is now. George, 6, noted that the enhanced graphics were "awesome" and chose Sonic Adventure (Sega, $49.95) as his favorite new game. Sam, 9, conceded the Dreamcast's superior speed and graphics but cautioned that there are still many more games available for the older PlayStation. Eleanor, 10, a seasoned angler, was immediately hooked on Sega Bass Fishing (Sega, $39.95; optional fishing-reel controller, $34.95). The digital fish looked real but "were easier to catch," she said. And M., 44, who wasted his youth playing Space Invaders at an arcade in Times Square, obliterated several recent evenings with Speed Devils (Ubi Soft, $49.99), a gorgeously rendered street-racing game. "The Sega is just this small little humming box," he says, "but it's taking over my life. It's scary." MARK HOROWITZ

Photographs by Janice Faber.





tionales hold water, the best thing about having your shirts made is the freedom to pick the patterns and colors you want in the season that you want them.

Finding the right shirtmaker is a little like finding the right bar. You want a comfortable place frequented by guys with whom you identify. No matter what your position in the social matrix, there is a shirtmaker for you. Barneys, Bergdorf's, and Brooks all have made-to-measure-shirt departments that will see you kitted out in style, as do Saks, Sulka, and Dunhill. But if you're having a shirt made to measure, why not seek out a specialist?

The granddaddy of one-of-a-kind-shirtmakers is undoubtedly **Turnbull & Asser**. The British company's current rep may be a far cry from that of its heyday in the swinging sixties, when loud shirts and kipper ties made the scene, but it still prides itself on having exclusive, sit-up-and-take-notice fabrics. Three times a year, new patterns come to the store on 57th Street that will never be made again. A band of devoted customers shows up immediately upon their arrival. If the price doesn't make this one of the most exclusive clubs in town, the sheer riot of colors will. These shirts are not for the faint of heart, and they take some practice and daring to wear well.

If there is a purple glen check with a blue overplaid pattern you want and cannot seem to find, stop in to **Ascot Chang** across the street. As befits its roots as a knockoff artist, there is seemingly no common pattern that the Hong Kong–based tailor doesn't carry. But don't let the bargain-bin ancestry fool you. Ascot Chang carries some of the finest fabrics—high-thread-count super 200s that feel like silk—at prices apparently inspired by the Hong Kong real-estate market.

Paris Custom Shirtmakers manufactures high-class shirts in a grubby building near Madison Square Garden. Paris gets most any fabric made by the best mills, often exclusively for the first few months. It makes exquisite shirts, but some men won't brave the tumult of the Korean gift district just to get a burgundy Bengal stripe.

If, in the end, you are more of a new-economy type, tired of wearing T-shirts but unable to stomach the formality of midtown, James Jurney of **Seize sur Vingt** is doing a good business selling the same product in a downtown setting. His Elizabeth Street shop pushes the concept of the power shirt for those who never think about ties. Seize sur Vingt will do made-to-measure shirts from a highly edited selection of fabrics that are guaranteed to make you feel powerful and cool. And you'll look almost as good as Morley Safer.

Façonnable (689 Fifth Avenue; 212-319-0111; $89.50 to $275); Pink (520 Madison Avenue; 212-838-1928; $120); Turnbull & Asser (42 East 57th Street; 212-752-5700; $195 to $350); Ascot Chang (7 West 57th Street; 212-759-3333; $87.50 to $475); Paris Custom Shirtmakers (38 West 32nd Street; 212-695-3563; $175 to $275); Seize sur Vingt (243 Elizabeth Street; 212-343-0476; $135 to $250). ■

NAVIGATOR

Q: I inherited a beautiful painting from my grandfather, but after years of exposure to sunlight it's lost its original glory. Where can I have it restored?

A: Unfortunately, sunlight damage may not be your only problem. Humidity, oxidation, and inappropriate framing are some of the less obvious yet equally harmful hazards that can wreak havoc on works of art. But don't go tossing your late grandpa's gift just yet. Common ailments such as accumulated grime, darkened varnish, and faded or missing paint can all be corrected by an experienced conservator. Maria Iosifescu Paintings Conservation (79 Reade Street; 212-385-1830; rates from $100 to $150 per hour depending on the project) specializes in restoring old-master, Impressionist, and modern paintings. Cranmer Art Conservation (45 Crosby Street; 212-966-9167; $250 and up per hour) is a good bet if your painting is a contemporary or modern canvas. For a work on paper, call Daria Keynan Paper Conservation in west Chelsea (by appointment only, 212-645-5245; $100 per hour). No matter what type of painting you have, beware: Conservators are not licensed, so anyone with a paintbrush and a can of solvent can put up a shingle. Contact the American Institute for Conservation of Historic and Artistic Works (202-452-9545 or www.aic.stanford.edu) for a list of legitimate conservators in your area as well as some helpful guidelines.

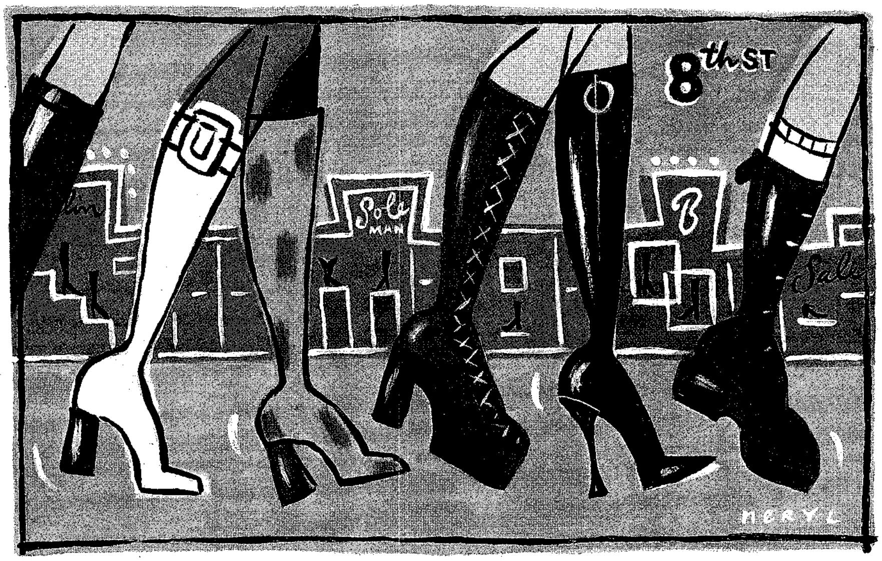
TARA MANDY

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

...And a Deal to Boot

Positively 8th Street: *The downtown shoe-seeker's mecca, formerly on a downscale spiral, turns on its heel—and* **we pay its shops a booty call.**



YOU'RE AFTER A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS: sleek and warm, with heels that'll conquer slick streets but won't make you look like an Outward Bound refugee. You may have stopped shopping on 8th Street eons ago, but give it another shot: Higher-end stores have moved in with the old standbys, and there's nary a pair of Doc Martens to be seen. You can also hit a handful of stores to hunt down that perfect, calf-hugging fit without spending the better part of a weekend in a taxi.

Gianni Bravo, a bona fide Italian designer boutique, has lots of sexy knee and ankle boots with those must-have tapered heels for $250 to $350 a pair (even python's a good deal at $650). Many other shops on the street offer similarly designer-inspired ankle styles for about $150 to $200 and knee-highs for $200 to $300. You'll want to wander, but here's a rundown: **Tsakiris Mallas** has loads of trendy stuff, like colorful pony skin, but if you want a look that'll last through spring, go for plain leather; ditto at **Shoe Closet** (where there's also some sleek *faux* python). For sleek, square-toe mid-calf boots in a range of colors, try **Milena Shoes**, and if you're after major texture, check out **Petit Peton**, where sleek, mock-croc knee boots are $249.

Walking boots abound at **Shoe Plaza**, where sturdy ankle boots are mostly $40 to $60. At **Make 10** you'll pay $30 to $70 for basic leather ankle styles, and knee boots are as little as $49. In the cramped quarters at **Village Shoes**, the slightly more fashion-forward selection includes short and high boots starting about $100 (they're best in red leather). At **Stiletto Shoes**, the spindly-heeled stuff flourishes in everything from calfskin to bright fake snake (mostly $150–$250). And—yes, this is 8th Street—sizes are decidedly his-and-hers.

Gianni Bravo, 31 W. 8th St. (212-505-0122); Tsakiris Mallas, 37 E. 8th St. (212-677-7873); Shoe Closet, 9 W. 8th St. (212-529-0840); Milena Shoes, 23 W. 8th St. (212-254-5132); Petit Peton, 27 W. 8th St. (212-677-3730); Shoe Plaza, 60 W. 8th St. (212-420-8832); Make 10, 49 W. 8th St. (212-254-1132); Village Shoes, 11 W. 8th St. (212-253-2881); Stiletto Shoes, 59 W. 8th St. (212-677-4151).

Picks of the Week

Tucker Robbins, a dealer in Eastern-inspired furniture made from antique wood, is taking half off everything in his showroom. Bowls are $25–$250, chairs and chests are $750, wood-and-shell screens are $1,200. *366 W. 15th St., fifth floor (212-366-4427); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–3; 12/27–1/8.*

Burberry is taking 30 to 40 percent off stock for men and women, including the fall designer collection (pictured), plus select outerwear and basics. Prices are from $49 for ties to $799 for a wool-bouclé jacket. *9 E. 57th St. (212-371-5010); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–7, Sat. 9:30–6:30, Sun. noon–6; 12/27–1/31.*

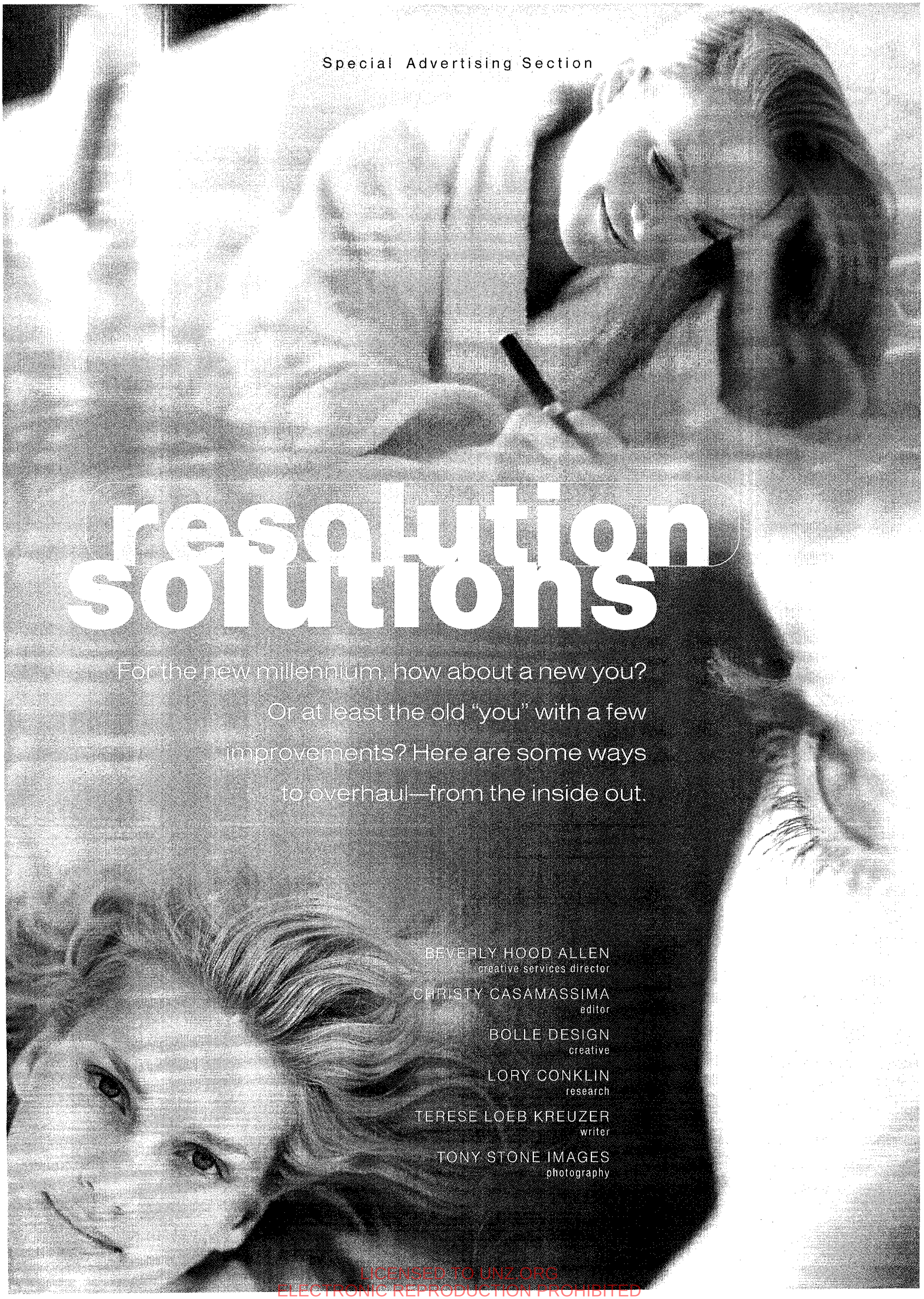
The MoMA Design Store is taking 20 to 50 percent off most stock (half off all holiday items): An aluminum candlestick is $11, a Japanese table runner is $50, a wall-mounted CD case is $210. *44 W. 53rd St. (212-767-1050); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat.–Thurs. 10–6:30, Fri. till 8; 12/27–1/15.*

Zeller Tuxedo has a $79.95 special on tuxedo rentals for the big night (shirt, studs, cummerbund, etc., included). Makers include Oscar de la Renta, Christian Dior, and Chaps by Ralph Lauren. They're open till 6:30 on New Year's Eve, but try to be fitted two days earlier. *1010 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-688-0100, for more stores, call 800-464-0462); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat. 10–6, Sun. 11–5; 12/27–12/31.*

Small Change is putting all their high-end kids' winter duds on sale (from companies like IKKS, Magil, and Sophie Dess). Prices are mostly from $20 for T-shirts to $165 for velvet dresses (girls' suits are about $300). Sizes newborn–14. *964 Lexington Ave., near 70th St. (212-772-6455); A.E., M.C., V, checks.; Mon.–Fri. 10–5:45, Sat. till 4:45; 12/27–1/31.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Illustration by Neryl Walker. Photograph courtesy of Burberry.



resolution solutions

For the new millennium, how about a new you? Or at least the old "you" with a few improvements? Here are some ways to overhaul—from the inside out.

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN
creative services director

CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA
editor

BOLLE DESIGN
creative

LORY CONKLIN
research

TERESE LOEB KREUZER
writer

TONY STONE IMAGES
photography

ONE WAY
WALK TO

In a city where you're 55% more likely to have a heart attack, you'd expect to find the world's best heart and vascular experts.

Few places on the planet are as dangerous for your heart as New York City. If the stress doesn't get to you, the corned beef sandwiches certainly will.

And that's why Lenox Hill Hospital is proud to announce the establishment of the Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of New York. Our pioneering surgeons and physicians have created innovative procedures that are now staples in the treatment of heart and vascular disease.

The Institute offers you comprehensive and seamless care. From diagnosis to rehabilitation, you'll be evaluated and treated by a team of the most knowledgeable experts in the metro area.

If you have a heart or vascular condition or suspect you do, you need to come to the new Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of New York, or call 1-877-HEARTBEAT.

We're trying to lower that 55% one heart at a time.

**Lenox Hill
Heart and Vascular
Institute
of New York**

RESOLUTION solutions

Freshen up your face, re-shape your body, thicken your hair, try a new color or cut, improve your speech, reduce your aches and pains, improve your eyesight, and care for your heart.

Skin Care & Massage

Whether you prefer mud, clay, seaweed, or the latest in technology, there are ways to counter the visible effects of pollution, stress, sun damage, and age. Today skin care specialists offer a range of alternatives—from age-old, hands-on massage to something that may involve an array of machines. With dermatologists getting into skin and body care, and salons offering high-tech skin services, the lines between beauty and medicine blur.

"The results of ENDERMOLOGIE® depend on the skill of the technician," says Denise Margulies, a former personal trainer, who introduced this French cellulite-busting technique to New York City. Her clients at **Skin & Body Contour** lie on a table wearing a unitard and are kneaded, sanded, and rolled with a suction-type apparatus. Does it hurt? "No," says Denise. "People fall asleep during the procedure because they feel so good."

Initially, clients undergo a series of 15 treatments of 35 minutes to an hour each. Afterwards, Denise recommends once-a-month maintenance. "More than just a cellulite treatment, ENDERMOLOGIE® does wonders for the circulation," she explains, and gives you "beautiful new skin." It's also a noninvasive method of body contouring. Skin & Body Contour has five technicians on staff, the newest ENDERMOLOGIE® equipment, and the Cellu M6, the top of the line in laser hair removal, which gives "faster, better results."

The **Vanishing Point** studios (there are currently six in the U.S., two of them in Manhattan and one on Long Island), pride themselves on being high tech. "We're at the vanguard of the cosmetic technology movement," says CEO Melisse Shaban. "Vanishing Point bridges the gap between the cosmetics counter and the

plastic surgeon," she says. Some treatments, including the light-assisted/laser hair removal and micro-dermabrasion facial peels, were formerly available only in a doctor's office. Vanishing Point's TCM® (therapeutic cellulite massage) offers a nonsurgical alternative to liposuction. Their philosophy: lunchtime isn't just for salads, but for hair removal, facial peels, and cellulite fixes. People want to get better aesthetic results faster.

Choose treatments—from ancient to high-tech—to get skin that is baby smooth, hair-free, and youthful.

The **Ulara Relaxation Boutique** in midtown offers a unique point of view. Owner Ulara Asai (whose name means "serenity" in Japanese) opened her massage boutique a year ago to give busy executives a place to relax. The storefront boutique is cool and quiet. People almost automatically lower their voices when they walk in, and a sign politely reads, "Please turn your cellular phone off." Soothing music plays on the sound system. Massages, which utilize a combination of techniques, including Shiatsu, Chinese Amma, Swedish, and stretching, are administered to fully clothed clients. Ulara, who grew up in Japan, the Philippines, and Los Angeles, but who loves the culture and energy of New York, offers a combination of East and West. She observes that people in Tokyo and New York are equally stressed but that "massage can be part of health." In fact, research has indicated that a relaxing massage is equivalent to four hours of sleep and can strengthen the immune system, lower blood pressure, and reduce cholesterol levels.

For the last 16 years, **The Stress Less Step** has been offering its own form of relaxing bodywork, including one called "Relaxology." Relaxology combines massage, polarity, and acupressure. The Stress Less Step also offers medical massages, Russian sports massages, maternity massages, Shiatsu, reflexology, Trager, Reiki, facials, and mud, herbal, and seaweed body wraps.

"Seaweed is very powerful," says Stress Less Step owner, Connie Cox. "It eliminates toxins without any harsh impact. You also notice that your clothes are looser the next day. We've had customers use the sauna first and then the seaweed, and they've lost weight and inches." She also swears by the mud wrap which she says is good when you have a cold or an infection. "I used it when I had the flu and still had to work," she says. Herbal wraps are relaxing and help eliminate toxins.

Incidentally, should you find that millennium revels have taken their toll, here's a tip from Cox: "A mud wrap is a fast detoxifier. If you have a hangover, it will get you up and about in no time so you can head straight for the gym."

Seaweed body treatments are also available at **Jacques Dessange**, which has a spa on the lower level of its Park Avenue salon with hairdressing upstairs. In addition, this salon offers an amazing "New Age Energy Body Clay Treatment" which uses silky smooth, aromatic clays formulated by Jacques Dessange. After skin exfoliation to prepare for treatment, the client showers and lies on a warm massage table. The aesthetician chooses a clay to produce the desired effect: anti-stress, toning, slenderizing, hydrating, detoxifying, or stimulating – and applies it to the client's body, combining it with Chinese-style acupoint massage. The immediate result is softer, smoother skin, plus a perceptible increase in energy. Afterwards, the body continues to eliminate toxins.

Jacques Dessange also offers a mini-face-lift called a "Dess'Lift" which utilizes an electrotherapy machine to convey phytotherapy products such as Royal Vegetal Jelly deep into the skin. "If you want to look great for a special occasion, you'll see immediate results," says aesthetician, Betty Lespessailles. Her own fair skin appears nearly flawless, which she credits to good genes and starting to take care of it at a young age. She also recommends staying out of the midday sun and wearing sun block.

Caring for Dry & Aging Skin

Lia Schorr started her skin care business in 1978 with $500. Now she has a salon on Lexington Avenue and her own beauty school. In addition, she has developed her own line of skin care products, some specifically for men, and has written three books. Her salon is open seven days a week, and she's there six of them. "Hard work doesn't kill anybody," she says.

Lia's tips for dry and aging skin would be good advice for anybody; she tells people to start taking care of their skin at an early age.

Eyes need oil and cream, especially ones containing vitamin A. Night creams are important. Beginning at 20, use a night-cream three times weekly to nourish skin, and every night after 30. Use a nourishing mask to feed your skin from the outside. A home mask could simply be an application of mashed banana or avocado.

Avocado Mask
1/2 avocado
6 drops avocado oil
Mash avocado and add oil.
Apply on clean face.
Leave on 10 minutes
Remove with cool water
and cotton

"Finally," says Lia, "drink eight glasses of water daily to retain moisture and get eight hours of sleep a night. For busy New Yorkers, that may be the tough part."

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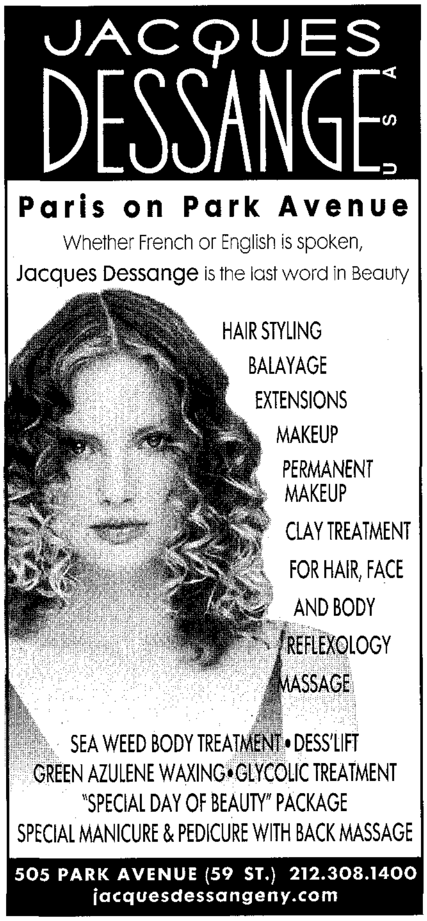

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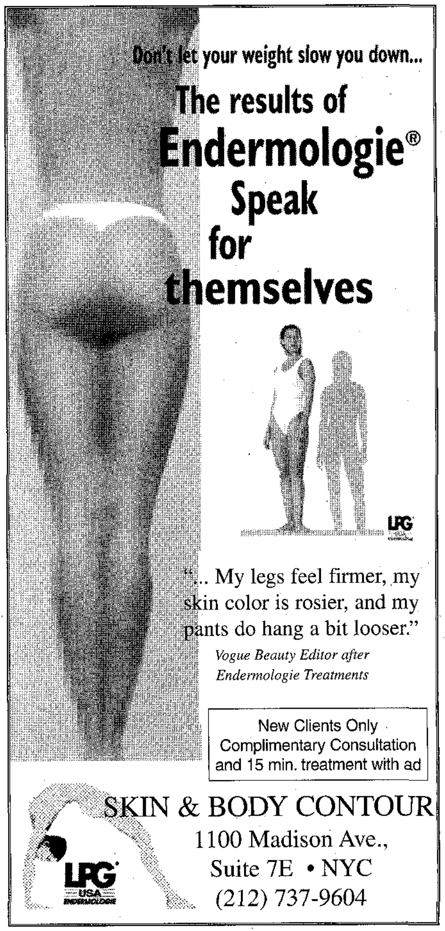

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Decisions about what to do and how to do it are based on the needs and goals of each patient. “I personally perform all initial consultations and surgery,” he says.

Remedies for Hair Loss

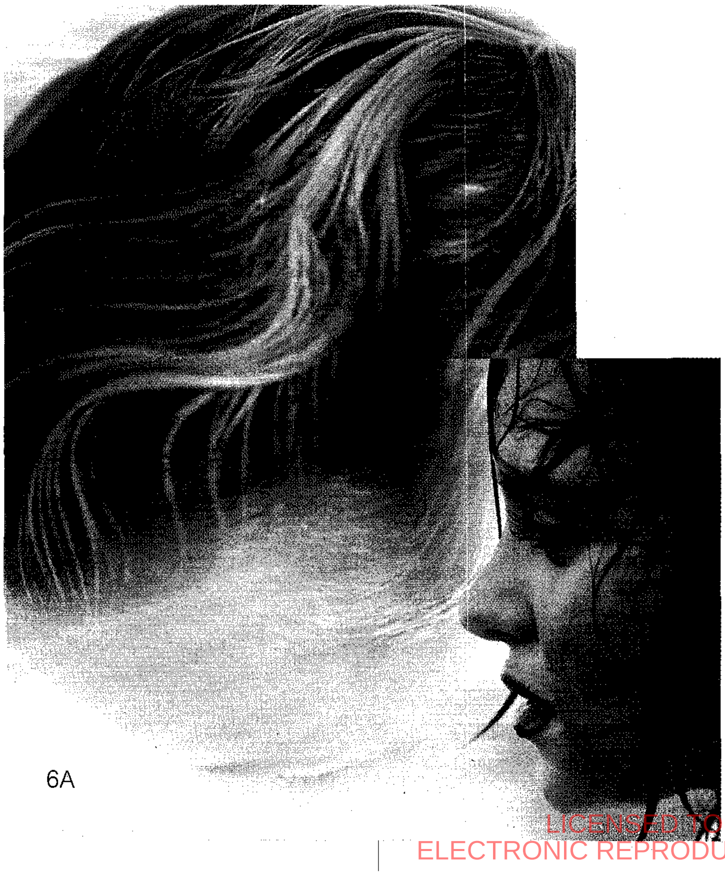
For both sexes, hair loss can be devastating. While hair loss in men is generally acknowledged, many physicians dismiss women's hair loss with a shrug. Hair loss may result from disease, autoimmune disorders, stress, and chemical or radiation exposure. However, for both men and women, there are ways of restoring hair to a natural and luxuriant look.

Because of menopause and lifestyle, as well as genetics, there are an estimated 25 million women in the US who have significant hair loss, according to Elline Surianello, client/president of **LeMetric Hair Replacement Center**.

She says that women are coming to her for help at even younger ages, part of which she attributes to “lifestyle choices that you didn't have 30 years ago.” Elline started LeMetric because she has a genetic condition for which there is no cure that is common among 95 percent of women experiencing hair loss. This caused her to start losing her hair at the age of 14. LeMetric treats women only, using a range of nonsurgical procedures.

Hair loss is devastating for both men and women.

At the **New York Hair Restoration Surgicenter**, Robert Bonvino, M.D., performs hair transplants for both men and women. “We use only the latest techniques of micro- and mini- hair grafting,” he says. The result is a “natural-looking hairline that's virtually undetectable.” The procedure can take from three to eight hours depending on the number of grafts that have to be transplanted.



Cosmetic Surgery

Youth and beauty are power tools. New Yorkers know about power. With that wave of baby boomers just now hitting their fifties, that might explain why more and more people are opting for plastic surgery. Or perhaps it has to do with the fact that plastic surgery is less costly and less invasive than it used to be, with better, more natural-looking results.

At the **Plastic Surgery Center Internationale**, clients can choose new treatment regimens designed to address the aging process both internally and externally. Among the many procedures offered are chemical peels, laser surgery, nasal surgery, breast augmentation, liposuction, and lip-sculpting. Most of the surgery is done on an out-patient basis, with special nutrition and vitamin regimen programs to help foster a quick recovery. Vincent C. Giampapa, M.D., FACS, founder and director of the Center, is actively involved in the latest research in nutrition and molecular biology as they apply to the clinical treatment of aging.

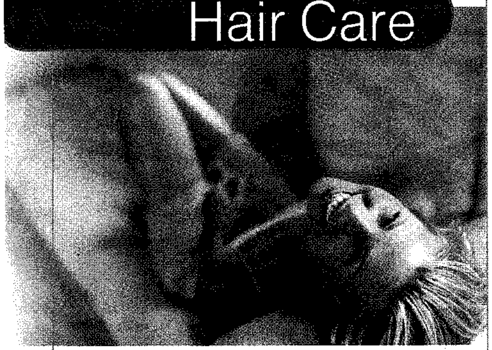
The nature of face-lift surgery is changing. The latest technique is the mid face-lift, says Jeffrey R. Fischman, M.D., FACS, director of **Constructive Surgery Center**. “By making small incisions inside the mouth and right above the ear, you can lift the cheeks instead of simply stretching the skin.” This relatively new approach has become one of Dr. Fischman's standards.

Mark A. Erlich, M.D., director of **Profiles & Contours**, notes that women are coming in for corrective procedures at an earlier age. A pioneer in the field of plastic surgery, he was the first cosmetic surgeon in the U.S. to use computerized imaging to help patients understand what to expect from their surgery. He has also been recognized for using botanical and homeopathic compounds to expedite post-surgical healing.

Dr. Erlich, who is clinical assistant professor at New York Medical College and clinical instructor at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, encourages patients to have realistic expectations. “Plastic surgery won't save an unhappy marriage or turn you into a movie star,” he says. “But it can help you look as young as you feel. And it can boost your self-esteem and your self-confidence.”

Perhaps the most popular cosmetic procedure in the world is nose reshaping, the specialty of **Dr. Geoffrey Tobias**. “The ideal nose today is a natural-looking nose that fits the face,” he says. In the procedure, Dr. Tobias removes a minimal amount of tissue and repositions what remains with permanent sutures. “No nose should ever look surgically done,” says Dr. Tobias. “It should look like you were born with it.”

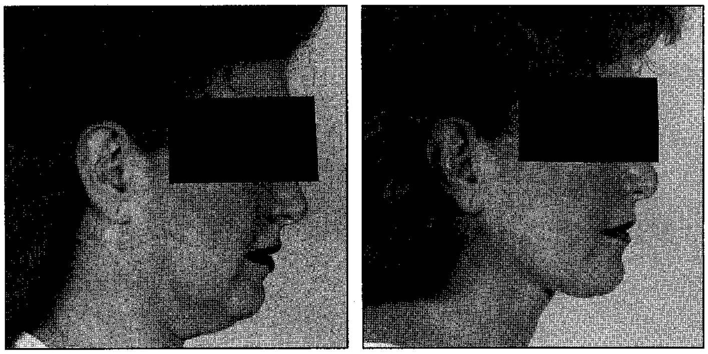
Hair Care



The colorists at **Novidea** will help you stay as close as possible to the hair color you were born with, while at **Lugo Chabrier**, stylists will work with you to repair color- and sun-damaged hair.

"Hair is my passion," says Italian-born Franco Runco who, for 18 years catered to actresses, opera singers, and television stars from a private studio. Now he has opened **Novidea**, a cheerful salon where you may still see a well-known face in the next chair. "Our clients come out of the salon looking different from one another," he says. Franco and his staff talk with new customers about their work, their way of life, and what they can do with their hair. They strive for a natural, healthy hair. Franco, who observes that "When you look better, you feel better," says that his work is "50 percent hairdressing and 50 percent psychology." The salon is open six days a week and offers massages, leg waxing, manicures, pedicures, and facials. Using famous product lines, expertly trained aestheticians perform facials which can change your skin.

Roberto Lugo and Yvette Chabrier, the owners of the salon bearing their names (**Lugo Chabrier**) are both into yoga, Reiki, and other forms of spiritual balance and healing. They offer a series of services designed to treat hair and scalp in a serene and relaxing environment. "Most people use too many products on their hair," says Roberto. "We find the right combinations for our clients to keep hair shiny and healthy." He explains that it can take a year or two to restore damaged hair to good health. Among the services is a "healing scalp treatment" which incorporates massage, essential oils, and Reiki to reinvigorate hair and induce a peaceful state of mind.



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Selecting a Specialist

Cosmetic Surgery

There are approximately 500 plastic surgeons in New York City, according to **Denise Thomas**, cosmetic surgery consultant, who has helped clients find the right plastic surgeon for their needs. Thomas has appeared on different television broadcasts of late, and her popularity has grown, especially among the baby boomers, her best clients.

She arranges a face-to-face meeting with former patients of the Board Certified physicians and introduces clients to a suitable physician, according to their needs.

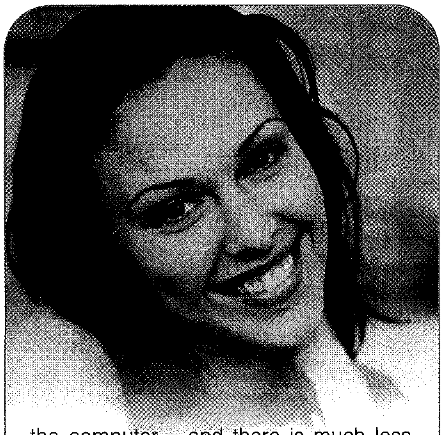
She then guides them through the plastic surgery process. "My doctors guarantee their work," she says. "There's no room for mistakes."

Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat

The New York Eye and Ear Infirmary has one of the busiest clinics in the country for eye, ear, nose, and throat. "Unfortunately, the more we learn in medicine, we find there are tremendous limitations in terms of what we can reverse," explains ophthalmologist Richard Rosen, M.D., retina specialist and director of ophthalmology resident education at New York Eye and Ear. "We have to rely on our increasing ability to diagnose earlier. We can prevent serious visual loss in many diseases, such as diabetic retinopathy, glaucoma, and several retina problems, if we can get to them early."

New York Eye and Ear uses imaging technology to understand the anatomy of eye injuries, tumors, diabetes, and glaucoma. "Our very high frequency ultra-sound allows us to look at parts of the eye which we wouldn't be able to see at all with non-digital techniques," states Dr. Rosen. He points out that the first device for performing an automated refraction of the eye – a common procedure today for selecting an eyeglass prescription – was first developed at New York Eye and Ear.

The Infirmary's large refractive surgery center also features the latest in Laser-Assisted In Situ Keratomileusis (LASIK), the laser surgery that has become wildly popular in the last two years to correct both near- and far-sightedness. "With lasers, the latest techniques are light years ahead of the older methods – and produce fewer complications and side effects," says Dr. Rosen. "Tissue removal is programmed into



the computer – and there is much less margin for error."

But Dr. Rosen thinks that while LASIK surgery is popular, and much ballyhooed in the press, the real pioneering work at New York Eye and Ear has been in the early detection of degenerative eye disease.

Cardio Care

At **Lenox Hill Hospital**, another prestigious New York medical institution, a unique program is working with women to reduce the risk of heart disease and to help both men and women who have had heart attacks or bypass operations to resume a normal life.

"Women need to realize that they have to take care of their hearts," says Dr. Nieca Goldberg, chief of the Women's Heart Program and chief of Cardiac Rehabilitation and Prevention at the Lenox Hill Heart and Vascular Institute of NY. "The way they can do that," she says, "is to get regular aerobic exercise and to eat a diet low in saturated fat and high in fruits, vegetables, whole grains, and fish."

"The biggest issue with women is that they're worried about taking care of everyone but themselves," says Dr. Goldberg.

"Exercise," she says, "doesn't mean some Olympic feat. It could be taking a walk at a moderate pace for a half hour a day. You can break it up, if necessary. Things that count toward that half hour might be walking your dog, vacuuming, or walking up and down stairs."

Dr. Goldberg explains that it's important for women to know that they are at risk for heart disease, and what the risk factors are. High blood pressure, elevated cholesterol, being overweight or sedentary and the presence of diabetes are all red flags.

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Selecting a Specialist *continued*

Guidelines for women's healthy cholesterol levels have changed recently. There are two kinds of cholesterol: "bad" low density lipoprotein (LDL), and beneficial high density lipoprotein (HDL). "In women, we like the HDL number to be above 45 to 50," says Dr. Goldberg. "That was changed recently from 35 and above, which is a number more relevant for men."

The Women's Heart Program, which Dr. Goldberg started in 1997, deals with both prevention and rehabilitation. It is a multi-faceted program that includes exercise, nutrition counseling, education, and social support. The support group, called Women Take Heart, is for women with active heart disease.

"We find that women respond very well in a group in terms of the healing process."

Women who are considered to be at risk for heart disease are often referred to the Women's Heart Program by their physicians. The program lasts for three months during which the women meet three times a week for aerobic exercise classes and sit in on educational sessions two to three times a week. Support groups meet twice a month.

The Cardiac Rehabilitation program takes both men and women. Among other things, it is designed to develop safe exercise habits. Participants learn about safe exercise heart rates plus the importance of beginning exercise sessions with a warm up and ending with a cool down.

If a patient already has heart disease, participation in this program is usually covered by insurance.

Speech and Physical Therapy

If your New Year's resolution is to feel better about yourself, you may want to do more than adjust your appearance. Depending on what bothers you, two midtown Manhattan facilities can help you relieve physical and emotional pain.

Relief from Stuttering

There are 2.4 million adult stutterers, and another half million "closet" stutters, including actor Bruce Willis, in the United States. If you're among them, you can get help. **The National Center for Stuttering** has a long-term success rate of 94 percent.

Closet stutterers—of which Winston Churchill, one of the great orators of modern times, was one—never really outgrow their affliction. They merely get clever about how to disguise it by substituting words that they are comfortable with for words they know will give them trouble.

"I treated a closet stutterer who was offered a federal district judgeship but had to turn it down because, as it stands now in federal court, he had to read the charges word for word, and that meant he couldn't substitute words he was comfortable with like he could do in state supreme court," says Martin Schwartz, M.D., executive director of The National Center for Stuttering. "People will go to great degrees to avoid revealing that they stutter, such as an illiterate may do to avoid revealing that he can't read."

Dr. Schwartz, who discovered the physical cause for stuttering – locking vocal cords—when he was a research professor at NYU Medical School, founded the Institute 25 years ago. The Institute teaches speech pathologists around the country, and offers a hotline for people wanting more information about the affliction. The Institute sponsors support groups for stuttering, and offers instruction in techniques – some nutritional, some educational, some behavioral – that can conquer stuttering. "People may hate their stuttering, but they want a quick cure," states Dr. Schwartz. "But new habits have to be made. You can get a fairly high compliance rate if you hammer that idea in—nine of 10 can expect a successful result. We tell them they have to practice 45 minutes a day for nine months." Further information is now available on the institute's Web site at www.stuttering.com.

Sports Medicine

Physical pain of all kinds is addressed at **Madison Avenue Spine and Sports (MASS)**, a full-service sports medicine office two blocks from Grand Central. The clientele includes dancers from *Cats* and *Peter Pan*, marathon runners, and TV actors and actresses, as well as people who are simply suffering from an over-stressed life. "We've got a team of sports medicine practitioners here, so you don't have to go to one place for a chiropractor and another for massage or for physical therapy or for acupuncture," says Deanna Bambini, MASS's director. "We do all the X-rays on site, we have a full-service gym, and we take care of everything from migraine headaches to neck pain and all types of repetitive stress injuries, such as carpal tunnel syndrome, sciatica, tendonitis, and knee injuries, to everyday stress and tension."

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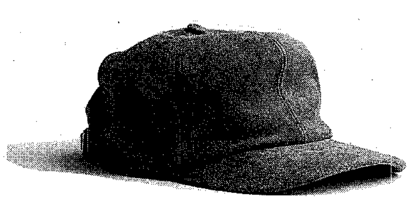

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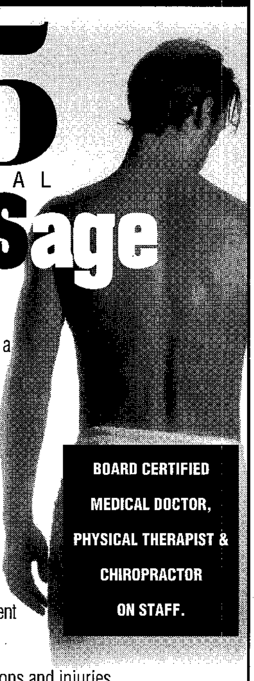

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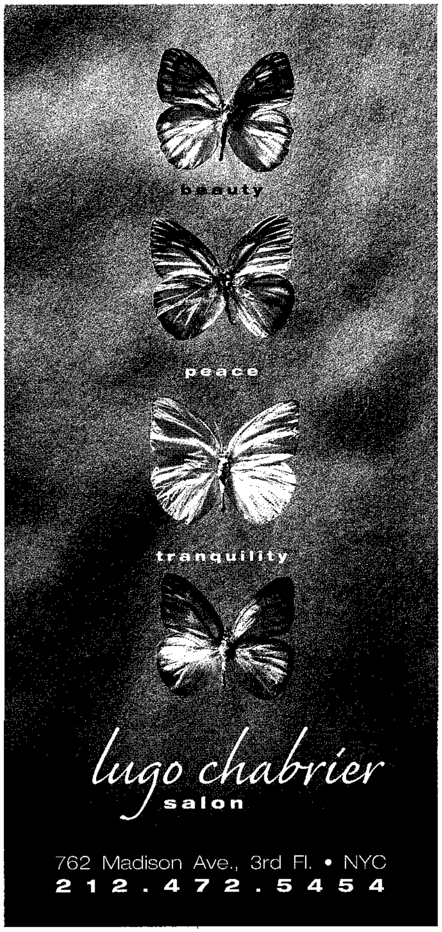

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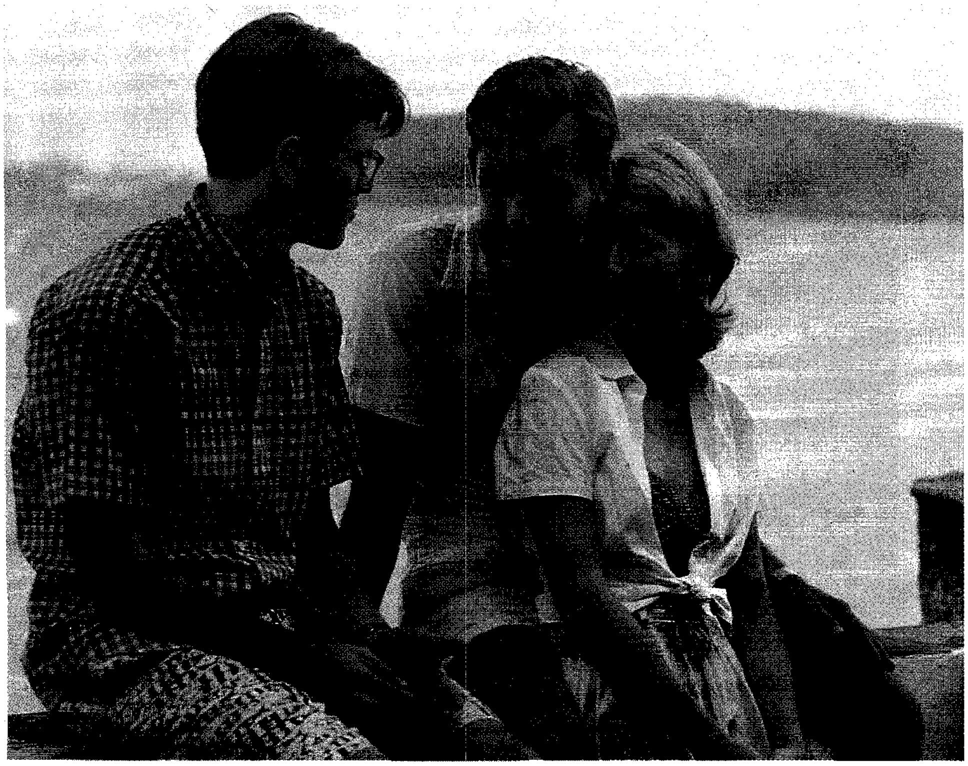
MOVIES PETER RAINER

Invisible Men

In a chilling thriller, Matt Damon plays a master of assumed identities; Jim Carrey's eerie Andy Kaufman riff is barely more than skin-deep.



Disguise in love with you: From left, Damon with Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow in *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

IN THE MOVIES, PATHOLOGY AND MURDER ARE OFTEN framed in deep shadow, as if horror only bloomed in dark places, but true epicureans of depravity know that cold creeps are coldest in the bright sunshine. **The Talented Mr. Ripley**—based on the same 1955 Patricia Highsmith novel, the first in her "Ripley" series, that served as the basis for René Clément's *Purple Noon*, starring Alain Delon—is awash in the sensual yellows and caramels of Naples and Venice and San Remo and Rome. It's a gorgeously unsettling film. You can hide in the shadows, but luminescence exposes who you are, and the only escape is into another identity.

Tom Ripley (Matt Damon) is a kind of learning-on-the-job psychopath whose chief talent is slipping into the guises of others. In New York, he casually convinces Herbert Greenleaf (James Rebhorn), a wealthy shipbuilder, that the man's expatriate son, Dickie (Jude Law), was a Princeton classmate, which results in an offer from the father to travel to Italy and bring back the free-spending scion. But once ensconced in seaside Naples with Dickie and his expensive-looking blonde girlfriend, Marge (Gwyneth Paltrow), Tom is in no hurry to wrap things up, and so, by revealing his mission, he becomes, in effect, a double agent. He makes himself over as Dickie, first by co-opting Dickie's *dolce vita* lifestyle and then by co-opting the man himself by murdering him.

Tom's capacity for impersonation at first seems like the survival tactic of a rube among the well-heeled, but it turns out to be his essence. Writer-director Anthony Minghella keeps Tom in virtually every scene; his switching of identities from Dickie to Tom and back again, and his narrow escapes, are breathtaking. By keeping everything centered on Tom, Minghella makes us complicit in the young man's pathology. He's the outsider on the inside; the deeper his infiltration, the more blood he spills and the more unreachable he becomes.

Though Tom is shown at various points to be racked with remorse, he's not really someone you can project yourself onto (unless he's meant to be Everyman as No Man). If Minghella intends to demonstrate how, given the right circumstances, any of us could slide into murder with a fairly clean conscience, then he underestimates the way Matt Damon in this film comes across as a vacuum (albeit a seductively robust and personable vacuum). The setting and even some of the themes of the film are distinctly Jamesian, but Tom is like an existential version of the Jackal from *The Day of the Jackal;* this cipher mutates into whatever puts him out of harm's way.

It's this free-floating dread under a hot summer sun, and not the film's cautionary-tale aspects, that takes hold. The actors seem to have been chosen for their ability to reflect the light. Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow, in particular, look like they were dipped in gold; the emollients of wealth have oiled them to a fine finish. The other performers, including Cate Blanchett as a textile heiress and the always marvelous Philip Seymour Hoffman as Freddie, Dickie's sneering upper-crust Princeton mate, bring some earth tones into all the blondeness. They seem to operate in a less hazy, more grounded world. It is Freddie who, with his instincts for the deceptions of the lowborn, roots out Tom in the film's most cloak-and-dagger-ish scene. The sequence probably belongs in a more conventional movie, and yet I'm not sorry it's here. We've been asked to identify so closely with the far-gone Tom that the intrusion of Freddie, with his sharp, rational suspicions, is a balm. He's someone we can get behind.

Too much should not be made of the cool amorality and character-doubling on display here. Although the film captures better than *Purple Noon* did the distinctive Highsmith tone of steady-state anxiety, it's essen-

Photograph by Lance Staedler.

tially a glossy plaything of a thriller—which is what the Alain Delon film was, too. Minghella brings out the homosexual subtext and erotic ambiguities in the material, and he heightens the class resentments, but make no mistake: The big draw here is the luxuriousness of corruption, and Minghella, for all his pretensions, is enough of a showman to know it.

THIS MUST BE THE WEEK FOR NOWHERE MEN IN THE MOVIES. We have, besides *Ripley*, **Man on the Moon**, starring Jim Carrey as the late Andy Kaufman. Its pivotal moment comes when Andy tells his girlfriend, Lynne Margulies (Courtney Love), that she doesn't know the real him, and she responds, "There *isn't* a real you," and he says, "Oh, yeah, I forgot." Director Milos Forman and his screenwriters, Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski, have attempted to make a movie about a human nullity, and a fair amount of screen time is taken up with Kaufman's bizarro routines and shenanigans. He doesn't reveal himself onstage, and he doesn't offstage either; whether he's playing Latka Gravas on *Taxi* or the crumbum Vegas entertainer Tony Clifton, he never breaks character.

The usual Hollywood approach to celebrity bio is two-pronged: Freudian-ize and canonize. *Man on the Moon* goes heavy on the canonization—that's its major weakness—but it doesn't pretend to "explain" Kaufman. No childhood trauma, no Rosebud, awaits our discovery. The movie assumes that performers are authentic only when they're performing, and so the Andy that Milos Forman gives us is always *on*. He needs to be entertained by audiences—by their cheers *and* jeers—at least as much as they need to be entertained by him.

What the movie doesn't explore is how Kaufman might have been deeply pained by his multiple-man mind-set, and it also doesn't suggest the cruelty behind some of his so-called performance art. When he refuses to play Latka for a clamorous college audience and, instead, submits the few of them who remain to a cover-to-cover, English-accented reading of *The Great Gatsby*, the scene is played as if he were asserting his right to be an artist and not just a sitcom personality. But when he wasn't taking them out for milk and cookies, Kaufman regularly rebuffed his audiences, and he didn't do it because he was protecting the purity of his gifts. He did it because he probably couldn't help himself, and because flop sweat for him was just as sweet as the nectar of adulation. Heckling was music to his ears; that's why he made such a big deal out of wrestling women in his self-created "intergender" championship matches. Strutting and playing the villain inside the ring, he could provoke a direct-action response from audiences even more effectively than in the comedy clubs. *Man on the Moon* makes the same mistake that Bob Fosse's *Lenny* made: It gives the abrasiveness of its subject a saintly glow.

Perhaps part of that glow exists because many of the people who were important to Kaufman's life and career—including George Shapiro, his agent; Bob Zmuda, his friend and writer; and Lynne Margulies, his girlfriend—acted as advisers and, in some cases, co-producers on the film as well as being depicted in it. A lot of the action has a scrubbed, authorized feel. Thus, when Shapiro, played as a lump of human kindness by Danny DeVito, first connects with Kaufman, he tells him, "You're insane, but you might also be brilliant." In a nightclub, Paul Giamatti's Zmuda plays the stooge to Andy's Tony Clifton, getting razzed before an unsuspecting audience and having a drink thrown in his face, and afterward it's all fun and games between them. We don't see how Zmuda might have reacted to this kind of usage, or what resentments or competitiveness may have been behind it. Courtney Love's Lynne first encounters Andy when she loses to him in one of his wrestling matches, but soon after she turns into a drab, devotional caregiver. Their relationship is depicted as a love match, but there's virtually no sexual dimension to Kaufman in this film; he's almost as infantilized as Pee-wee Herman.

Jim Carrey plays Kaufman onstage with an uncanny exactitude, but what are we watching exactly? He's doing more than mere impersonation, and yet Kaufman never comes to full-blooded life for us, any more than Carrey's Truman, another hologram of a person, did. When I did a brief interview with Kaufman in L.A. in the early eighties, I thought I was talking to somebody out of *The Manchurian Candidate*. There was a propulsive, gaga rhythm to his patter. I was hoping *Man on the Moon* would prove an enlightenment, but by conceiving of Kaufman as a holy hollow man who lived only through his guises, the filmmakers have deprived Carrey of the opportunity to go behind the comic's fixed blank stare. If there's no there there, why should he, or we, bother? The movie is intended as a celebration of Andy Kaufman, but it's the kind of celebration that denatures its subject. It's not the "real" man we're missing. We're missing a man, any man, period.

In brief: TYPICALLY, WHEN A SPORTS MOVIE COMES OUT, we're told by the filmmakers that what we're watching isn't really about sports at all; its about life. In the case of Oliver Stone's **Any Given Sunday**, I'm tempted to go along with the life-not-sports line because the film seems so transparently a playing-out of Stone's conflicted feelings about Hollywood. (This qualifies as life, doesn't it?) Al Pacino plays Tony D'Amato, the head coach of the Miami Sharks football team, now on a losing streak. The film ostensibly slams the country's win-at-all-costs culture, but I've rarely seen a movie that put such a premium on the thrill of victory. *Any Given Sunday* is a powermonger's fantasy about saying *screw you* to the front office while still winding up on top . . . **Angela's Ashes**, directed by Alan Parker, converts Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir into a sodden, drizzly thing. No blarney will be found here, but also no spirit, no humor, no depth. ■

No Rosebud: Jim Carrey as Andy Kaufman in Milos Forman's *Man on the Moon*.

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph by François Duhamel.

WALTER KIRN

Reservation X

The Native Americans in 'On the Rez' aren't noble savages, to be revered for their mystical connection to nature. For once, refreshingly, they're people.

On the Rez
BY IAN FRAZIER
Farrar, Straus and Giroux; 295 pages; $25

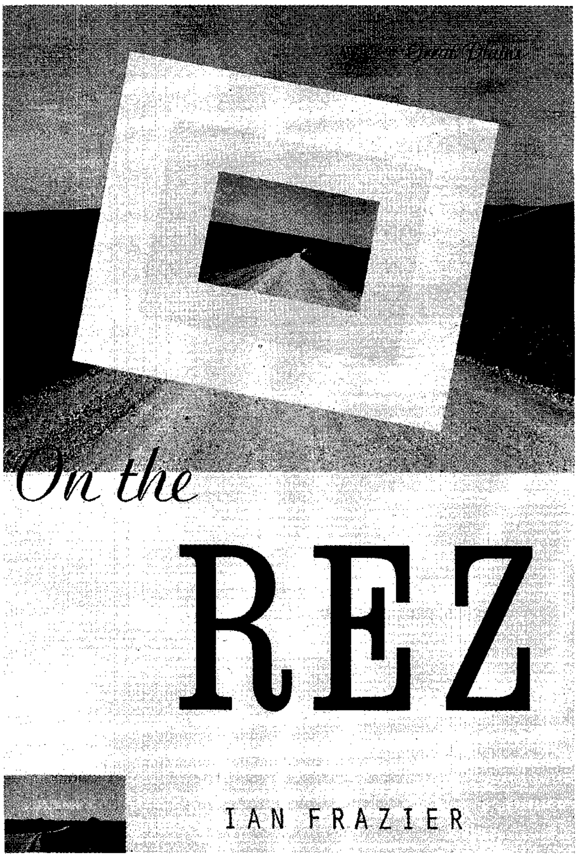
AMONG THE COUNTLESS DUBIOUS PROMISES made by white men to American Indians, one remains unbroken to this day: We, the whites, will take all your wealth and power, isolate you on shrunken reservations, kill your leaders, and cashier your future, and in return we will hold you in phony awe. Such is the last resort of a bad conscience: to revere the victim's soul after making away with his material substance. And so, as the great thefts continue apace (at this moment in Washington, a lawsuit rages over the Treasury Department's loss of hundreds of millions of Indian trust-fund dollars), so do the self-serving shows of respect for Indian "wisdom" and "spirituality." We'll get the actual land, in other words, but you'll get credit for having lived in harmony with it.

What a way to romance away your guilt. Luckily, Ian Frazier doesn't buy it. His *On the Rez*, an informal chronicle of daily life on the Oglala Sioux's Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota, disperses a lot of the holistic smoke that continues to cloud white people's vision of Indians. It's a book about hanging out and kicking back, about driving around, getting drunk, and chewing the fat in one of the poorest places in America, and it's mercifully free of sweat-lodge revelations and sacred-buffalo-dung mysticism. Because Frazier truly likes the people he meets, he doesn't have to be dazzled by them, too. Mostly, he just sits around and hears stuff, paying his hosts the ultimate respect of not trying to fit the things they tell him into some major statement about their being.

It's a funny book, because Indians are funny, and white guys who like to pal around with them, paying for everyone's beer and riding shotgun in broken-down old cars when they could be at home with the TV, are pretty funny, too. With characteristic modesty and honesty, Frazier confesses right away that what he likes about his Indian friends and their legendary ancestors isn't their alleged oneness with nature but their real-life separateness from society. There's no one they have to impress or suck up to, and Frazier frankly envies that. A laureate of understatement, he boils down his sense of middle-class oppression to an obligation to play kissy-face with the powers that be. "Americans today no longer work mostly in manufacturing or agriculture but in the newly risen service economy. That means that most of us make our living by being nice. And if we can't be nice, we'd better at least be neutral." What attracts him to Indians is that they don't feel this way, and neither does he when he's in their company.

Frazier's unsentimental portrait of Sioux culture also exposes the confines of his own Caucasian world.

The book is a buddy story at its heart, pairing its relatively straitlaced author with a hell-bent sidekick. It's like *On the Road*, except the roads are circular, confined to the reservation's scrubby badlands and a repellent Nebraska border town riddled with liquor stores. Frazier's buddy is one Le War Lance, whom Frazier calls Le, a beer-drinking roustabout who, if one believes his vivid tales, conversed with a bear once, spotted a UFO, traversed on foot the California beaches from San Francisco to Los Angeles (charming the actress Kim Novak along the way), and played a role in Pine Ridge's darkest drama, the Wounded Knee standoff in the seventies. More often than not, Le's escapades check out, making him a sort of wandering witness to contemporary American weirdness. He's one of those self-appointed backroads troubadours, radiating a sense of lost inheritance and impending self-destruction, whom perfect strangers don't mind lending money to. Practicing small-time ATM journalism, Frazier lends him money on every page, it seems—just enough for another tank of gas, another six-pack, another wild tale.



Like most authentically aimless journeys, Frazier and Le's is made up of countless small missions, originally very simple and clear-cut—to borrow a rifle, see a relative—that gradually go to pieces. That's how the book works, too, its structure resembling the branching runoff of a prairie cloudburst. What Frazier wants to show about Pine Ridge is not its fabled poverty (or worse, its "bleakness," that patronizing cliché) but its tangled density, its depth. Almost everybody he meets is related, by blood or some even more significant bond, to everybody else. That goes for the dead as well as the living. History on the reservation is a matter not of books and monuments but of relics dragged out of closets in trailer homes, idle reminiscences over coffee, and accident markers next to two-lane highways. From the days of Chief Red Cloud and Wounded Knee down to the evening a few years ago when the girls' basketball team took the state crown, tribal memory is a jumbled garage, with no one quite sure where to find what he's looking for, although he's certain it's there.

Like a Jesuit compiling a dictionary of a language that's never been written down, Frazier tries to keep order in the book by explaining larger Indian "issues" when the right occasions strike. His usual point is that what we think we know we actually don't know, or we know it wrong. Take the "boom" in Indian gambling. Yes, a handful of tribes have made a mint, but only those that live near major cities and don't mind playing footsie with white government. The largest reservation, the Navajo, is slot-machine-free, and Pine Ridge's own casino is a dreary affair that couldn't make a rat rich. Then there is the matter of the whiskey trade, which goes back to Astor's trading hooch for pelts and carries on in nearby hamlets like White Clay. Frazier portrays it as an evil town: not depressing, not miserable—evil. The Indians' slavish brand loyalty to Budweiser is lightly sent up (they're as vulnerable to marketing as they are to other white viruses), but the general tone is dark.

Frazier is not in the business of social analysis, though. He's a voyeur. A voyeur in the good sense, who knows he can't be part of something that he longs to be part of nonetheless. The book's touchstone episode describes a visit by Le and some friends to Frazier's Montana home. The Indians are road-weary and half soused, and show up while Frazier is babysitting his kids. He rustles up sandwiches, anxious and annoyed, then sends his guests packing down a snowy highway. It's a tiny, venial sin, but it reenacts much larger, historic sins and haunts his next few visits to Pine Ridge. For a self-confessed Indian-lover such as Frazier, who wears a ponytail to mimic his heroes, it hurts to acknowledge this failure of hospitality, and so, as people will do, he blames his visitors. Their crime: reminding him of his unfreedom, as *On the Rez* reminds us of our own. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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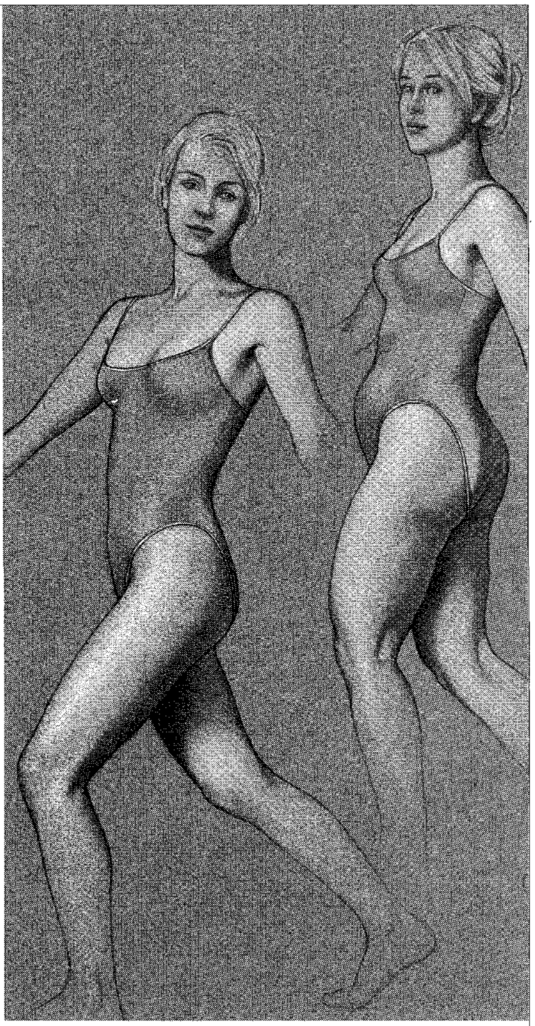

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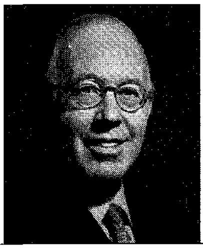

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The Hungry I

Returning to the scène of her mother's triumphant comeback, Liza Minnelli recalls both her parents in a performance of almost unbearable neediness.

ON NOBODY'S SHOULDERS HAS CELEBRITY weighed more heavily than on Liza Minnelli's. Trying to live up to two famous and gifted parents with your own rather modest endowments is no easy task, and having to watch your mother going to pieces must also take its toll. In paying tribute to her father via the music in his films, Liza, with **Minnelli on Minnelli**, is also seeking redemption for herself. She is a performer whose chief diet is audience adulation, and what is partly a tribute to Dad's movies is also partly Daughter's comeback from alcoholism, overweight, and an overlong absence from regular performing.

Undeniably, someone or something fills up the Palace stage. It is not so much the now chubby Betty Boop face, the tubby torso that Bob Mackie's artful, and sometimes even tasteful, costumes toil to disguise. Nor is it the voice, although it can still, despite some frayed edges, belt out a song punchily, even if dentures (?) put an extra *h* after the *s*'s and an extra *y* after the *t*'s. It is certainly not the dancing, done mostly by a clutch of agile chorus boys who sometimes, in one of showbiz's oldest tricks, wheel Liza about on a chair with casters, which here takes on symbolic dimensions.

What is patently, pleadingly, hungrily on view at the Palace is a giant Need that handily earns a capital *N*. This Need cries "*LOVE ME!*" from all its wide-open pores, sneaks an entwined sob and laugh into every spoken word, is a huge vacuum cleaner sucking up every sliver of adoration the audience lets drop. It is an epic, an epochal Need that lets this petite waif out-orphan all Annies, out-hunger all Oliver Twists. It is too big even for a Vincente Minnelli movie, and clamors for D. W. Griffith. It has inherited all the wrong things: Vincente's looks and voice, Judy's judgment and self-control; yet, quavering but undaunted, it can swallow an entire vast auditorium and still remain unglutted, needy.

Although John Arnone's scenery is routine stuff, Howell Binkley's lighting doubles heroically as sculpture and architecture, and several wizards have contributed musical, vocal, and dance arrangements. You will not leave without feeling something, though whether it is admiration, compassion, embarrassment, or sadness is very hard to assess.

You need me, you really need me: Minnelli at the Palace.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

SWING DANCING IS BUSTING OUT ALL OVER, BUT IT MAKES A great difference whether it is in Susan Stroman's *Contact* or in **Swing!**, which, even if it does have that swing, don't mean a thing. Most noteworthy about this otiose show is its lack of an author. The program's title page lists Lynne Taylor-Corbett as director-choreographer and Jerry Zaks as production supervisor but no author. Buried in the back is a brief credit for "Original Concept" to one Paul Kelly. The ancient Greeks believed that worms were born of spontaneous combustion, so *Swing!* may have originated in unspontaneous combustion.

The able Thomas Lynch has designed his most boring set, the gifted William Ivey Long his tawdriest costumes; and the talented lighting designer Kenneth Posner may have been asleep at the switch. Miss Taylor-Corbett's choreography confuses energy with imagination, but soars (sort of) when dancers swing from bungee ropes like Peter Pans afflicted with the staggers.

Do not look here for wit, satire, or dazzling invention, in which the old-time revues abounded. Now the skits consist of a swain's always being late for a tryst with his angrily waiting lady love, and the songs are old standards getting new life more from a dedicated eight-piece band than from most of the performers. Ann Hampton Callaway, imposing in nightclubs and cabaret, dwindles on the large stage; of the others, only Laura Benanti scores: a fine singer and dancer as well as a skilled actress. The once-gifted Jerry Zaks has been steadily deconstructing himself in his last few shows; still, undemanding tourists and undiscriminating locals may fall for this tired chestnut.

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the slightest wear and tear as she tears into the role of a fading television diva thriving on dreams and reruns with the appetite of a starving wolf for tenderest lamb. Actually, the play is less about a declining actress than about a mother who used to crawl into bed with her small son. Now a young man at loose ends, the son jokily performs a comedy routine about a child-molesting mom.

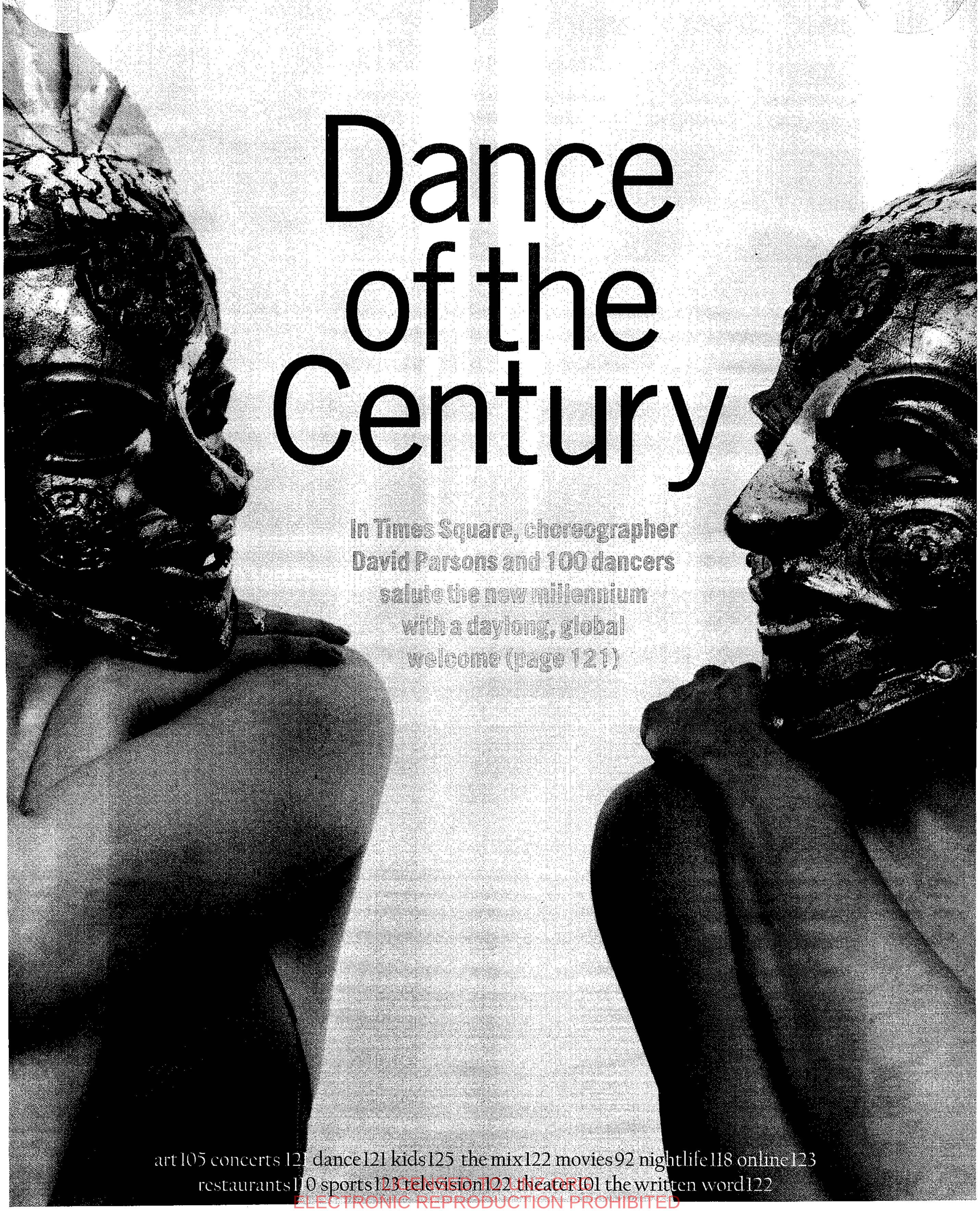
Suddenly, all kinds of things start coalescing, and Russell Burke begins to suspect that his mother, the still famous Diane Barrow, actually did molest him, which Stan, her bibulous ex-husband and Russell's father, corroborates. Child molestation or celebrity incest becomes, thanks to a silly gossip columnist, the flavor of the day, and soon everyone, famous or not, busily dredges up molestation memories, most likely fake, for anyone willing, or even unwilling, to listen. Recovered memory of molestation becomes a national pastime, which for a better playwright than Jonathan Tolins might perhaps have worked.

Tolins is remembered here, if at all, for *Twilight of the Golds,* a Los Angeles hit and New York flop. He strikes me as a lesser Nicky Silver, who is a lesser Tony Kushner, who is a lesser . . . but enough of this daisy chain. Tolins can produce just-tolerable one-liners, e.g., "She hit you with an Emmy Award—we had to have it replaced" and "Even then we used to say he'll end up in jail or running a network." But don't expect a rounded, full-fledged play from him.

Miss Ashley, I repeat, can put a barrel of monkeys to shame, and Sam Trammell is a sensitive and likable Russell. Among the uneven others, admittedly hampered by the script, Marilyn Sokol manages to stand out, and Leonard Foglia's fluid direction is almost fast enough for our disgruntlement not to catch up with it.

Upstairs in the same playhouse, we have **Adam Baum and the Jew Movie** by Daniel Goldfarb, who may well be a lesser Jonathan Tolins, who is a lesser . . . and so forth. We have here yet another Hollywood satire whose butt is Samuel Goldwyn, caricatured as Sam Baum. Baum's ambition is to produce a movie about anti-Semitism before his rival Darryl F. Zanuck, a gentile, gets out *Gentleman's Agreement.* But Sam, a good Jew and even better American, wants *his* anti-anti-Semitic movie written by a gentile to satisfy both *goyim* and assimilated Jews. To this end, he hires Garfield Hampson Jr. (Joke: "I've hired you because you're the best goyishe writer in Hollywood." "I'm the *only* goyishe writer in Hollywood.") Hampson is forbidden—in June 1946—to mention World War II, and must not *(continued on page 143)*

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Dance of the Century

In Times Square, choreographer David Parsons and 100 dancers salute the new millennium with a daylong, global welcome (page 121)

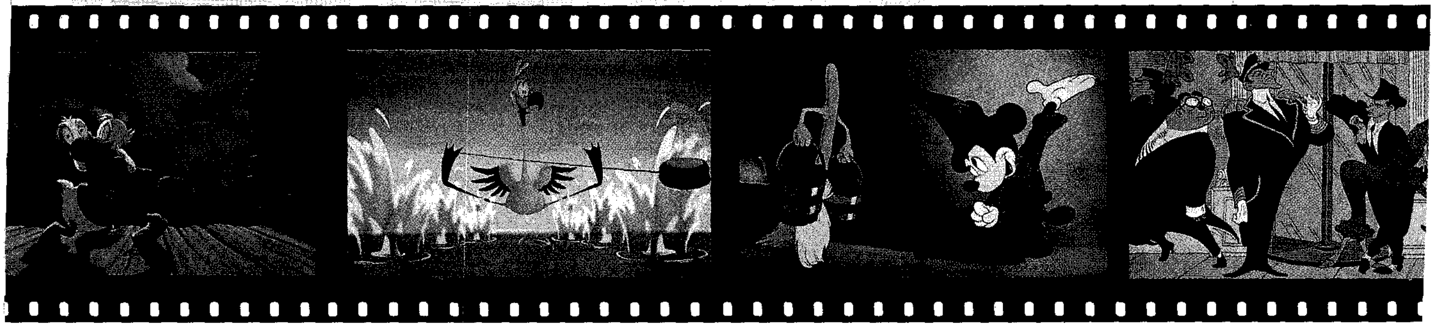
art 105 concerts 121 dance 121 kids 125 the mix 122 movies 92 nightlife 118 online 123
restaurants 110 sports 123 television 122 theater 101 the written word 122

movies

The Hurricane...Mr. Death...Dr. Strangelove

Previews
Tons of Toon Tunes

When Walt Disney first conceived of the "concert feature" *Fantasia* in 1938, his idea was to set a variety of silent animated shorts to classical music—to create "a grand mixture of comedy, fantasy, ballet, drama, impressionism, color, sound and epic fury"—every year. That didn't happen. But in honor of the millennium, a collective of animators and musicians did manage to pool their talents for *Fantasia/2000*, which includes seven new extra-large, extra-lush cartoon fantasies accompanied by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, along with a restored print of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Starts New Year's Day at Sony Lincoln Square IMAX.



New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years, and yet it weighs down too heavily on the side of sob-sister weepiness. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams (whose presence permeates the play) and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; The Screening Room; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Angela's Ashes—See Rainer, page 80. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) *Opens 12/25 at CO Coronet; Sony Lincoln Square; Loews Village.*

Anna and the King—Jodie Foster stars in this epic period romance based on Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I* with Asian action hero Chow Yun-Fat as the King of Siam, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Any Given Sunday—See Rainer, page 80. (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St.; Loews 84th St; New Coliseum; Kent Triplex; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—This debut feature from director Spike Jonze and screenwriter Charlie Kaufman is a stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; North Shore Towers.*

The Best Man—A funny movie about a young writer (Taye Diggs) who comes to New York for the wedding of two close friends (Morris Chestnut and Monica Calhoun). But when his friends start passing around an advance copy of his new novel—a flimsily disguised autobiography—and start recognizing the characters, he finds himself in a bit of a fix. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Bicentennial Man—Robin Williams is an android housekeeper who grows more and more human while caring for a family and its many generations over the course of 200 years. Based on the Isaac Asimov short story. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Black and White in Colour—A portrait of Vera Bila and her band of famed gypsy performers in the Czech Republic. In Czech with English subtitles (58 mins.; NR). Shown with *Ziganska Musica* (1998; 15 mins.). *Through 12/28 at Film Forum.*

The Bone Collector—Denzel Washington plays an NYPD criminologist, paralyzed except for the use of one finger, who teams with a patrol cop, played by Angelina Jolie. They're a pair you can pass on. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews 19th St. East; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; UA Union Square.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square.*

La Ciudad—(*The City*) Four black-and-white vignettes that explore the new-immigrant experience in nineties New York. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Close-Up—Abba Kiarostami's (*Taste of Cherry*) funny retelling of the real events concerning Ali Sabzian, an unemployed man who impersonated the great Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf before he was caught and tried for fraud. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

★**Cradle Will Rock**—Tim Robbins's movie is almost insanely ambitious: An attempt to convey the full fracas of art and theater and politics in thirties New York. It misses more often than not, but it's a spirited comedy about a great subject. Its centerpiece is the politically motivated cancelation of Marc Blitzstein's leftist opera *The Cradle Will Rock* and its raucous, impromptu restaging twenty blocks uptown. Ruben Blades, as Diego Rivera, and Bill Murray, as a scarily despondent vaudeville ventriloquist, are especially good. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo—Former *SNL*-er Rob Schneider gets confused with the male prostitute he's house-sitting for. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Loews 84th*

'Cue' cover photograph by Matthias Clamer.

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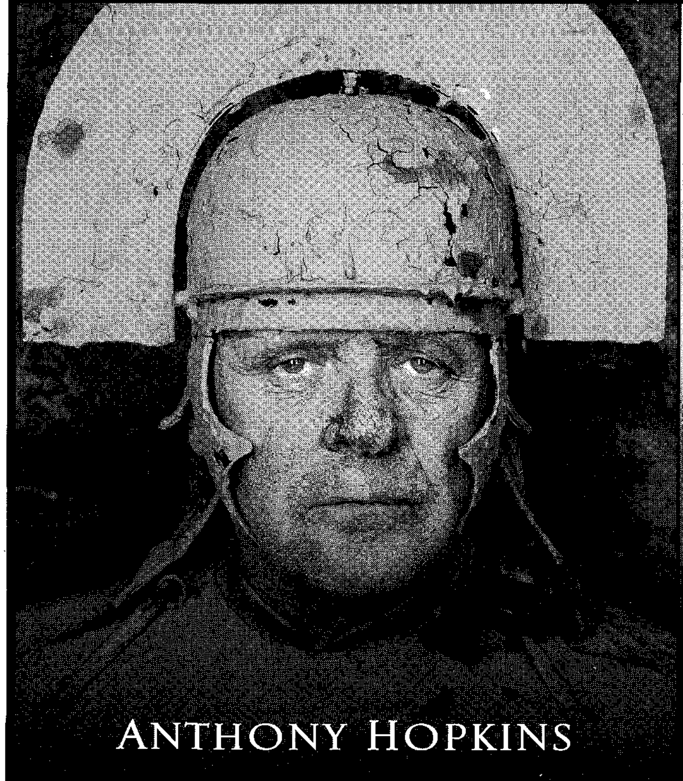

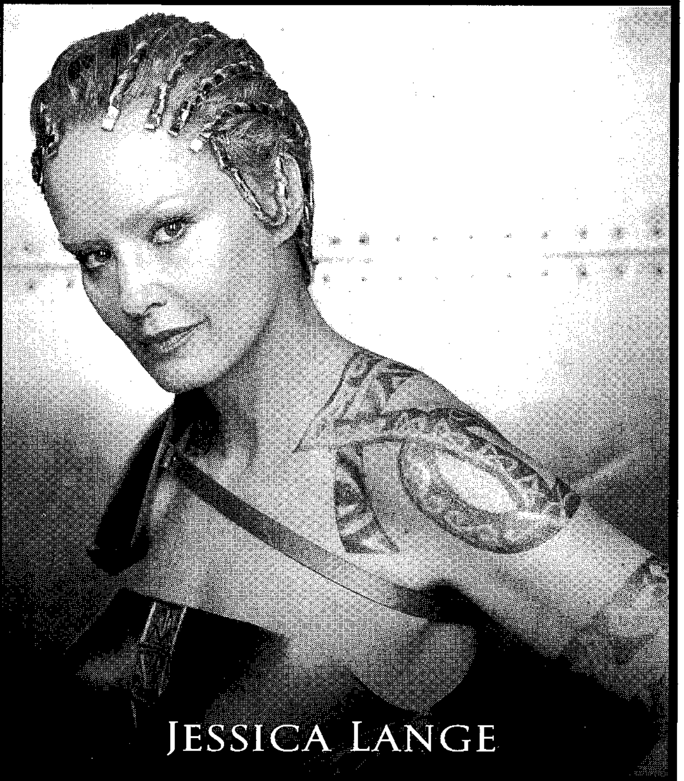

A Julie Taymor Film

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Running Time

Wonders, Ordinary and Otherwise

For his latest film, *Highway*, Sergey Dvortsevoy and his two-man crew traveled across the Kazakhstan steppe with an actual family circus. In the opening sequence (pictured), a young man stands with a 70-pound iron ball dangling from a red strap clenched in his teeth. An older man—his father, it turns out—approaches him with a makeshift sledgehammer and swings at the weight with all his might; each time he connects, the boy stumbles but remains standing, jaw intact. The older man then addresses a crowd that has gathered on the low-lying, desolate plain. "And now, I will drop this 32-kilogram gear right on his belly—let's see if he'll get crushed," he announces before dropping the weight on his son's torso five or six times. The scene—like the entire film—is transfixing. "I don't want to be a judge," explains the director in a thick Russian accent. "I don't want to say this is a good life, this is a bad life. I'm just presenting a different life, a difficult life." This is not the first time Dvortsevoy has been able to capture the freakish and fragile existence of survival on the endless steppe. For *Paradise*, his first film, he lived with a nomadic shepherd and his family for three months. "It's difficult to shoot real life," he says. "You disturb people when you live with them, but if they don't mind and if you have a lot of time, you'll catch a lot of unique things." With great patience, Dvortsevoy was able to capture the essence of their experience with humor and poignancy. A shot of a cow getting his head caught in a milk can, a cranky child eating his supper alone on the floor and crying himself to sleep, a woman washing her hair with yogurt: all mesmerizing cinema despite—or in part thanks to—their technical simplicity. "You have to wait for these shots to appear. But they do appear, [and] you have to be ready, you have to catch them," says Dvortsevoy. "There are some very beautiful moments in everyday life if you are watching." *Highway* and *Paradise* will begin their two-week run at Film Forum on December 29. **BRETT KELLY**

Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Dogma—Kevin Smith's comic-book-style take on piety and Catholicism features Ben Affleck and Matt Damon as fallen angels trying to wangle their way back into Heaven. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Emperor and the Assassin—A sweeping epic about Ying Zheng, who unified China and became its first emperor during the third century B.C., and the man who tried to kill him. In Chinese with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 41 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

End of Days—Arnold Schwarzenegger finds himself in hellish circumstances as a washed-up ex-cop who must keep a young woman (Robin Tunney) safe from the libidinous clutches of Lucifer (Gabriel Byrne). (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere that, at times, resembles *Brief Encounter* crossed with *Tales From the Crypt*. It's an impressive and oppressive achievement, featuring Ralph Fiennes in more animated form than usual (venom becomes him) as an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Fantasia/2000—*The Sorcerer's Apprentice* and seven new animated IMAX extravaganzas set to the soundings of the Chicago Symphony, including an Al Hirschfeld–inspired take on George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) *Opens 1/1 at Sony IMAX, Sony Lincoln Square.*

Felicia's Journey—Atom Egoyan's adaptation of the William Trevor novel is a piece of nondescript lyricism about a serial killer, played teddy-bear-style by Bob Hoskins, and the young Irish girl he preys upon. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema.*

Fight Club—Edward Norton plays a poor sap who hooks up with a malevolent jester, played by Brad Pitt, in this heavy-duty rant about the soullessness of men's lives in an era when consumerism and corporate culture have snatched their *cojones*. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Criterion.*

Flawless—Robert DeNiro is a homophobic ex-cop who suffers a stroke and, as part of his speech therapy, begins taking singing lessons from his cross-dressing neighbor (Philip Seymour Hoffman). (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Loews State; North Shore Towers.*

★**42 Up**—This latest installment in the *7 Up* Series features most of the original participants in the drear comfort zone of middle age. Director Michael Apted works in material from the preceding five shows, and the effect is both highly emotional and wearying. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Galaxy Quest—Sigourney Weaver, Tim Allen, Tony Shalhoub, and Alan Rickman are seventies-TV has-beens mistaken for bona fide galactic warriors by aliens while attending a sci-fi convention. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) *Clearview's First & 62nd; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd St. E Walk; Loews Kips Bay; Loews Orpheum; Sony Lincoln Square ; Centre Sunnyside.*

Girl, Interrupted—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* meets *Clueless*. With Wynona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Sony Lincoln Square; UA Union Square.*

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern-penitentiary death row in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks. It's a movie about redemption and grace and forgiveness, and the supernaturalism comes with a great deal of long, drawn-out seriousness. Frank Darabont, who also made the King-derived prison-themed *Shawshank Redemption*, wrote and directed. Michael Clarke Duncan is the hulking death-row behemoth with the healing grace. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs. ; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Hell's Kitchen—After a young man is killed in a drug deal gone terribly awry, his mother (Roseanna Arquette), his friend (Mekhi Phifer), and his sister (Angelina Jolie) try to put the fragile pieces of their lives back together. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *UA Criterion.*

The Hurricane—Norman Jewison directs Denzel Washington and Liev Schreiber in this story of Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, the middleweight boxing contender falsely accused of and incarcerated for murder in 1966. (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *Opens 12/29.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays Lowell Bergman, a *60 Minutes* producer, and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco-company whistle-blower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans on his show in an interview with Mike Wallace. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews State; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; North Shore Towers.*

Liberty Heights—Set in 1954, Barry Levinson's fourth entry in his Baltimore series has a self-congratulatory earnestness. But the film has some sweet moments, too, such as the scenes between Ben Foster and Rebekah Johnson, as a Jewish high-schooler and his black girlfriend, respectively, and a terrific performance from Joe Mantegna as the family patriarch who cuts out on Rosh Hashanah services to check out the new Cadillacs in a local showroom. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Pavilion.*

Light It Up—Six very different students band together and take over their neglected Queens High School. With Forest Whitaker and Vanessa Williams. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *UA Criterion.*

★**The Limey**—Terence Stamp has a remarkable look here—whittled, with a shock of bright white

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

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hair and laser eyes. As Wilson, a career criminal from England in L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder, he's as implacably invincible as Lee Marvin was in *Point Blank*. The film itself isn't to that level. Director Steven Soderbergh and screenwriter Lem Dobbs are trying to cross deep-dish pulp noir with an art-house canapé. The film is too fancy for its own good. Peter Fonda co-stars as the record executive Wilson squares off with. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Lola und Bilidikid—A movie about a teenage boy who flees his repressive family life and journeys through Berlin's strange underworld. In German and Turkish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Magnolia—*Boogie Nights* director Paul Thomas Anderson reunites Julianne Moore and Philip Seymour Hoffman, among others, for a sad, sordid, yet ultimately inspiring day in the Valley. (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Man on the Moon—See Rainer, page 80. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St.; Loews Kips Bay; Clearview's Olympia; Loews E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; New York Twin; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Bay Plaza; Linden Blvd.; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Main Street Cinemas; Movies at Sheepshead Bay.*

Mansfield Park—Patricia Rozema's sexy adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, starring Frances O'Connor as a young girl sent to live with relatives who falls in love with her dashing cousin, played by Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Miss Julie—Mike Figgis (*Leaving Las Vegas*) directs this story about a pretty, young patrician (Saffron Burrows) who has an affair with her father's bootman (Peter Mullan). (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*.

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's brilliant, uproarious, and visually nuanced documentary about an American capital-punishment-equipment repairer and his great misunderstanding about the gas chambers at Auschwitz. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Opens 12/29 at Lincoln Plaza and the Quad Cinemas.*

Onegin—Ralph Fiennes stars in his sister Martha's screen adaptation of the Alexander Pushkin story about Eugene Onegin, a jaded lad who moves to the countryside and crushes the heart of his beautiful neighbor (Liv Tyler). (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Pokémon: The First Movie—Pokémon are collectible creatures with special powers (151 in all). Fight the power. (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay.*

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. The mixture of cel and computer animation is fluidly achieved, and the Americanized dialogue, voiced by the likes of Minnie Driver and Billy Bob Thornton, is only mildly jarring. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

★**Rosetta**—An engrossing, if somewhat forbidding, drama about a 17-year-old girl, played powerfully by Emilie Dequenne, who wants only to leave behind her trailer-trash life and get a job. Her passion for work is really a passion for normalcy. In French with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *UA Criterion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Sleepy Hollow—Tim Burton's latest creepfest is closer to Gahan Wilson than to Washington Irving. Johnny Depp plays Ichabod Crane as a hyperrational, Holmesian New York City constable, and the heads are severed before the audience can even get its bearings. The film is a triumph of production design, of gnarled vistas and foggy woods and slime, but the horror stays at a fairly adolescent level. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Snow Falling on Cedars—The screen version of David Guterson's best-seller stars Ethan Hawke as a young man in the Pacific Northwest wrestling with fifties social pressures and disappointment in love. With James Cromwell, Max Von Sydow, and Sam Shepard. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Sony Lincoln Square.*

★**The Straight Story**—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth), who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children's story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as an analytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. Penn is sharp-edged and unsentimental, and, as one of his women, Samantha Morton, playing a mute laundress, is incandescent. But Allen had a chance to really go all the way with a portrait of a man who can't abide grace, and instead he opted for a high gloss on a pet theme. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

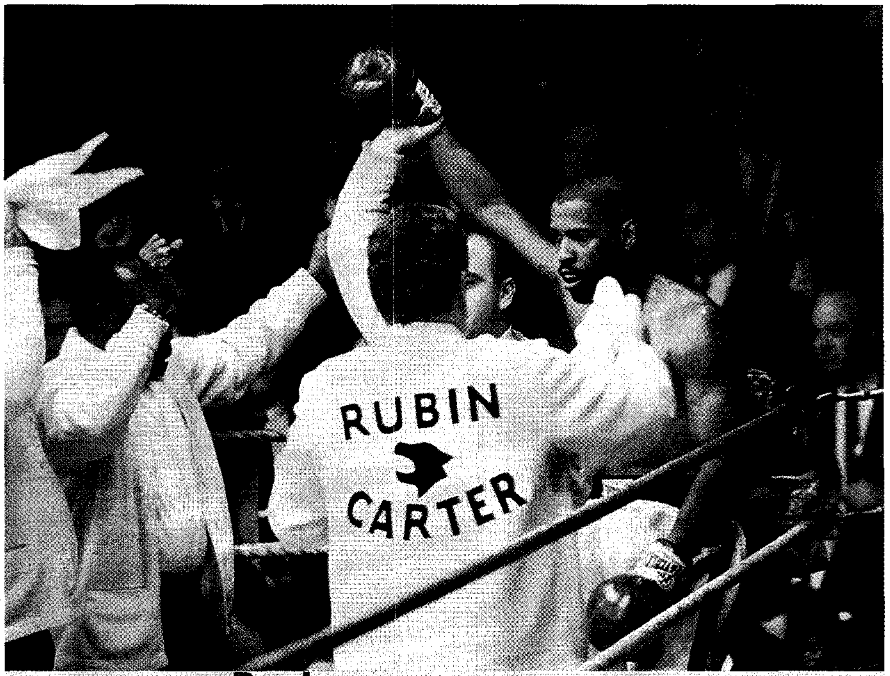
The Talented Mr. Ripley—See Rainer, page 80. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Loews 42nd St. E Walk; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Loews Kips Bay; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Village; Clearview's Oplympia; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Third Miracle—A priest (Ed Harris) in the midst of a spiritual crisis is sent to verify some miracles being performed by a young woman (Anne Heche). (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Opens 12/29 at Lincoln Plaza.*

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests, with some kind of limb-hacking going on every other minute. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R). *Opens 12/25 in select theaters.*

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. It's an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. The feelings in this film run very deep. Jim Broadbent's Gilbert and Allan Corduner's Sullivan are marvelously played, and the soundtrack is filled with *The Mikado*. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

★**Toy Story 2**—Woody and Buzz Lightyear and the rest of the toy chest are joined by a fresh fleet of computer-generated rapscallions in this marvelous sequel. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 38 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd*



Previews
Cry Freedom

After 22 years in prison for a triple homicide he did not commit, middleweight prizefighter Rubin "Hurricane" Carter was finally set free in 1988. His story—made famous in two books and the Bob Dylan song "Hurricane"—finally makes it to the big screen when *The Hurricane* opens on December 29. Starring Denzel Washington (pictured) as the wronged man and Liev Schreiber, John Hannah, and Deborah Kara Unger as the young liberals who championed his innocence.

Photograph by Ken Regan/Camera 5.

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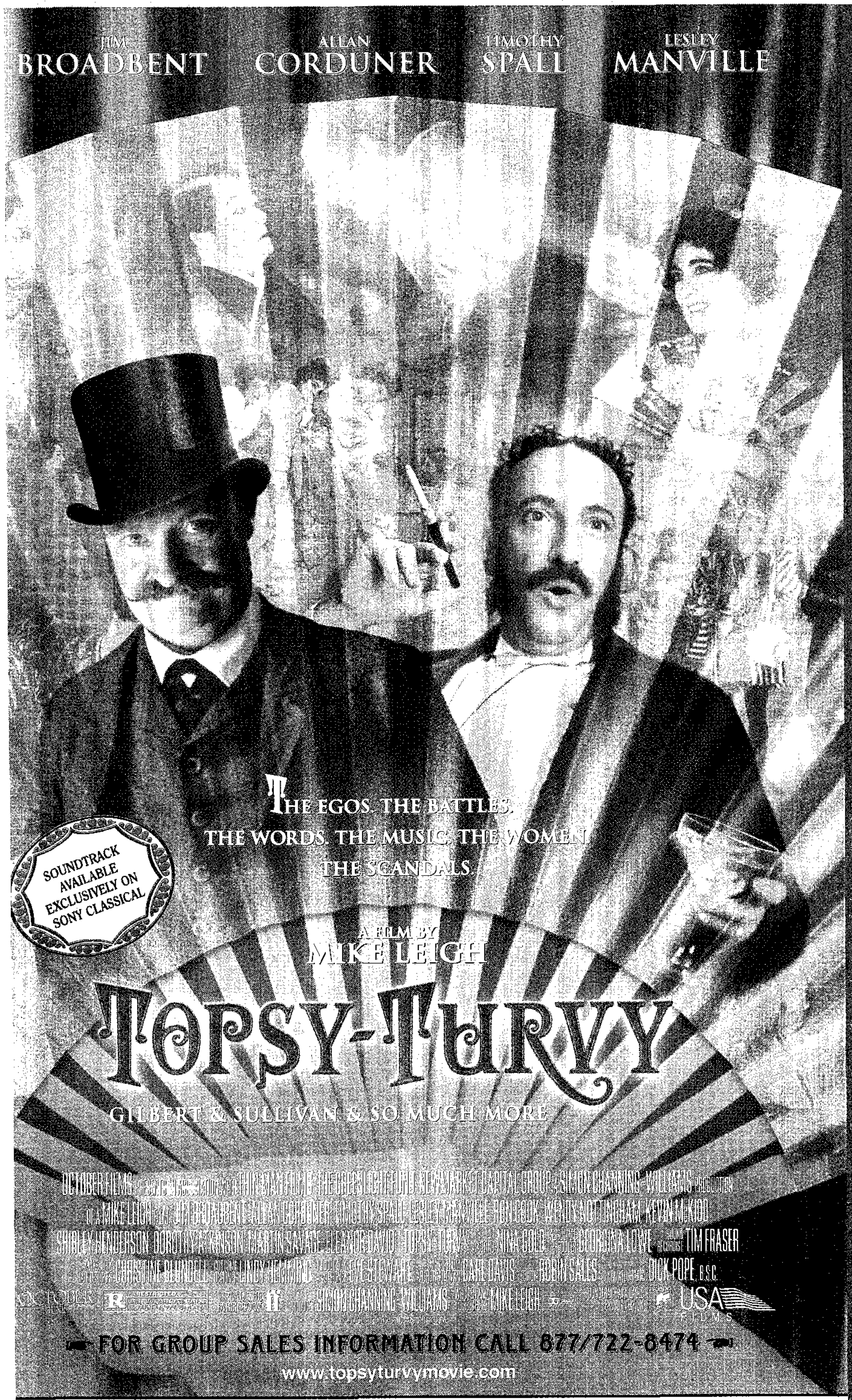
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Previews

Onegin, Off Again

Ralph Fiennes knows how to kill 'em softly. In truth, the dashing English actor has made a successful career out of playing self-absorbed, passionate men in period dress who woo other men's beautiful wives before, invariably, the women die of guilt. But in 'Onegin,' the film version of Alexander Pushkin's nineteenth-century epic poem, Fiennes (pictured, with Lena Headey, as Liv Tyler looks on longingly from the wings) is self-absorbed and emotionally aloof—killing 'em with unrequitedness.

Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Tumbleweeds—Tony-winner Janet McTeer as a rural southern woman who packs up her 12-year-old daughter and drives cross-country in search of a better life, or at the very least, a better boyfriend. With Jay O. Sanders and Gavin O'Connor. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema Village; UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The War Zone—Actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with this disquieting coming-of-ager, about a teenage boy struggling along with his less than happy family. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The World Is Not Enough—In this Bond movie, Pierce Brosnan, looking neither shaken nor stirred, goes through the motions with Bond babes Sophie Marceau and Denise Richards and a baddie with a bullet in his brain, played by Robert Carlyle. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Fight Club; Princess Mononoke.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; The Emperor and the Assassin; Mansfield Park; Miss Julie.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Anna and the King; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Eyes Wide Shut; The Straight Story; Toy Story 2.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *42 Up; The Limey; Onegin; Tumbleweeds.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Bicentennial Man; The World Is Not Enough.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *American Movie; Black and White in Colour.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; Being John Malkovich; The End of the Affair; Liberty Heights; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Boys Don't Cry; La Ciudad; Felicia's Journey; Lola Und Bilidikid; Rosetta; The Winslow Boy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *American Beauty; Close-Up.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Bicentennial Man; Boys Don't Cry; Dogma; End of Days; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Insider; Magnolia; Stuart Little; Sweet and Lowdown; Tumbleweeds; The War Zone; The World Is Not Enough.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *All About My Mother; Anna and the King; Being John Malkovich; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; Stuart Little; Sweet and Lowdown; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Bicentennial Man; The Green Mile.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; Any Given Sunday; The Bone Collector; Flawless; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Being John Malkovich; Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; Dogma; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Insider; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Bicentennial Man; The Insider; Magnolia.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *The Straight Story.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Onegin.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Anna and the King.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Angela's Ashes.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Omega Code; Run Lola Run; Stir of Echoes.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Cradle Will Rock; Dogma; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Sweet and Lowdown; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Green Mile.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Flawless; The Green Mile; The Insider.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *The Best Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Fight Club; Hell's Kitchen; Light It Up; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Insider; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Galaxy Quest; Liberty Heights; Mansfield Park; Miss Julie; Sweet and Lowdown; Tumbleweeds; The World Is Not Enough.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Anna and the King; Man on the Moon.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Any Given Sunday.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Man on the Moon; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *American Beauty; Any Given Sunday; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Anna and the King; The End of the Affair; Stuart Little.*

Photograph courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn.

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Tumbleweeds.*
Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow.*
Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Man on the Moon; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; The Emperor and the Assassin; Sweet and Lowdown.*
Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Any Given Sunday; End of Days; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *End of Days; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*
Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *American Beauty; Angela's Ashes; Being John Malkovich; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; Dogma; The End of the Affair; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; Snow Falling on Cedars; The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Anna and the King; The Best Man; Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; The Green Mile; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Best Man; Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Dogma.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *The Green Mile; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*
Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Being John Malkovich; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Toy Story 2; Tumbleweeds.*
CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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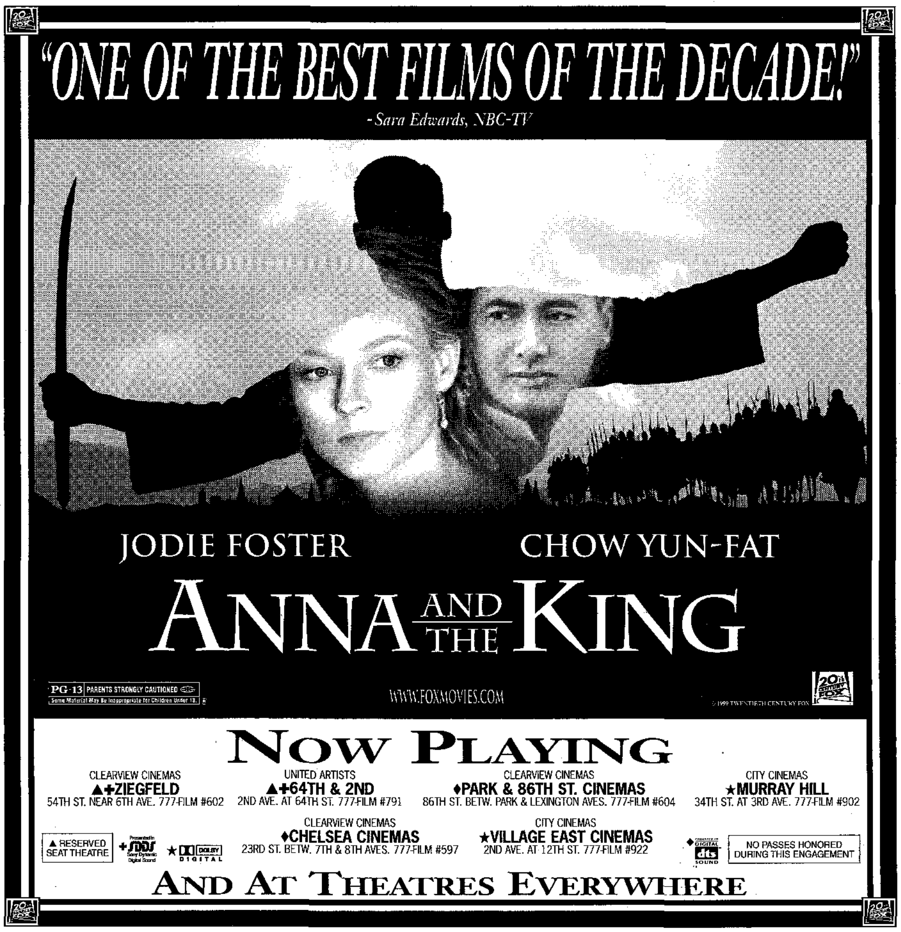
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Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Best Man; Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Anna and the King; End of Days; The Green Mile; Liberty Heights; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Bicentennial Man; The Green Mile; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Anna and the King; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Sleepy Hollow; Toy Story 2.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Bicentennial Man; End of Days; The Green Mile.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; Dogma; The Insider; Pokemon: The First Movie; The Sixth Sense; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; American Beauty; Mansfield Park; Tumbleweeds; The War Zone.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Being John Malkovich; Flawless; The Insider; Train of Life.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Anna and the King; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Anna and the King.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *The Bone Collector; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Pokemon: The First Movie.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Anna and the King; Bicentennial Man; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *The Bone Collector; End of Days; The Green Mile; Pokemon: The First Movie; Stuart Little; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Anna and the King; End of Days; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Anna and the King; End of Days; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Staten Island

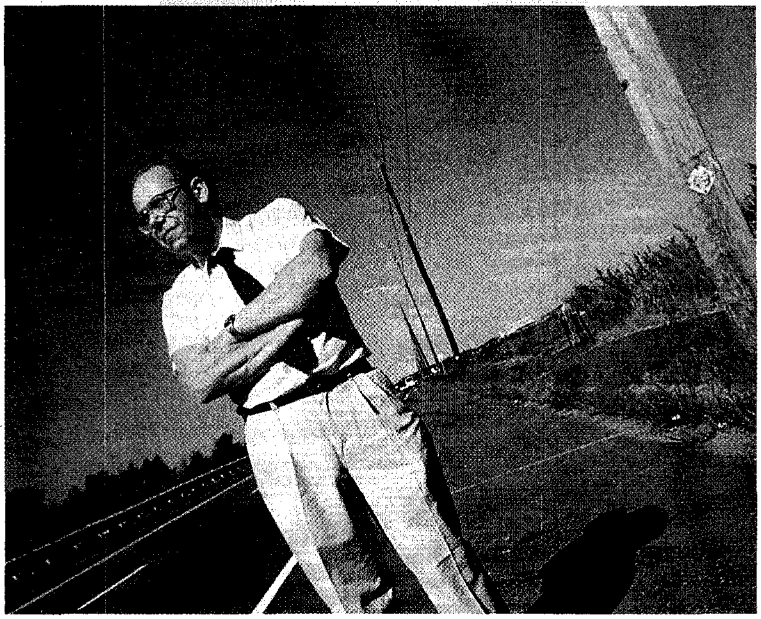
Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Toy Story II; Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Being John Malkovich; Bicentennial Man; End of Days; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Pokemon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *End of Days; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Anna and the King; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Documentary Dead Wrong

Before his botched research concluded that there were no gas chambers at Auschwitz and he became a puppet for the Holocaust revisionists, Fred A. Leuchter Jr. (below) was a polite execution-equipment repairman from Malden, Massachusetts. In 'Mr. Death,' director Errol Morris takes an ironic, funny, and visually arresting look at Leuchter, the nature of truth, and the fine line between meaning well and being sorely mistaken. Starts December 29 at Lincoln Plaza and the Quad Cinemas.



Photograph by Nubar Alexanian.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Evening Screenings." 1/1–1/2: *Eyes Wide Shut.* Through 1/2: "The Future Is Now." 1/1: *Death Race 2000* (1975); *Mad Max* (1979). 1/2: *Things to Come* (1936); *Demolition Man* (1993). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $5.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

BAM Rose Cinemas—12/28: *City of Women* (1980). 12/29: *Camille* (1921). 12/30: *Bad Lieutenant* (1992). 12/31–1/1: *Monty Python's Meaning of Life* (1983). 1/2: *Sabrina* (1954). Mondays through 1/10: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 12/27: *Lost Horizon* (1937). 1/3: *You Can't Take It With You* (1938). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—12/28: *A Clockwork Orange* (1971). 12/29–12/30: *Twelve Monkeys* (1995). 12/31–1/2: *Seven* (1995). 1/3–1/6: *The Silence of the Lambs* (1991). 332 E. 11th St.; $5. Call 212-675-6692 for information.

Different Light—1/2: *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome* (1985). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 1/13: "Columbia 75." 12/28: *Cover Girl* (1944); *Pal Joey* (1957). 12/29: "The 3 Stooges & Company"; "All Cartoon! All Columbia!" 12/30–1/6: *Dr. Strangelove* (1964). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—12/28: *Underground* (1997). 12/29–12/31: "Apocalyptic Movies for the Millennium." 12/29: *The Road Warrior* (1981); *Mad Max* (1979). 12/30: *Strange Days* (1995); *The Rapture* (1991). 12/31: *Mad Max; The Road Warrior; The Rapture; Strange Days.* $8.50–$15;

Museum of Modern Art—12/29: *Shakespeare in Love* (1998); *Rashomon* (1950). 12/30: *Taxi Lisboa* (1996); *New York, New York* (1977). Through April 2000: "Cinema's Silent Years." 12/28: *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921); *The Blue Bird* (1918); *The Three Musketeers* (1921); *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1925). 12/30: *A Kiss for Cinderella; Foolish Wives* (1922). 12/31: *Foolish Wives; The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1910); *The Patchwork Girl of Oz* (1914). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—Through 12/30: "Opera on Film." 12/29: *The Mikado* (1939). 12/30: *The Magic Flute* (1975). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (212-621-0619); free.

Sony Lincoln Square IMAX—*Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box; Across the Sea of Time; T-Rex: Back to the Crustaceous; Encounters in the Third Dimension; The IMAX Nutcracker; Into the Deep; The Old Man and the Sea.* 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638).

The Screening Room—Through 12/30: *Pink Narcissus* (1971). Through 1/16: "Kirk Douglas: An American Classic." 1/1–1/2: *Big Sky* (1952); *Gunfight at the OK Corral* (1957). Saturday afternoons: *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Sunday afternoons: *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.* Call theater for information. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

theater

Home of the Brave...David Hirson...Hamlet

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Jackie Mason: Much Ado About Everything—Whole lotta Mason, very little Bard. $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/30 opening. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Wrong Mountain—David Hirson's new play, starring Ron Rifkin. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 12/27 for a 1/13 opening. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Amadeus—Peter Hall's new production of Peter Schaffer's play, starring David Suchet and Michael Sheen. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Susan Lucci plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Lucci replaces Bernadette Peters until 1/16. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. He is a great improviser who plays with his audience as if it were a beach ball. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsiss directs. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Epic Proportions—Cutie Kristin Chenoweth gets her own vehicle in this comedy about old-time Hollywood filmmaking. $45–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/9. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

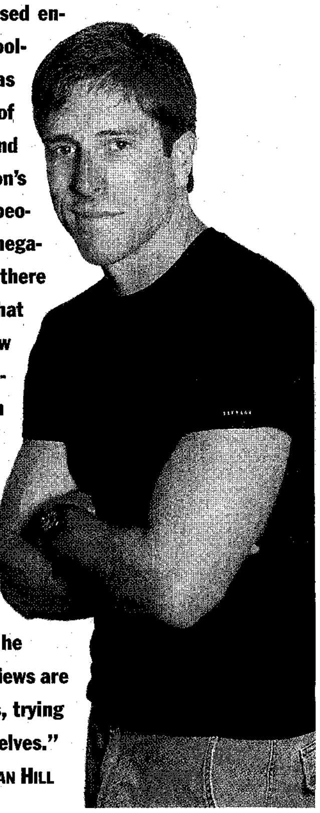
Kat and the Kings—An all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in Cape Town, South Africa. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed

Previews

The Second Ascent

When David Hirson's first play, *La Bête,* hit Broadway in 1991, it was hailed by many critics as a bold, adroit comedy about high art vs. low given a visually astonishing production. But the work, an homage to Molière composed entirely in rhyming couplets, was damned by the *Times* as the schoolmarmish browbeating of a neocon scold. Audiences stayed away, as Sam Goldwyn used to say, in droves, despite the encouragement of such theater luminaries as Jerome Robbins, Katharine Hepburn, and Kevin Kline, and the show was a flop. Looking back at that season's most intriguing Broadway drama, Hirson says he feels grateful that people "could actually feel passionate about *La Bête*—positively and negatively." Besides, he admits, "if that hadn't happened, I don't know if there would have been so much interest in the next thing that I wrote." That next thing is *Wrong Mountain,* his second play and—amazingly—now his second Broadway production. It's a comic, often bitter but ultimately ambivalent take on the worlds of poetry and theater, in which an acclaimed but unsung poet bets a celebrated middlebrow playwright that he—the poet, that is—can write a silly stage hit with the proverbial one hand tied behind his back. Might this plot stem from Hirson's own peculiar relationship with the theater? Yes, he has reasons to be upset. Yes, he's famous for both verse- and playwriting. But no, wary of the press after *La Bête,* Hirson will not pin down specific motives or biographical inspirations. "With *La Bête,*" he says, "I found out that people think that one or another character's views are your own. Rather, as a dramatist, you're very uncertain about things, trying to allow all those half-psychotic voices in your head to express themselves." Previews begin December 27. (See "Broadway.") **LOGAN HILL**



Photograph by Kevin Berne.

with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But adults will feast on it, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Marie Christine—In Michael John LaChiusa's anticipated new musical, Audra McDonald plays a passionate woman in love with a sea captain, against the backdrop of late-nineteenth-century New Orleans and Chicago. Sherry Boone replaces McDonald for Wed. and Sat. matinees. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Minnelli on Minnelli—*See Simon, p. 84.* Liza's tribute to her late father, Vincente. $35–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, 12/26 and 1/2 at 3. Through 1/2. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford will replace Burnett on Tuesdays starting Dec. 7. $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Rainmaker—In this revival of N. Richard Nash's family drama, Woody Harrelson plays a drawling, garrulous Starbuck, a con artist who tries to bring rain and fantasy to a parched farm. Also starring Jayne Atkinson. $25–$65. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Bee Gees! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—Frank Wildhorn's celebration of romance, fabric, and the guillotine returns, after a wee summer hiatus. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—A blues and rock 'n' roll revue, drawn from the songbook of Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. Through 1/16. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Swing!—*See Simon, p. 84.* The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Tango Argentino—Not to be confused with the more recent musical *Forever Tango* or the films *The Tango Lesson* or *Tango,* this dance-musical spurred a Latin-dance revival when it hit Broadway in 1985 and scored Tony nominations for Best Musical, Best Choreography, and Best Director. Nearly 30 dancers attempt to distinguish themselves from the teeming, twirling masses. $25–$75. Call for schedule. *Gershwin Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Closing

Player Queen

Liev Schreiber is the latest in a long line of venerable actors to have played Hamlet at the Public Theater. Indeed, the current Queen, Diane Venora (pictured, with Colm Feore), played the melancholy Dane herself in a 1982 production staged by the late Joe Papp. Through January 9. (See "Off Broadway.")

Waiting in the Wings—Lauren Bacall and Rosemary Harris star in the Broadway premiere of Noël Coward's sassy senior-citizen saga. $25–$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dirty Blonde—Actress-author Claudia Shear (*Blown Sideways Through Life*) stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West. $12–$45. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

The Idiot—Dostoevsky's classic, staged in a new production by Anatole Fourmantchouk, who cofounded New York Art Theatre with Stass Klassen. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 12/28. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (212-684-8298).*

Lobster Alice—In Kira Oblensky's surreal comedy, a big-studio Hollywood animator (Reg Rogers) clashes with painter Salvador Dalí (David Patrick Kelly). Also starring Jessica Hecht. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 1/9 opening. Through 1/23. *Playwrights Horizons' Anne G. Wilder Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Sexual Perversity in Chicago—David Mamet's comedy about sex in another city, directed by Hilary Hinckle and performed with the one-act *Duck Variations.* $35–$40. In previews for a 1/12 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—Frank McCourt's tales and tunes of Irish history, produced by the Irish Rep. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opens 12/28. Through 1/30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Now Playing

Adam Baum and the Jew Movie—*See Simon, p. 84.* In this Blue Light production, Ron Liebman plays a Jewish movie producer who asks a Gentile screenwriter to write a script for a movie about anti-Semitism during the golden age of Hollywood cinema. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leaves Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Another American: Asking & Telling—Don't ask, don't tell? Marc Wolf asked 150 people what they thought of gays in the military, including many gay military soldiers and veterans. Now, in a production directed by Joe Mantello, he tells their stories in an Anna Deveare Smith–style monologue. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 2/6. *The New Group at Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker, 45 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St. (212-307-4100).*

Carrin Beginning—In 1927, a group of pubcrawlers encounter "the last of the great bards of Ireland," in W. August Schulenberg's new play. Presented by Riverside Stage Company. $32.50. Mon. at 8, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

Opening
Distended Run

Dario D'Ambrosi's Pathologic Theater Festival looks back at twenty years of the Italian performer's often macabre La MaMa productions, including *Prince of Madness,* a bizarre story about a crippled man who auctions off the bodies of the destitute, and *All Are Not Here,* his 1980 response to the cruelty of Italian mental institutions. Opens December 29. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. A somewhat spotty evening, then, whose highlights, however, are high indeed. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

The Country Club—This play by Drama Dept. artistic director Douglas Carter Beane about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99.) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrillseekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Elsa Edgar—Bob Kingdom, known for his pieces on Dylan Thomas and Truman Capote, commingles the spirits of two gossip queens: Elsa Maxwell and J. Edgar Hoover. Casey Childs directs. Call for schedule; most nights at 8. Through 1/16. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

The Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son, whom she just about turned into a sissy, until he meets two extraordinary young women. As Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

An Experiment With an Air Pump—Shelagh Stephenson's play deals with two groups of people in the same house in 1799 and 1999. One of the latter is descended from the former, and something strange connects the two groups. "Aha," you say, "she got that from Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia.*" Yes, and she makes no bones about it. Stephenson does a good job, which is what matters. Her play concerns stubborn problems: head versus heart, art versus science, the souring of love in marriage, the tantalizing survival of the past, and the transience or persistence of both fame and infamy. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate, on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. The evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by Robert Stanton, J. Smith-Cameron, Keith Nobbs, Patrick Breen, Marylouise Burke, Mark McKinney, and Lisa Gorlitsky. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $40. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30. Sat. and Sun. at 3. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Fully Committed—Becky Mode's comedy about the put-upon, out-of-work actor manning the phones at Manhattan's trendiest restaurant and the people harassing him. Directed by Nicholas Martin; starring Mark Setlock. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Ghosts—Henrik Ibsen's family tragedy, featuring Kathleen Garrett. Directed by J. C. Compton. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Century Center Ballroom Theatre, 111 E. 15 St. (212-279-4200).*

Give Me Your Answer, Do!—The Roundabout presents the New York premiere of Brian Friel's most recent play, about the rivalries between two writers—one with success and no self-respect, the other with self-respect and no success. Eight names shine over the marquee, including players Kate Burton, Michael Emerson, and John Glover. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Hamlet—The Public Theater's new production, directed by Andrei Serban. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2, and some Sunday evenings. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; now starring Ally Sheedy. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Ice Island: The Wait for Shackleton—Marjorie Duffield's new play documents the lives of a group of men stranded in Antarctica. Lori Steinberg directs. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Melting Pot Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

If Memory Serves—*See Simon, p. 84.* Elizabeth Ashley stars in a new comedy about a sitcom mom who receives bad press when her son (Sam Trammell) reveals family scandals. $47.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

Inappropriate—The Desisto School's musical teenagers return to Manhattan to show those fuddy-duddies over at *Rent* what youth sounds like today. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/16. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

John Gabriel Borkman—Pearl Theatre presents Henrik Ibsen's tough drama. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $26–$33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Jolson & Co.—Al Jolson's memory thrives in this new musical adaptation. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 1/2. *Theatre at Saint Peter's,*

Holiday Ground Rules:

Call individual theaters for seasonal schedules. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for *that day's performance only*) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Paolo Porto.

619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk.* $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

A Klezmer's Tale: Yoshke Muzikant—Now that klezmer's overrun hipster joints on the Lower East Side, Eleanor Reissa directs a Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre production that sketches the life of poet and musician Muzikant. Starring Mina Bern. $30–$35. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/16. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Last Train to Nibroc—Arlene Hutton's two-character romantic comedy, set in Kentucky during World War II. Michael Montel directs. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Maybe Baby, It's You—Playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray reflects on his beloved family. $25–$45. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's First Hearing Impaired Comedienne," won multiple writing and theater awards when this, her comic one-woman show, premiered in Los Angeles in 1997. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Shyster—*See Simon, p. 84.* In this star-bright production of Bryan Goluboff's play, a young Israeli man battles a black tenant over the legacy of his father's building. Featuring Fisher Stevens, Annabella Sciorra, and Phyllis Newman; directed by Dante Albertie. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 5. *Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (212-279-4200).*

Space—Tina Landau corrals abductees, a neuro-psychiatrist, and a SETI researcher in her far-out play. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Squonk—Props, puppetry, and percussion for the premiere of the East Village's newest theater. $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Bleecker East Theatre, 49 Bleecker St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

Thwak—"We are bringing mime into the new millennium," proclaims one of the hilarious, kinetic Australian Umbilical Brothers. "And how are we doing it? With sound." $15–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Trudy Blue—Marsha Norman, who won a Pulitzer for *'Night Mother,* presents her newest play about a successful novelist (*Thirtysomething* vet Polly Draper) who struggles with cancer and the chattering voices in her head. $40–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/9. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

True History and Real Adventures—Kathleen Chalfant, last seen in *Wit,* is back, and everyone is anxious to see if she'll be adored again when she returns to the stage in Sybille Pearson's new play. As excited as the rest of us, Angela Goethals plays a young Scottish woman who leads a ragtag band of teens on a cross-country road trip out West, where they finally meet Calamity Jane, played by Chalfant. $45. Call for schedule. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).*

Uncle Jack—Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* with a West Virginia drawl. Gerald Anthony stars in this Worth Street adaptation's premiere. $25–$35. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-604-4195).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, TWATS, etc. returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Judith Light. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Y2K—In Arthur Kopit's thriller, two happy New York capitalists (James Naughton and Patricia Kalember) are stalked by a disturbing rogue with an e-mail account. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (212-239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Dario D'Ambrosi's Pathologic Theater Festival—A macabre twenty-year retrospective. $12. 12/28–1/16. Call for schedule. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Extreme Girl—Barbara Blackburn's comic monologues on sex, beauty, and the surprising similarities between trophy wives and the Mercedes Benz. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/27. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

God of Vengeance—Todo Con Nada's Aaron Belle directs a new translation of this Yiddish play by Sholem Ash. Mark Greenfield plays a brothel proprietor and father who craves a little respect. $15. Wed., Thurs., Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Show World Theatre, Eighth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-269-4849).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, pull rabbits from hats, etc. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

The Servant of Two Masters—In Carlo Goldoni's classic slapstick comedy of mistaken identities, a foolish servant waits on a "man" who's not male. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/24. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Theater of Light—A freaky-deaky light show by Rudi Stern, famed for his work with Timothy Leary, the Doors, and the Trips Festival. No wacky fractals, just thousands of hand-painted glass slides. $25. Thurs. at 8, Fri and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 8. Through 1/7. *Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (1-800-965-4827).*

Opening Idiot's Delight

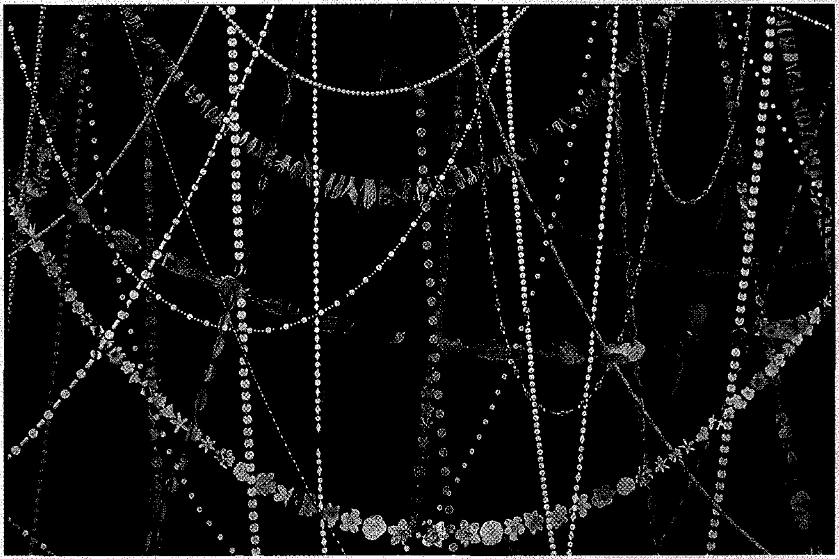
In director Anatole Fourmentchouk's new adaptation of Dostoyevsky's 'The Idiot,' an astoundingly innocent prince (Stass Klassen, above) is assumed to be a dunce by the cynical denizens of a certain corrupt, money-crazed city on the cusp of a millennium. Opens December 28. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Michael Gutterman.

art

Robbins and Becher...Fred Tomaselli

Talent Want a hallucinatory experience? Hurry over to see Fred Tomaselli's *Gravity's Rainbow,* a five-panel, site-specific painting covering the back wall of Whitney Philip Morris's main gallery. The Brooklyn-based artist's largest work to date organizes his signature materials—pharmaceutical pills and tablets, hemp and jimson weed leaves, foxglove petals, and photographic images and magazine cutouts, all coated with tamper-proof resin—into mesmerizing arrangements of what appear to be overlapping beaded necklaces. At the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Avenue, at 42nd Street; through January 7.



Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Milton Avery—A selection of paintings by the American modernist, whose unorthodox use of color and simplified, almost abstract images of figures and landscapes influenced Mark Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, and other abstract painters; through 1/22. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Leslie Bohnenkamp—Free-standing sculptures made with fiber and paper constructions by the artist, who died in 1997; through 1/15. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-924-0858).

Marcel Duchamp—An exhibition curated by Francis Naumann of examples of the artist's replicated work, from regular and deluxe editions of *The Green Box* to various versions of *Boîte* and *Boîte-en-valise,* his famous portable museum; through 1/15. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500).

Alfred H. Maurer—Paintings spanning the career of the American artist (1868–1932) from his early Whistler-inspired portraits of women to his Cubist compositions of the twenties and early thirties, including works on loan from museums and private collections; through 1/15. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

Richard Serra—New works on paper; through 2/14. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-228-2828).

James Wyeth—Recent paintings and works on paper depicting scenes on Monhegan Island, Maine; through 1/15. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

57th Street Area

Kathy Butterly—Recent ceramic vessels; through 1/8. Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (212-246-5360).

Stephan de Kwiatkowski—Abstract paintings from the past five years; through 1/15. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-3366).

Dorothea Tanning—New oil paintings of imaginary flowers by the 89-year-old artist; through 1/15. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Arthur Wesley Dow—Paintings, watercolors, prints, and photographs by Dow (1857–1922) and by his students, among them Georgia O'Keeffe and Max Weber; through 1/25. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Friedel Dzubas—Small-scale abstract paintings on canvas made as records of larger works; through 1/22. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).

Lawrence Gipe—New large-scale paintings that depict imagery appropriated from German photo journals and magazines from the mid- to late thirties; through 1/22. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888).

Cildo Meireles—An installation by the Brazilian artist consisting of two ten-foot-square transparent cubes made of glass and aluminum that can be entered; through 1/15. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Moses Soyer and Rafael Soyer—A hundredth-anniversary celebration of the births of the identical twins Moses Soyer (1899–1974) and Rafael Soyer (1899–1987), who moved from Russia to Philadelphia as children and spent most of their careers in New York; through 1/15. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-8300).

Edward Ruscha—Drawings and prints dating from the sixties to the present; through 2/29. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Chen Yifei—Recent paintings of scenes in Old Shanghai, landscapes, and women, by a Chinese artist; through 1/15. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Charles Arnoldi—New paintings that depict ovoid forms hovering in fields of grayish washes, and bronze sculptures; through 1/15. Cowles, 74 Grand St. (212-925-3500).

Robert Breer—Paintings, films, and a large "float" sculpture dating from the fifties through the seventies; through 1/29. Staff USA, 495 Broadway (212-925-9700).

Michael Ray Charles—Recent paintings whose images explore representations of blacks in advertising; through 1/22. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Taro Chiezo—Paintings based on airport interiors and sculptures of toy cities contained within wire grids; through 1/8. Gering, 476 Broome St. (212-226-8195).

George Condo—New paintings that depict abstracted portraits of jazz musicians, through 1/15, at PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224); paintings of composite characters drawn equally from Old Master paintings, cartoon animation, and everyday life, through 1/15, at Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Michael Coughlin and Jory Felice—Collaborative drawings inspired by the children's game "Telephone," in which the two Los Angeles–based artists draw images based on descriptions they give to each other over the phone; through 1/22. Meltzer's On View . . . , 588 Broadway (212-343-8256).

Michael Craig-Martin—Recent large-scale wall paintings and works on canvas by the British artist; through 1/20. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Elaine Lustig-Cohen—Recent collages that combine the artist's own photographs and paintings; through 1/15. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

Issey Miyake—A survey of the clothing designer's work from the past 30 years; through 2/29. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Juliao Sarmento—A new film installation; through 1/22. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Lara Schnitger—Sculptures made with foam, fabric, wood, and plastic whose networks of forms suggest an abstract garden; through 1/15. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Richard Serra—New etchings based on the artist's *Rounds* and *Torqued Ellipses* sculptures; through 12/31. Gemini G.E.L. at Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (212-219-1446).

Chelsea

Dan Flavin—A selection of the late artist's fluorescent light sculptures dating from the late sixties to the eighties; through 1/29. Cooper, 534 W.

Photograph by George Hirose.

Photograph courtesy of Leslie Tonkonow.

Photography

Costume Party

Consider the photographs of Andrea Robbins and Max Becher the visual equivalent of a Bruce Chatwin book: Since 1984, the wife-and-husband photography team has explored the interrelationships of memory, history, and community worldwide through images of towns or societies that exemplify what the artists call "the transportation of place"—where one community takes on the character of another. That phenomenon can be seen in their photographs of Holland, Michigan, a windmill-and-tulip-dotted town founded by Dutch settlers, or Lüderitz, Namibia, still eerily reminiscent of its nineteenth-century German colonists. The peripatetic artists found one of the more eccentric instances of assumed identity in Radebeul, Germany, childhood home of novelist Karl May (1842–1912). Although May visited America only once, his fictionalized accounts of the Wild West and his heroic portrayals of Native Americans have long been required reading for every German child—and spawned a cultlike following dating back to the nineteenth century. May's hometown is host to German-born "tribes"—captured by Robbins and Becher in their 1997–98 series "German Indians"—who celebrate Native American culture by gathering yearly in their feathered finery to celebrate the author's birthday. At Leslie Tonkonow Artworks + Projects, 601 West 26th Street; through January 29 (the gallery will be closed from December 24 through January 3).

Edith Newhall

21st St. (212-255-1105).

Ryan Humphrey—Mixed-media installations that suggest fragments of films; through 1/15. Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Matthew McCaslin—Recent assemblages that combine children's wagons, televisions, and colored lights; through 1/15. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

John Miller—Garishly colored computer-generated paintings whose images play on the exaggerations of TV game shows; through 1/22. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

John Mitchell—New paintings, drawings, and prints; through 1/9. De Folin, 529 W. 20th St. (212-242-3434).

Stuart Netsky—Abstract paintings made with beauty products; through 1/29. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-0970).

Claude Parent and Scott Hug—Drawings that take a non-Euclidean, topological approach to architecture and urban space by Parent, a master French architect, and drawings that continue Parent's investigation by Hug, an emerging New York artist; through 1/15. Urbach Architecture, 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-0974).

Thomas Scheibitz/Markus Baenziger—New paintings and sculptural constructions/Cast-resin sculptures. Through 1/15. Bonakdar Jancoe, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

Joel Schlemowitz—Filmboxes, unique mixed-media artworks that contain films shown on small battery-operated super-8 viewers; through 1/29. Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (212-463-7348).

Richard Serra—A new sculpture inaugurating the gallery's new Chelsea space; through 1/14. Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. (212-228-2828).

Barbara Stork—Works that are life-size, functioning examples of what their titles promise, among them *Grocery Sack Mattress* and *Milk Carton Leather Briefcase;* through 1/15. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (212-242-3232).

Thomas Trosch—New paintings; through 1/22. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Manabu Yamanaka/Annegret Solta—Photographs that depict elderly Japanese women in the nude/Collaged and sewn-together photographic self-portraits. Through 1/22. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470). Works by Colson, Ruscha, Therrien; through 1/29.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). A survey chronicling the development of the fine and decorative arts in Boston between 1810 and 1840, with furniture by Emmons & Archibald, silver by Churchill & Treadwell, and artworks by Audubon, Cole, Stuart, others; through 2/5.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500). Sculptures by Byers, Blue, Harp, Moss, Taniguchi; through 1/22.

York—21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155). Works produced between 1880 and 1920 by American artists, among them Beaux, Cassat, Chase, Inness, Manship, Sargent, Stella; through 1/29.

57th Street Area

Cohan—41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171). "The Nature of Order," with works by Cage, Fischli & Weiss, Gallagher, LeWitt, Long, Miyagima, Tomaselli; through 1/29.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Point of View: Between Two Cities/Punto de Vista: Entre Dos Cuidades (Will Remain Anonymous)," a project between five New York–based and five Mexico City–based artists who created imaginary characters based on swapped information in the form of video, audio, photographs, e-mail correspondence, and other media; through 1/8.

Artists Space—33 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "Made Especially for You," site- and audience-specific works by Asbury, Brannon, Giannotti; a full-scale dwelling by New York–based architect Toshiko Mori; through 1/15.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676). Works that address the idea of a gateway, by Brady, Calderon, Ferrer, Frey, Khalil, Plagens, Richards, others; through 1/12.

Taylor/TZ'Art—470 Broome St. (212-966-9059). "Shoes, Shoes, Shoes," objects, drawings, photographs, and paintings on the theme of footwear by Antin, Blondel, Christo, Guston, Cecere, Horst, Mapplethorpe, Monk, Pierson, Warhol, Yeohlee, others; through 1/22.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (212-966-9520). Video installation by Maura Jasper; "Mr. Fascination," group show of works inspired by John Cassavetes's films; through 1/15.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474). Drawings by 28 artists, among them Ahearn, Antoni, Bolande, Cole, Dion, Mangold, Scully, Ward; through 1/22.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770). "Snowflake Office," works by fourteen young German artists working in various media; through 1/22.

Taylor—529 W. 20th St. (212-463-7166). "The Usual Suspects," with paintings and sculpture by Glantzman, Goodman, Hambleton, Knowlton, Lees, Posner; through 1/27.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). Works on the theme of outer space by Alexopoulos, Jervert, Bransford, Hammond, others; photographs of the rich-and-glamorous set by Jessica Craig-Martin; collaborative project by Hanson & Sonnenberg; through 2/6.

Photography

John Coplans—Recent black-and-white images from two new series depicting the artist's fingers and his hands on his knees; through 1/22. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Roland Fischer—Large-scale photographs of the façades of modern high-rise buildings in Beijing, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and New York; through 1/29. Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Jane Greer—Photographs that depict dolls at the

Doll Hospital of New York; through 1/15. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (212-355-3330).

Grimm—505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662). Photographs that link landscape to human emotions, by Courville, Gerety, Rowley; through 1/15.

Andras Gursky—New large-scale color photographs depicting vast interior spaces, among them views of merchandise in a discount store in Los Angeles, a massive hotel atrium in Taipei, and the stacks of a library in Stockholm; through 1/15. Marks, 522 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Hiro—A small retrospective of fashion photographs from the sixties and seventies, celebrity portraits, and iconic images such as the *Apollo 11* spaceship launch of 1969; through 1/15. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and US." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (212-941-0012). Photographs by sculptors, painters, and photographers, among them Aguillar, Burckhardt, Coyne, Lucier, Sullivan, Uslé; through 1/22.

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600). "YNOT," photographs by Baldessari, Berman, Maning, Ruscha, Wegman, and others that appear in issue 14 of *Blind Spot* magazine; through 1/29.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596), Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30; free. "*Vanity Fair* and the Birth of the Modern Age: Portraits, 1914–1936." Images of the celebrities of the day shot for the magazine by Abbott, de Mayer, May Ray, Steichen, others; through 1/3. . . . "The Century in Times Square." The evolution of New York's most famous gathering place as told through photographs from the archives of the New York *Times;* through 1/29.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695). Recent works by female photographers, among them Eyre, Laplante, Neshat, Peréz Bravo, Porter; through 2/4.

Ruth Orkin—Photographs of street life, children at play, and views from the artist's window; through 1/22. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010).

René-Jacques—Photographs of Paris taken from the thirties through the fifties by the photographer, who was born René Giton in 1908 in Phnom Penh, Cambodia; through 1/22. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Richardson—560 Broadway (212-343-1255). Views of the ancient world taken between 1851 and 1997 by nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographers; through 1/15.

Andrea Robbins and Max Becher—Collaborative portraits and documentary images that expose the German fascination with Native Americans; through 1/29. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Stevenson—338 W. 23rd St. (212-580-8169). Photographs by Bradshaw, Izu, McDermott & McGough, Suter, others, printed at Renaissance Press; through 1/22.

Dennis Stock—Images of actors, hippies, bikers, and jazz musicians spanning the photo-essayist's career since the early fifties, as well as impressionistic color studies of flowers and landscape; through 1/22. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture." The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York Times Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York *Times* that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the United States, Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. . . . "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are $14 adults, $8.50 children).

Asia Society—"China: Fifty Years Inside the People's Republic." A survey of images of China by 33 photographers from Asia, Europe, and the United States; through 1/2. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"E.W. Godwin: Aesthetic Movement Architect and Designer." Architectural drawings, designs for decorative arts, textiles, ceramics, wallpaper, and other works by the nineteenth-century British designer; through 2/27. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Amnesia." Works by sixteen artists from South America who explore themes of memory, loss, desire, mortality, and the temporal nature of the body; through 2/27. . . . "Recent Acquisitions From the Permanent Collection." Works by contemporary artists of African, Asian, and Latin American ancestry; through 2/27. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection." The much-discussed exhibition that originated at the Royal Academy in London, of paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/9. . . . "Eastman Johnston: Painting America." The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and portraits; through 2/6. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is $9.75 adults, $7.75 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention." A major retrospective of works by the husband-and-wife team considered among the greatest designers of the twentieth century, featuring their furniture, buildings, toys, films, and photographs dating from the forties to the seventies; through 1/9. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dia—"Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 12/30. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Velázquez in New York Museums." An exhibition of the seventeenth-century Spanish master's portraits organized in conjunction with the Hispanic Society of America, including paintings from the collections of the Frick, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Hispanic Society of America; through 1/16. . . . "Watteau and His World: French Drawing From 1700 to 1750." Works on paper by Watteau and by his forebears and followers, among them François Boucher, Nicolas Lancret, and François Lemoyne; through 1/9. . . . "Henry Clay Frick as a Collector of Drawings." Works on paper by Gainsborough, van Riijn, Whistler, and others purchased by Frick between 1913 and 1916; through 1/30. . . . "Constable's Salisbury Cathedral: Two Versions Reunited." An exhibition pairing two paintings by John Constable (1776–1837); through 12/31. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec.19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman." Photographs, books, collages, films, and props by three women artists whose investigations into self-portraiture involve adopting identities from different social classes and geographic environments, "traveling" into the past and future, and transforming themselves into heroes, villains, mythological creatures, and other archetypes; through 1/29. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5 (gallery will be closed from through 1/4 for winter recess): $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Clemente." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, pastel drawings, book illustrations, and sculpture spanning the seventies to the present by the Italian-born artist Francesco Clemente; through 1/9. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through 12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (212-423-3500), Thurs.–Mon. 11–6; free.

Japan Society—"Daido Moriyama: Stray Dog." The first retrospective exhibition of the work of the celebrated Japanese photographer Daido Moriyama, including some 130 vintage prints from the sixties through the nineties, concurrent with an exhibition of prints from Moriyama's 1972 *Hunter* series at the Metropolitan Museum; through 1/2. 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6. . . . "Bubble-abrum." An illuminated sculpture installation honoring Hanukkah by R.M. Fischer; through 1/2. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. . . . "Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian

Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869–1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27. . . . "Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch." An international loan exhibition of portraits by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780–1867), whose paintings of France's ruling elite inspired such artists as Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso; through 1/2. . . . "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception." An exhibition of works by the American landscape photographer (1829–1916) best known for his large albumen silver prints of Yosemite Valley taken in the 1860s; through 1/9. . . . "A Century of Design, Part I: 1900–1925." Art and Crafts, Art Nouveau, and Art Deco works from the museum's collection; through 3/26. . . . "Rodin's Monument to Victor Hugo." Sculptures relating to Rodin's *Monument to Victor Hugo,* among them a terra-cotta sketch, a life-size portrait in marble, and bronze castings; through 1/2. . . . "Daido Moriyama: *Hunter.*" Forty photographs by the Japanese photographer that were shot from the shadows and from the windows of a moving car and published as *Hunter* (1972), a book dedicated to Jack Kerouac; through 1/2. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650–2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden era of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9. . . . "The Artist as Collector: Masterpieces From the C.C. Wang Collection." Old-master Chinese paintings given to the museum by the Wang family over the past twenty years; through 1/9. . . . "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche"; through 1/9. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Pepon Osorio: *Transboricua.*" A multimedia installation on the theme of cultural identity in transition and transformation; through 1/9. . . . "Pressing the Point: Parallel Expressions in the Graphic Arts of the Chicano and Puerto Rican Movements." An overview of prints and posters created by artists who were active in the artistic and social struggles of the sixties and seventies; through 1/9. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Liberated Voices: Contemporary Art From South Africa." Paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and videos made since the end of apartheid in 1994; through 1/2. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Yiddish on Stage: Posters and Artifacts From the World of Yiddish Theater." Theater posters, costumes, playbills, sheet music, and other artifacts from the museum's collection; through 1/23. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Fernand Léger, Sol LeWitt, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture, and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors. (Note: the museum, which is usually closed on Wednesdays, will be open on Dec. 22 and Dec. 29 from 10:30–6).

Museum of the City of New York—"The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. . . . "Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13. . . . "Americanos: Latino Life in the United States." An exhibition of photographs of Latinos by 30 prizewinning photographers from around the country; through 1/2. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Dazzling by Design: Fashion Jewelry by Kenneth Jay Lane." A 40-year retrospective of more than 300 pieces created by the designer of costume jewelry; through 12/31. . . . "Unmistakably Mackie." A retrospective of Bob Mackie's fashion and costume designs; through 12/31. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Prague Architecture Through the Centuries." An exhibition exploring the past and the future of Prague through its architecture, including photographs of buildings, paintings, models, and facsimiles of Romanesque and Gothic sculptures; through 1/2. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, 4.50 students and seniors.

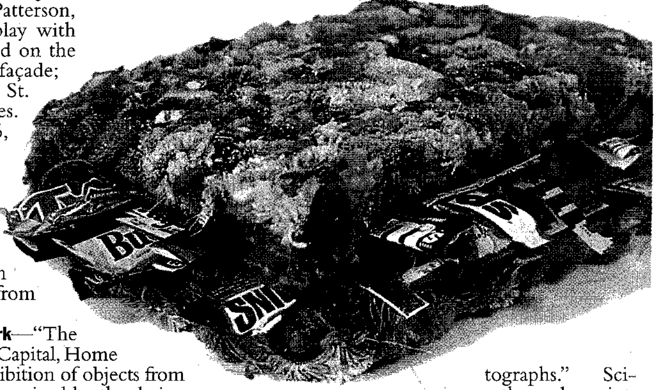
New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally-known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning thirty years; through 3/5. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8; $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19. . . . "Sight/Insight: Visual Commentaries on the Physical World." Prints, portfolios, and illustrated books by contemporary artists who have drawn inspiration from the natural and physical sciences; through 1/8. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Science Photographs." Science-themed prints by the photographer; through 1/8. . . . "Adventures in Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings by Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29. . . . "In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations." Books and projects by the poet made in collaboration with artists Georg Baselitz, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz, Susan Rothenberg, and others; through 1/15. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9. . . . "Putting It on Paper: Two Centuries of American Drawings and Watercolors From the Collection of the the New-York Historical Society." Works by Audubon, Catlin, Cole, Mount, and other American artists; through 1/2. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Juan Sánchez Ricanstructions: Paintings of the Nineties." An exhibition of Sánchez's paintings curated by his students at the Robert F. Wagner Jr. Secondary School for Arts and Technology; through 2/13. . . . "Rudy Burckhardt: A View From Astoria." Photographs of Queens and Manhattan by the late Swiss artist; through 1/2. . . . "Children of Berlin: Cultural Developments 1989–1999." An exhibition featuring works by artists, art-based associations and publications, new-media pioneers, architects, fashion designers, club-life promoters, and others who make up Berlin's cultural milieu; through 1/2. . . . "Minimalia: An Italian Vision in 20th-Century Art." An exhibition exploring simplification and reduction in twentieth-century Italian art as seen in the works of Giacomo Balla, Francesco Clemente, Lucio Fontana, Michelangelo Pistoletto, and others; through 1/2. . . . "Sol LeWitt: Concrete Block." An exhibit mapping the artist's art-making process from preliminary drawings to wooden models to completed outdoor cinderblock sculptures; through 1/2. . . . "On Your Own Time." Works by artists who explore the passing of time, among them Teresita Fernández, Ceal Floyer,

On View **"Passages: Contemporary Art in Transition" pays tribute to the Studio Museum in Harlem's Artists-in-Residence Program with sculptures, painting, prints, videos, installations, photographs, and mixed-media works by seventeen of its prominent alumni, among them Terry Adkins, Leonardo Drew, David Hammons, Kerry James Marshall, Rudzani Nemasetoni (below, *Fantasy Passport #6*, 1998), and Alison Saar. The Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 West 125th Street; through January 17.**



Photograph courtesy of the Studio Museum in Harlem.

Sabrina Mezzaqui, Roman Opalka, and Lawrence Weiner; through 1/2. . . . The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*." A holiday presentation of the original manuscript of *A Christmas Carol*, one of the library's greatest treasures; through 1/9. . . . "The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California; the Morgan Library and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16. . . . "Audubon and the Artist-Naturalist Tradition in America." Rarely seen drawings and published volumes by John James Audubon, as well as a group of the artist's letters; through 1/30. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art, including works by Stephen Antonakis, William Baziotes, Linda Benglis, Lucas Samaras, Theodoros Stamos, and others; through 1/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—"Instrument of Change: Jim Schoppert Retrospective Exhibition, 1947–1992." Carved panels, sculptures, paintings, and poetry by the Tlingit artist; through 2/6. 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3712), 10–5 daily; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Passages: Contemporary Art in Transition." Installations, paintings, sculptures, photographs, prints, and mixed-media works by sixteen contemporary artists who have participated in the museum's Artists-in-Residence program over the last three decades; through 1/17. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs, Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Fred Tomaselli: Gravity's Rainbow." A site-specific wall piece that incorporates the artist's trademark pills, hemp leaves, and photographic cutouts; through 1/7. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17. 120 Park Ave. (212-878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). Next auction 1/21.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). Next auction 1/19.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). Next auction 1/21.

Grigoriadis *continued from page 65*

steps a bit earnest for his liking, he sporadically attended AA meetings for the rest of his life.

VANESSA CHASE, THE WOMAN HE WOULD marry, was different from many of Bingham's girlfriends—a fresh-faced blonde who grew up in New Jersey, the daughter of a Rutgers professor. "She was very much the most-popular-girl-in-school, but she's completely open and friendly," says a friend. At Harvard, where she graduated with an art-history degree in 1991, she was a good student and, like Bingham, tremendously social: A resident of the conservative Eliot House, Chase was as much a fixture at cocktail parties as at lectures on medieval Italian church painters.

Chase first met Bingham at a Super Bowl party in 1993. As their relationship progressed, friends say she fell into a pattern of shielding and protecting him, deflecting attempts by his friends and family to take a harder line on his excesses.

After dating for five years, Chase complained that she had been a bridesmaid six times and seven meant "spinsterhood." After one wedding, Bingham went into a tirade about how marriage was for idiots and he'd never be played for a fool. "She sat down on Greene Street next to garbage bags and cried her eyes out," recalled Bingham in an essay. "I cannot fight Vanessa's tears."

They married in front of a historic Princeton mansion on a clear day last May. It was a relatively small wedding, considering the number of friends each had, but at least a dozen people were in the wedding party. The bridesmaids wore shimmery dresses the color of the sky. Guests included a man from Southeast Asia whom Bingham introduced as "my Russian friend from Saigon who deals arms." Following a reception in a large tent, the party moved to an empty barn on the edge of the property, where Pavement performed, Tom Beller played the drums, and Bingham, overwhelmed but joyful, sang a drunken, playful rendition of "You're So Vain."

Around midnight, he and Vanessa took a helicopter to the airport, where they'd fly first to Italy for their honeymoon, eventually ending up in Cambodia. "I was so sad when Rob flew off," says Nancy Begley, a photographer, the editor of *Washington Life* magazine, and heiress to the Reynolds Wrap fortune. "I think we all felt, 'If you're not here, then what's the point?' "

FOR A WHILE AFTER THE MARRIAGE, BINGham slowed his drug and alcohol intake. He no longer fell down stairs or threw up in public. "Rob could be an ugly, violent drunk," says one acquaintance. "The real tragedy is that his friends, even those who weren't users, thought it was kind of great that he was so fucked-up, so close to the fire of life, so raw, so real."

Cheered by his marriage and the imminent publication of his book, Bingham made a Herculean effort to stay clean. A friend close to the family says that Joan Bingham talked about the improvements her son had made. "He seemed to be drinking a lot less," she said. "He had gone back to see his shrink, he seemed much happier and more productive. Things were finally looking up for him. But I guess he had to try and touch the flame one more time."

ON THE WEDNESDAY AFTER HE DIED, BINGham was buried in Louisville, next to his father. His memorial at the Cavalry Episcopal Church on Park Avenue South took place on an unseasonably warm afternoon three days later. The crowd of nearly 700, which included Caroline Kennedy, Sid Blumenthal, and Charlie Rose, was a cross-section of the disparate worlds that Robert Bingham had straddled in the course of his short, fast life. For three hours, guests sat solemnly as nine speakers took the podium. His older sister Clara addressed the congregation in a loud, clear voice. "Rob craved the edge," she said. "He was haunted by his father's death and his own struggle with addiction." She took a pause, then added, "I am sorry I couldn't save you, Robbie! Life without you is two-dimensional. The lights in New York have dimmed."

By the time mourners left the service, the sun had moved to brighten the front steps of the church. Benzes with Connecticut plates and tour buses hired by the family whisked guests up to a reception at the New York Racquet Club, where everyone ascended a winding marble staircase to the second-floor sitting room, all dark-green paneling and oak furniture. A fire roared in the library, where coffee was served amid bookshelves organized by categories like "beagling," but this room remained nearly empty.

Instead, the hundreds of guests gathered in a room with three full bars, chatting with old colleagues and friends from prep school, laughing at memories of Rob, drinking scotch, chain-smoking cigarettes, and trying to make sense of his sudden death. "He was a master tactician, a master gambler," said his friend Hunter Kennedy. "I never thought he'd get beaten by the odds."

It was, as one friend noted later, a very good party. Rob wouldn't have wanted it any other way. ■

restaurants

Spanish Class...Roe to Go...Chips and Dips

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shiitake-seared salmon with cashew-scallion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. *179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

How do you decide which cookbook you want?

A few years ago when I couldn't find my bed anymore, I decided it was time to weed out a few hundred cookbooks. Now I discriminate: I keep the books that tell me something new, those that improve on books I have, and those by cooks I trust. I keep what makes me feel as though I've eaten, what's so beautiful I can't bear not to have it. Take Thomas Keller's *The French Laundry Cookbook* (Artisan; $50): I knew it was mine as soon as I spied the cover's virginal discipline, as soon as I felt its heft, as soon as I flipped to the stark portraits of dusty truffles. Oh, I know there's much pretension in this book—the blurry photos, titles like "The Importance of Offal," a whole page devoted to a trio of strainers leaning against each other like an ad for Obsession. But the book evokes memories of a most extraordinary meal one rare evening in Yountville. I feel like I've eaten. Nan Lyons's punny *Gluttony: More Is More* (Red Rock Press; $24.95)—a celebration of eating with gusto—is just a sliver of a book, but it's as diabolical as her *Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe*. It's a hash of history by fork and goblet, a whimsical stew of wisdom from Balzac ("Temptations can be got rid of. How? By yielding to them") to Miss Piggy ("Never eat more than you can lift") and Humphrey Bogart ("The whole world is about three drinks behind"). And there are recipes for real people, like miracle meat loaf and chocolate peanut-butter soul pie. A gift for the pal who's tasted everything.

Gluttony
MORE IS MORE
NAN LYONS
THE FRENCH LAUNDRY COOKBOOK
THOMAS KELLER

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Laight Street and Dylan Lounge—White tapestries and blue lighting lend this coolly contemporary TriBeCa space a marine feel, which makes perfect sense in a seafood restaurant with an extensive raw bar. Choose among Nantucket lobster salad, ginger-octopus salad, and grilled whole snapper with pistou, or if you're still working up an appetite, have a cocktail in the adjacent Dylan Lounge. *62 Laight St. (212-334-2274). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at

Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 75-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune, even while they maneuver all three courses in the prix fixe, which starts at $24. Late-night dining, too. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Roettele A.G.—One of the very few places on these shores to serve a distinctive mix of Swiss and German cuisines, including hearty specialties like spaetzle, sauerbraten, Wiener schnitzel, and fondue. There's a lovely garden and, on Thursdays, the exotic strains of live Swiss music. *126 E. 7th St. (212-674-4140). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

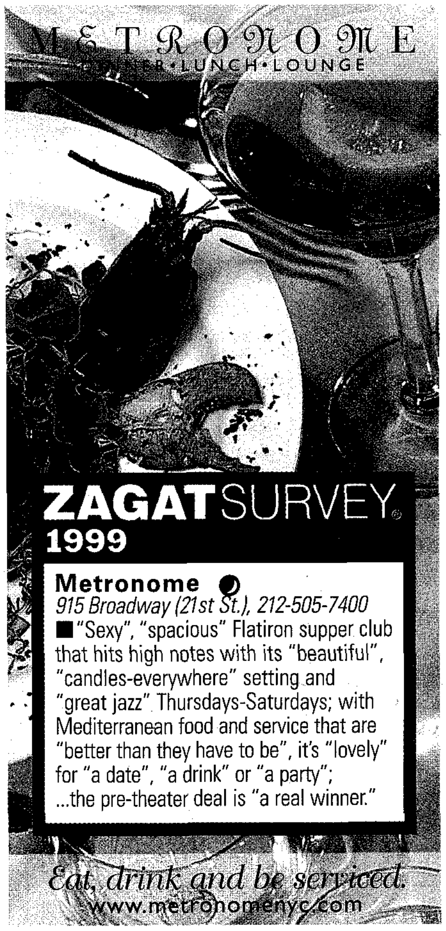
Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



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Shopping **The new retail operations of two esteemed caviar purveyors have made it easy for even the most chronic procrastinators to stock up on Beluga for the Big Night. Caviarteria has opened its third Manhattan branch in Grand Central's lower-level food court (below, right), where commuters can sip Taittinger and nibble caviar by the eighth of an ounce (from plastic spoons, rather than mother-of-pearl, sadly) or grab a spare tin or an insulated travel bag crammed with Caspian caviar, crème fraîche, smoked salmon, and crackers. The FireBird restaurant has opened its Maine-based pipeline of Russian sturgeon roe to the public, which can call or fax for overnight shipments of Beluga, Osetra, Sevruga, or salmon caviar, plus a selection of smoked fish. (To order, call 888-395-8029, or fax 207-374-2549.)**

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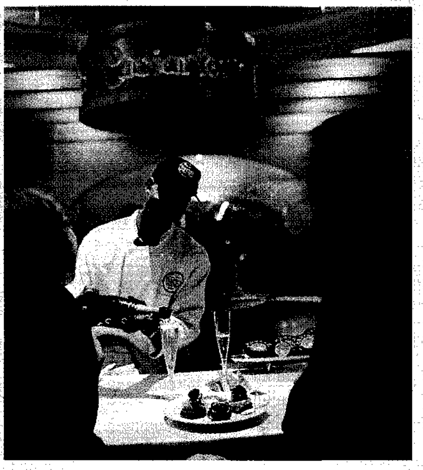
BELUGA



One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (212-685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (212-645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A forerunner on the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$28.50 for four courses, all night. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Thursday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Salute!—This spacious midtown Tuscan Grill is the lighthearted outcome of a collaboration between the sceney Bice restaurant and the Sbarro fast-food chain. Go for huge portions of steak, seafood, veal, poultry, and especially pasta. Those lucky few with room for dessert should try the gelati assortment, ample enough to feed a small children's birthday party. *270 Madison Ave., at 39th St. (212-213-3440). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The

Photographs by Joe Scafuro (2).

menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

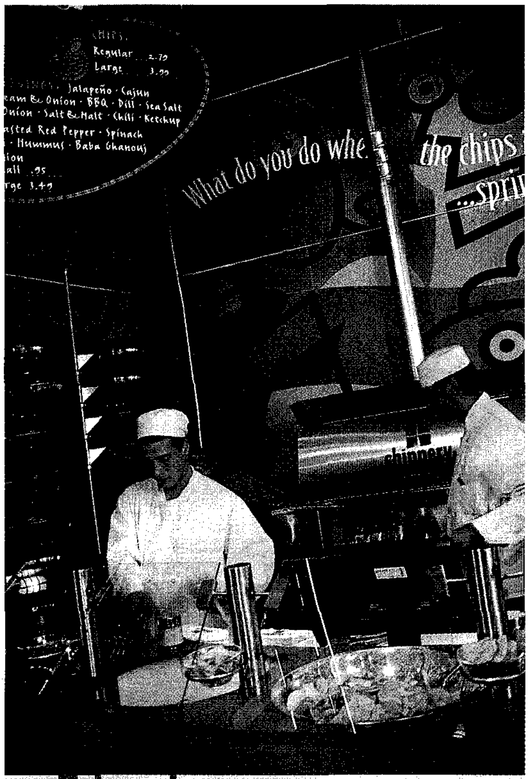
World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, special-



Takeout Chipshape

There's hope, finally, for potato-chip aficionados unwilling to settle for mass-produced products with an indefinite shelf life. Ensconced in the back of an Italian panini-and-pizza parlor, the first New York franchise of the Vancouver-based Chippery offers fryer-fresh specimens, seasoned à la minute with spice mixes in flavors like jalapeño, salt-and-malt, Cajun, and ketchup; spot-sealed in aluminum bags; and served with a choice of dips. (950 Broadway, at 23rd Street; 212-614-7224.)

Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

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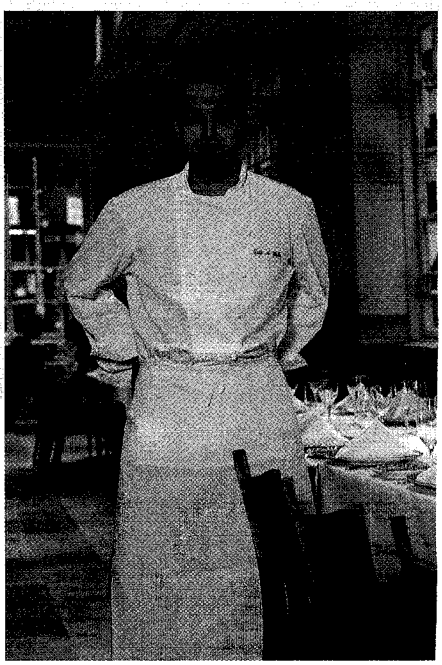
First Taste
The Reign of Spain

Even with all the hullabaloo over Nuevo Latino cuisine, the varied and flavorful food of Spain has been a latecomer to the American fine-dining scene. Long the domain of fusty old restaurants where the Beat Generation feasted on garlic-flooded mariscada and pitchers of soda-pop-like sangria, Spanish food has been the proverbial mom whose children are too busy to pick up a phone. Playing second fiddle to more "stylish cuisine" gets under the skin of Luis Angel Bollo (pictured), the gastronomic patriot in command of a young and energetic kitchen brigade at the new Meigas. "San Sebastián has more Michelin stars than any city in Europe," he points out, with a prideful toss of the head worthy of a young matador. "What we are doing here is taking the traditional foods of Spain—the octopus, the beef, the olives, the ham, the sherry—and creating something modern and refined with it." He's in good company; celebrity chefs around the city are promoting homestyle flavors and refined technique (Daniel Boulud has French country fare; David Bouley has Austrian). Bollo's dishes like veal tongue and aged sherry vinegar with mussels, two-year-old serrano ham (usually made in a smokehouse by proprietor Ignacio Blanco), or oxtail brightened by an herbaceous dollop of Basque-style rice and crisp flour-dusted sweetbreads attest to an inventive and disciplined hand from a tradition too long ignored. Hold the paella. (350 Hudson Street; 212-627-5800.) **PETER KAMINSKY**



Photograph by Luke Hoverman

ty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Diners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (212-246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus seviche in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crépinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany. *224 W. 49th St. (212-320-2929). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (212-575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on- and-off-premises catering. Steaks have been added, starting at $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212-869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (212-861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zucchero e Pomodori—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (212-585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (212-501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

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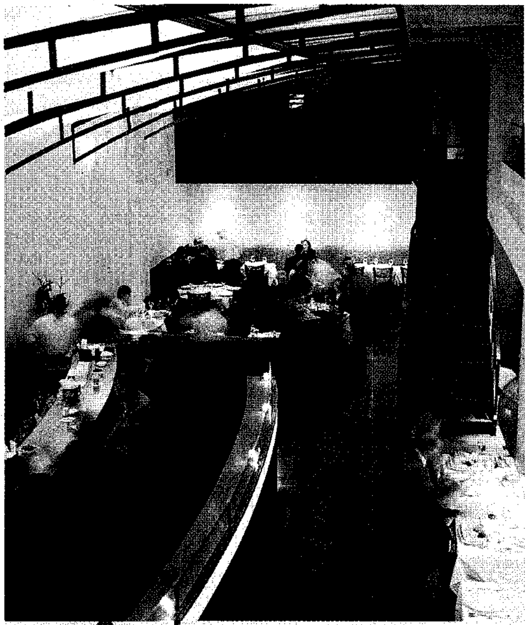

Opening
Gold Smith

After more than a dozen years on Eighth Avenue, model turned media empress Barbara Smith has relocated her theater-district hangout, B. Smith's, to the sleek, bi-level Restaurant Row space vacated by Dorsay. She's installed a stage for live music and recruited chef Jimmy Howe from his seasonal gig at her Sag Harbor outpost to dish up southern-accented "global eclectic" food like taquitos of duck chorizo and manchego, braised black-eyed-pea soup with greens and "que'd tips," and the lyrically named "so slow roast dry rub buttah ribs, Bookers bourbon black strap lacquer, moppin sauce and monkey bread." Entrées $12 to $23. (320 West 46th Street; 212-315-1100.)

strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M)* CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E)* AE, MC, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E)* AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E)* AE, DC, MC, V.

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M)* AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M)* AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M)* AE, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M)* AE, MC, V.

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E)* AE, DC, MC, V.

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M)* AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Photograph by Luke Hoverman.

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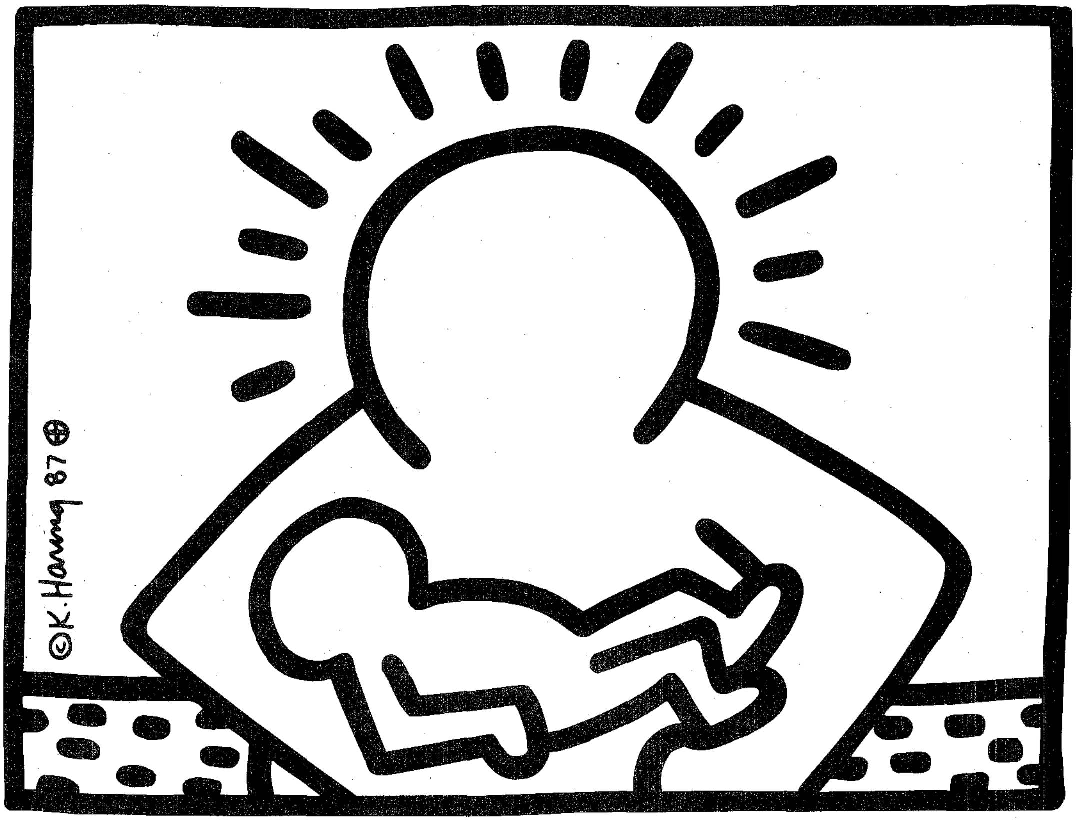

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nightlife

Y2K Survival Guide

Performance
The Day After

Too excited, tipsy, or Y2K-paranoid to call it a night at dawn? If so, you'll have plenty of company at nightclubs on January 1. Trance D.J.'s Sasha (left) and Digweed (right) will offer a suitably futuristic soundtrack to the first day of the new millennium at Twilo; beginning at 8 A.M., "Body & Soul" promoter John Davis will throw a relaxed, all-day house-music party at Cheetah for those who need to sweat out the evening's toxins; and at Vinyl, Timmy Regisford's weekly house party "Shelter" will provide just that for the millennium-weary. (See "Clubland.")

Concerts

Barenaked Ladies—12/30 at 8. *Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum, Uniondale, N.Y. (212-307-7171). $35, $25.*

Billy Joel—12/31 at 9. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-307-7171). $75–$999.*

Meatloaf—12/29, 12/31 & 1/1 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). $100, $75, $50.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—12/28: Michelle Vargo; the Grove. 12/29: Gone Again; the Twelve. 12/30: Sham Sundra; Duncan. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—12/28: Valkyrie; Marco Joachim. 12/29: Carolanne Solebello; Sean Griffith. 12/30: Jim Wallace; Greg McAuley. 12/31: "Baggot Inn New Year's Millennium Party," with the Coopers and the Motives. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-0622).*

Bottom Line—12/29: Zen for Primates. 12/30–1/1: Michelle Shocked. 1/3: Dave Mason. 1/9: Dee Carstensen; Susan Werner. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—12/30–12/31: Patti Smith. 1/8: Zen Tricksters. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat's "How the Bitch Stole Christmas." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North—All shows begin at 10 and admission is free. 12/28: The Big Galoots. 12/29: Dirty Water Dogs. 12/30: The Walking Sticks. 12/31: Star City. 1/1: The Buzzards. *843 First Ave., bet. 95th and 96th Sts. (212-722-8635).*

Irving Plaza—12/30–12/31: Maceo Parker. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—12/30: "Personality D.J. series." *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—12/31: Elliott Smith. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—12/28: "Der Golem," with live musical accompaniment by guitarist Gary Lucas. 12/29: Fred Hersch Solo Piano. 12/30: New Orleans Klezmer AllStars. *35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000).*

Manitoba's—12/29: Michael Kroll. *99 Ave. B, bet. 6th and 7th Sts. (212-982-2511).*

Mercury Lounge—12/28: The Mirror People; Deep Sea Adventure. 12/29: Jude; Steven Ray Liedlich. 12/31: Tijuana Caravan. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—12/29: Rob Ryan. 12/31: The Niagras. *375 Third Ave. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 12/29: The Arsonists; Non-Phixion. 12/31: Manolito y Su Trabuco. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Sidewalk Cafe— 12/28: Ben Arnold; Gene Bryan. 12/29: The NYC Jam Session Inc. *94 Ave. A (212-473-7373).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 12/28: The Machine. 12/31: Deep Banana Blackout. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Clubland

Baby Jupiter—12/29: Amy Kohn; Colossus. 12/20: Katie Elevitch; Janet Vodka. 12/31: Johnny Chan; D.J. E-Love. *170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Fridays: loved-up house music from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. 12/31: New Year's Eve party with D.J.'s from "N'Ice" and "Direct Drive." *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightspot has suddenly become a great dance-music destination, thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. Thursdays: "Legends," with D.J.'s Adam Scott and Danny Krivit. 12/31: "Millennium Bash," with "jungle libations and exotic foods." D.J.'s Dove and Thomas D. 1/1: "New Year's Day Millennium Party," featuring house music from D.J.'s Adam Scott, Kim Lightfoot, and Danny Krivit, from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's great house-music party "Bang the Party" bi-weekly. 12/31: "Bang in the New Year." *660 Fulton, at Elliott St., Fort Greene, Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesdays: "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers–esque mid-week romp. Thursdays: "Get a Life!" with D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. Fridays: "Flash Fridays," with legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. 12/31: New Year's Eve party, featuring Paula Cole; Funkmaster Flex; Kid Capri; the Roots. *158 Bleecker St. (212-420-1999).*

Mother—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesdays: "Jackie 60," the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate

Photographs: left, courtesy of Pitch; right, Carlos Amordo.

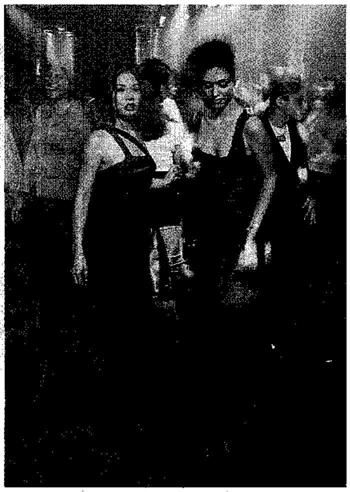
Performance

Y2-Clubbing

There are two main options for New Year's: Get inebriated with fin de siècle ferocity or quietly ponder the dawn of the third millennium at home with Dick Clark. Those who want to party like it's just another night in 1999 have several other choices: Meat Loaf at the Beacon Theater, Billy Joel at Madison Square Garden, and the hyper-eclectic double bill of Paula Cole and Grandmaster Flash at Life.

ETHAN BROWN

The Venue	The Talent	The Crowd
Life (pictured, beolow; 158 Bleecker Street; 212-420-1999)	The Roots; Paula Cole; Funkmaster Flex; Grandmaster Flash; Kid Capri	Hip-hop heads and Paula Cole fans wondering what "Where My Dogs At?" *really* means.
Shine (285 West Broadway; 212-941-0900)	The Sugar Hill Gang; Crystal Waters; P.M. Dawn; D.J. Greg Poole	Old-school hip-hoppers, models, and A-listers brought in by owner Marcus Linial.
"Pier 2000"(54th Street and Henry Hudson Parkway; 212-625-9284, www.nyeve.com)	D.J.'s Riz and Nick Hanson; the Blue Saracens Swing Band	Who knows? The party is being thrown by several *Über*-promoters, including Erikk von Broock and Noah Tepperberg, but has yet to generate any real buzz.
Twilo (530 West 27th Street; 212-268-1600)	D.J. Junior Vasquez	Chelsea boys and South Beachers in for the weekend.
One51 (151 East 50th Street; 212-358-3188)	D.J. Samantha Ronson; Lil Red (Samantha's band); the Sugar Hill Gang	A-listers (thanks to promoter Noel Ashman) and Yankees (thanks to hosts David Wells and David Cone) galore.
Mother (432 West 14th Street; 212-366-5680)	D.J.'s Johnny Dynell; Load Rezenhand; Roman Holiday	Drag queens, trannies, and other *personae non gratae* in the newly gentrified meatpacking district.
Vinyl (pictured, top; 6 Hubert Street; 212-439-8124)	D.J.'s Sun Project; Xerox; Chakra	Japanese club kids; teenage ravers; Israelis on the lam from army duty.
Exit (610 West 56th Street; 212-582-8282)	None	The masses—this club holds nearly 5,000 people.
Chaos (223 East Houston Street; 212-475-3200)	Strolling minstrels; go-go dancers; D.J. Stephan	Euro, Euro, Euro!
Frank's Lounge (660 Fulton Street, at South Elliott Street, Brooklyn; 212-726-1322)	D.J. E-Man	Multi-culti crew of house-music heads.



Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped-Out Party Girls." Thursdays: the very gothic "Long Black Veil." Fridays: the ladies-only "Clit Club." 12/31: "Jackie 60" and "Click & Drag" present "Merlin." *432 W. 14th St. (212-366-5680).*

he Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender-straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins peak-ish house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. 12/31: "Roxy 2000," with D.J.'s Alex Lauterstein and James Anderson. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like the upscale house-music party "Groove On!" hosted by Limelight impresario Alan Sanctuary and a brand-new Friday-night party called "Looker," which promises go-go girls and belly dancers. 12/31: Crystal Waters; Sugar Hill Gang; P.M. Dawn; D.J. Greg Poole. *285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (212-941-0900).*

Soundfactory—A curiously inactive presence in the city's club scene, Soundfactory has almost completely fallen off the clubland radar. But this should change with the recently introduced (and

hotographs: top, Evan Kafka/Liaison Agency; bottom, courtesy of Rubenstein Public Relations.

unimaginatively named) "Soundfactory Fridays," which offers big names from the worlds of techno, drum 'n' bass, and house. 12/31: "El Dorado," with D.J. Jonathan Peters. *618 W. 46th St. (212-489-0001).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP. room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Thursdays: "Midnight Turntable Knockers," a hardcore hip-hop party with D.J.'s like Doo Wop, Max Glazer, and S&S. Fridays: The main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays: D.J.s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house for "Speeed Saturdays." Sundays: A soulful-house party called "Sunday Mass," with D.J.'s Merritt and Father Chris. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

The Supper Club—12/31: "New Millennium Celebration," with the Jumpin' Gigolos. *240 W. 47th St. (212-921-1940).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 12/31: Junior Vasquez. 1/1: Sasha & John Digweed. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which, at about seven in the morning, becomes the city's most adventurous party, as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon-party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. 12/31: Tsunami's 24-hour "Millennium Party," with Astral Projection; Avi Algranati; Atmos; S.U.N. Project; Xerox; Chakra; and Deedrah. Free breakfast and chai tea. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday in December the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:00. 12/29: "One World," featuring: Andy McKee, bass; Idris Muhammed, drums; Joe Locke, vibes; and Alex Foster, saxophones. 12/30: Bassist Gary Morgan and the twenty-piece Mother of All Big Bands. 12/31: Millennium Celebration with the Joe Lovano Quartet and Gloria Lynne. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 12/28–1/2: Regina Belle. 12/31: Gato Barbieri Quintet; Regina Belle; Miri Ben-Ari. 1/3: Miri Ben-Ari. 1/4–1/9: Gato Barbieri Quintet. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 12/28: Luis Paroma Quartet. 12/29: Donny McCaslin Quartet. 12/30: The MOB Trio. 1/1: Dave Berkman Quartet. 1/2: Mike Magilligan. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center—Wynton Marsalis"—12/29–12/30 at 8: The New York Philharmonic and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra perform the world premiere of a new work by Marsalis. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (212-721-6500). $22–$82.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 1/7: Ted Nash Quintet. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band, featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 12/31: Cyro Baptista & Beat the Donkey; John Zorn; Marc Ribot. 1/1: Slow Poke. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 12/28–1/2: Dr. Michael White's Original Liberty Jazz Band. 1/3–1/9: Wynton Marsalis Quintet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 12/26–12/30: Michael Winslow; Greer Barnes. 12/28–12/31: Kevin Meaney. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 12/13–12/19: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Greer Barnes; Mitch Fatel; Rick Crom; Godfrey. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri.; Sat. $15 cover for 8 and 12:30 shows, $20 cover for 10:30 show; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 12/31: New Year's celebration with Ted Alexandro; Tom Papa; Orny Adams; Billy Burr; Greg Carey. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel. $5 cover. *85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave. at 20th St., (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restauran with an intimate cabaret space. 12/31: Lisa Asher Scott Coulter; Jeff Waxman; the Bill Wurtzel Trio *450 Park Ave., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swing through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobby Short play two shows nightly (Tuesday–Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St (212-744-1600).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Wednesdays a 8:30: "The Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvised comedy. $10 cover, two-drink minimum. 12/31: Ron Poole; Nancy Witter; David Cohen. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fin menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 12/31 Judy Kreston and David Lahn. *169 Eighth Ave. bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.

$ = cash only.

in concert

Die Fledermaus . . . All Rise . . . "Neujahrskonzert"

Classical Music

New York String Orchestra—Jaime Laredo conducts Corigliano, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, 12/28 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $12–$36.*

All Rise—The New York Philharmonic and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra present the premiere of Wynton Marsalis's *All Rise,* conducted by Kurt Masur, Marsalis, and the Morgan State University Choir, 12/29–12/30 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $22–$82.*

Bargemusic—Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1, 6, and 3, 12/29 at 7:30; $75. Mark Peskanov conducts the complete Brandenburg Concertos, 12/31 at 7:30; $500. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083).*

P.D.Q. Bach—Professor Peter Schickele conducts his annual concert of the "lost" composer, 12/29 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $16–$46.*

Tri-State Millennium Honors Orchestra—Lukas Foss, Jolene Webster, and A. Dean Durst conduct high-school and college musicians in works by Brahms, Fauré, Barber, Beethoven, and others, 12/30 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $16–$68.*

Concert at the Threshold of the Millennium—Organist William Trafka plays Bliss, Bach, Alain, Copland, and others on his 12,442-pipe organ, 12/31 at 11 P.M. *St. Bartholomew's Church, 109 E. 50th St. (212-378-0248); free.*

Concert of the Millennium—Kurt Masur conducts Bach's Violin Concerto in E, with violinist Anne-Sophie Mutter, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, with soprano Sylvia McNair, 12/31 at 7:30. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $75–$350.*

Salute to Vienna—In a re-creation of the Viennese "Neujahrskonzert," Ola Rudner conducts the Strauss Symphony of America, with soprano Eva Bàtori, baritone Jeffrey Dowd, and waltzing dancers from the Vienna State Opera Ballet, 1/1 at 2:30. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $55–$120.*

Bradshaw, Buono & Friends—Works by R. Strauss, Debussy, Hoover, Ravel, and Rossini, with narrators Bradshaw and Buono, flutist Beatrice Petrocci, and pianist Laura Petrocci, 1/2 at 3. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $15–$20.*

Previews

2000: A Multi-Culti Odyssey

Curled up, in black T-shirt and loose blue jeans, on the floor of a rehearsal studio at City Center, David Parsons exudes a strange calm. "I have the flu," says the 40-year old choreographer (pictured, front and center). "It's a pain in the ass." More troublingly, he has only three weeks left to prepare nearly 100 dancers for the 24-hour millennium celebration in Times Square on New Year's Eve. (No pressure: An 18-camera satellite feed will be telecasting the event to an anticipated global audience of 1 billion.) Led by producers Geoff Puckett and Peter Kohlmann, the extravaganza will include 160 oversize puppets designed by Michael Curry (of *The Lion King* fame), seven huge video screens, and more than four tons of confetti. Starting just after 6 A.M. on December 31, the celebration will follow the dawn of the Y2K around the world, hour by hour. As New Year's hits Japan and Korea at 10 A.M. E.S.T., *taiko* drummers and 100 dancers spinning under *yogi bushi* umbrellas will take the stage; at 11 A.M., a 60-foot dragon, dancing flames, and giant box kites will mark the arrival of the New Year in China. The catch is, there's no real rehearsal in Times Square. "The pressures are cool," Parsons says, screwing up his face happily. "Call me crazy." His comfort with the vagaries of live performance has helped him pack theaters everywhere from Sydney to City Center with his exuberant dances. In fact, Parsons sees the New Year's gig as something of a break. ("I've been touring for 22 years," he says.) It's also a rest for his troupe, which spent 35 weeks traipsing around the world last year. For Times Square 2000, the choreographer has supplemented his company with 50 volunteers. "It's a hell of a job: 24 hours of work, and we give them like five hours of sleep and a $100 honorarium. But I think it's gonna be an experience they never forget," he says, rising to his feet for one last run-through of the opening number. Before him, 28 "Time Beings" wearing jeweled gold-and-silver masks claw their way around the perimeter of six slowly undulating eighteen-foot fiery sun fans. The fans are scheduled to appear only at the beginning and end of the show. "But you never know," Parsons says. "Once we get going, we'll be like, 'Hey! Get those fans out there!' That's the great thing about live performance. It can surprise you." (See "Dance.") **ERIKA KINETZ**

Opera

Amato Opera—*Die Fledermaus,* 12/31 at 7 and 12/2 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $25.*

Metropolitan Opera—*Tosca,* 12/28 and 1/1 at 8; *The Great Gatsby,* 12/29 at 8 and 1/1 at 1:30; *Rigoletto,* 12/30 and 1/3 at 8; *Die Fledermaus, Act II,* 12/31 at 7. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$250.*

Dance

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—Dances by Ronald K. Brown and Judith Jamison, and, of course, Ailey's *Revelations,* 12/28, 12/30, 1/1 at 8; 12/29 at 2; 12/2 at 3 and 7:30. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $25–$60.*

New York City Ballet—George Balanchine's *The Nutcracker,* 12/28 and 12/30 at 6, 12/29 at 2 and 6, and 1/2 at 1 and 5. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); $15–$82.*

NoTCRACKER—Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech does the classic with revisionist virtuosity, 12/28–2/30 at 6, 1/2 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

Times Square 2000—David Parsons choreographs creative director Geoff Puckett's 24-hour, multimedia "Global Celebration at the Crossroads of the World," from 6:30 A.M 12/31 until 6:30 A.M. 1/1. *Times Square; free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Matthias Clamer.

the mix

Wynton Marsalis...Interiors of Wall Street...Kwanzaa

John Leonard's TV Notes

Millennium 2000 (12/31, 4:40 A.M., to 1/1, 6:05 A.M.; Channel 13) will report "live" on midnight in 58 countries, with jazz from New Orleans, pilgrims in Bethlehem, Bedouins in Petra, ballet in Sydney, a Maori warrior dance on a holy New Zealand mountaintop, love songs at the Taj Mahal, sunrise at Machu Picchu, Nelson Mandela on Robben Prison Island, skydiving, canoe paddling, fireworks, hot-air balloons, and an official anthem (Bob Marley's "One Love"); with such entertainers as Ray Charles, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, and the Broadway cast of *Fosse* ("Bye, Bye, Blackbird"). Brought to us by heavyweight PBS producers Zvi Dor-Ner, Austin Hoyt, and Bruce Mundt, with *NewsHour* senior correspondent Gwen Ifill as the anchor clocking most of the prime time.

Dick Van Dyke: Put on a Happy Face (1/2; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E) *Biography* follows the saddest of clowns from *Mary Poppins* to *Diagnosis Murder,* through alcoholism and divorce, with interviews of his brother, his children, Mary Tyler Moore, Tim Conway, Chita Rivera, Bud Yorkin, Marge Champion, Sheldon Leonard, Janet Leigh, etc. As absorbing as it is chastening, with jokey snippets along the way that seem to explode like grenades.

Bud Greenspan's Kings of the Ring (1/3; 10:05 P.M. to 12 A.M.; Showtime) features marvelously edited archival footage, shrewd interviews, and acute commentary (by the likes of *New Yorker* editor David Remnick and novelist Joyce Carol Oates) on the symbolic and sociopolitical meanings of the fraught careers of four heavyweight champions—Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, and Muhammad Ali. The sort of thing at which Olympics documentarian Greenspan is unexcelled.

Radio Highlights

Time Warner Presents: The New York Philharmonic Live!—12/30 at 8 P.M.: Music director Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic will be joined by the Morgan State University Choir and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra with Wynton Marsalis on trumpet to present the world premiere of *All Rise,* Marsalis's latest commission from the Philharmonic. Hosted by Gregg Whiteside and Kerry Frumkin. Interviews with Marsalis and Masur will be broadcast during the concert's intermission. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

James Patterson—1/2 at 8 P.M.: The author of *Pop Goes the Weasel* talks with host Lewis Burke Frumkes. WPAT, 9:30 A.M.

The Written Word

"26th Annual New Year's Reading of Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans*"—12/30 at 12 P.M.: A 50-hour nonstop (!) reading, the final event in this 26-year series will feature more than 100 readers. Paula Cooper Gallery, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105); free.

"New Year's Day 2000 Marathon Reading"—1/1 at 2 P.M.: Roughly 130 poets and musicians performing and reading poetry. Participants in years past have included Yoko Ono, William S. Burroughs, John Cage, Allen Ginsberg, and Spalding Gray.

Happening
Cowboy Mouths

In 1971, Patti Smith (pictured) gave her first reading at the Poetry Project. A regular ever since, she'll be back at St. Mark's Church—along with over a hundred other artists and fellow rock poets including Richard Hell, Maggie Estep, and Jim Carroll—to spend the first day of the new millennium at the Annual New Year's Day Marathon Reading from 2 P.M. till as late as you can stay up; see "The Written Word" for details.

This year, Patti Smith and Richard Hell are among the performers, and you never know who else might show up. Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-0910); $15.

Tours

"Money Matters: The Interiors of Wall Street"—12/28 at 12:30 P.M.: Visit masterworks like the Custom House rotunda, the Cunard building, and 1 Wall Street. Meet at the steps of the U.S. Custom House, 1 Bowling Green (212-935-3960); $10.

"Grand Central Terminal"—12/29 at 12:30 P.M.: Learn about the design and features of our city's public masterpiece and how it has changed over the years, particularly during the major renovation it underwent in 1998. Meet at the information booth in the main concourse of the terminal (212-935-3960); free, although donations are welcome.

"New Year's Eve Jaunt"—12/31 at 2 P.M., 4 P.M., 6 P.M., 8 P.M., and 10 P.M.: Five walking tours of Chinatown, with stops at a Buddhist temple; Chinese bakeries; herbal shops; food emporiums; and the oldest row house in New York City, the Edward Mooney House, built in 1789. Each tour concludes with an optional Chinese dinner. Call Adventure on a Shoestring at 212-265-2663 for meeting places and reservations; $5 plus $10 for dinner.

"Rockefeller Center"—12/31 at 11 A.M.: Explore the past and future of this monument to thirties Art Deco, including its architecture, planning, and personalities. Meet at the Municipal Art Society's Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-935-3960); $10.

Afternoon Tea and Home Furnishings—Saturdays at 11 A.M.: Sample teas, scones, and sandwiches from around the tea-drinking world, and then tour the antique home furnishings of the city. For reservations and meeting location, call 732-636-4650.

The Mystical World of Hasidim—Sundays at 9:30 A.M. A round-trip bus and walking tour during which you'll experience a Hasidic synagogue, the writing of a Torah scroll, a library, and a kosher-deli lunch Meet at the New York Public Library, 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (800-838-TOUR); $36.

Foods of New York—A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo Call 732-636-4650 for dates and additional information; $20.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays at 3:45 P.M and Saturdays at 10 A.M.: A unique behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Include

Photograph by Greg Fuchs

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ **AWAY**

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							DAL FOX 4 P.M.
JETS	MIA ABC 9 P.M.						▨ SEA CBS 1 P.M.
ISLANDERS	▨ BOS FSNY 7:30 P.M.		▨ TOR FSNY 7:30 P.M.	PIT METRO 7:30 P.M.			▨ PHI TBD 1 P.M.
RANGERS		PHO MSG 10 P.M.	DAL MSG 8:30 P.M.				MON TBD 7:30 P.M.
DEVILS	▨ BUF MSG 7:30 P.M.		▨ BOS METRO 7:30 P.M.			BOS TBD 7 P.M.	
KNICKS		NJ FSNY 7:30 P.M.		WAS MSG 7 P.M.			
NETS		▨ NY FSNY 7:30 P.M.		▨ ORL FSNY 7:30 P.M.			
	12/27	12/28	12/29	12/30	12/31	1/1	1/2

costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 212-769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Celebrities of New York—Saturdays and Sundays at 10:30 A.M. on the West Side and 2 P.M. on the East Side: Discover the homes of the stars and the countless cinematic sites of the city. Call 212-683-4133 for more information and meeting places; $15.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Friday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 212-872-4790 for further information; $25

Events

Kwanzaa Celebration in Central Park—12/28 at 2 P.M.: Celebrate the African-American holiday of reflection and renewal with the Central Park Conservancy's program of performances, storytelling, art, music, and workshops. The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, 110th St. nr. Fifth Ave. (212-860-1370); free.

Exhibitions

"The Wreath: Millennial Interpretations"—Through 1/13: New takes on the classic holiday symbol from artists and botanists. Central Park's Arsenal Gallery, Fifth Ave. at 46th St. (212-360-8163); free.

"A Ha! Christmas"—Through 1/29: An exhibition of Christmas books and ephemera from the collection of Jock Elliott, featuring the first account of the Nativity printed in English, and the first printing of Milton's "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (212-838-6690); free.

"Andy's Funhouse: The Andy Kaufman Special"—Through 1/30: If you think your study of Andy Kaufman will be complete if you merely watch Jim Carrey acting out the comic's life, think again. The Museum of Television & Radio offers you the special he filmed in 1979 plus his debut on *Saturday Night Live* and appearances on *Fridays* and *Late Night With David Letterman*. 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $6.

"American Families: Beyond the White Picket Fence"—Through 2/1: Photographs of lesbian moms, interracial and teenage families, stepparents, single parents, and anyone else trying to construct something a little more turn-of-the-millennium than the old *Ozzie and Harriet* model. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $10.

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—Through 2/27: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation $5.

"NYC Century"—Through 7/9: One hundred objects reflecting a range of perspectives on the twentieth-century New York City experience. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-6272); $5.

Online

New York on the Web—Even more "Best Bets" are now online! Not only can you check out Corky Pollan's weekly column on the newly relaunched www.newyorkmag.com, you can link to a new "Best Bets Online" feature as well. Also featured are *New York*'s "Sales & Bargains" and "Smart City" columns. Plus, access to our extensive archive of back issues has been made even easier. Just click on our Table of Contents icon on the home page and browse through past issues, or read selected articles from our current issue. Our "Surf Report" reviews Websites for your viewing pleasure; this week, a site for history buffs. Participate in our daily poll and trivia contest, and plan your weekend getaways with the help of our "52 Weekends."

Sports

Millennium Midnight Run—What are your plans for New Year's? How about kicking off 2000 with fireworks, champagne, music, and a 5K race through Central Park with the New York Road Runners Club? There will be a masquerade parade at Tavern on the Green (West Drive at 67th Street), with a lineup starting at 10:45 P.M. and cash prizes for the most creative designs. Later, try your luck in the Continental Airlines ticket-giveaway raffle at 11:45 P.M., and then get ready for the race, which starts at midnight at Tavern, with cash awards going to the top male and female finishers. The entry fee is $30 for nonmembers before the event. Register online at www.nyrrc.org., or call 212-860-4455 for more information.

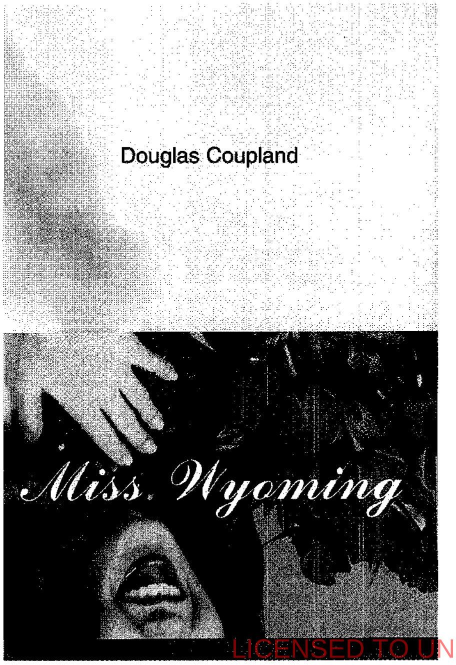
Moonlight Ride—Join the Time's Up! team on 12/31 for this monthly cycling outing around the city. The ride is free and meets at 10 P.M. at Colum-

In Print

L.A. X

"Every year I keep identifying more and more with Oscar the Grouch and the whole galaxy of grouchy characters?" says Douglas Coupland in his pleasing brand of Canadian upspeak. "Like it's becoming more frequent that I want to yell *Go away!* at the top of my lungs." His latest novel, *Miss Wyoming*, stars John Johnson, once a big-shot producer, and Susan Colgate, once a sitcom star, who meet long after they've both dropped out of L.A., sickened by their unfamiliarity with the people they've become and the people who surround them. While Coupland is himself famous (no Coupland = no Generation X), his life in a Japanese-style house in the woods bears little resemblance to the lives of his invented celebrities. "I know people who are famous famous, and they can't even go buy gum. That kind of thing doesn't even touch me because I live in Vancouver," he explains. Coupland has, of course, had dealings with Hollywood at the various points in his career when his work was optioned. "Most of the time it goes nowhere; you're just in a room with these extreme people who are either weird and fascinating or scary and, like, profoundly used up. Then you get to leave, but they have to stay there together. I'd rather live in a nuclear power plant than in Hollywood." But Coupland says he genuinely likes the characters in this novel, despite their citizenship. "I accept them?" he says. "When you get to be around 33 or something, you stop wanting your friends to be something they're not. So you realize: Jenny is great, just keep her away from your fridge and don't lend her any money. It's the same with L.A. These people are fun to have a meeting with. Just don't let them borrow your soul." Coupland will be reading at Barnes & Noble Chelsea on January 11.

ARIEL LEVY



Love Needs No Pedigree

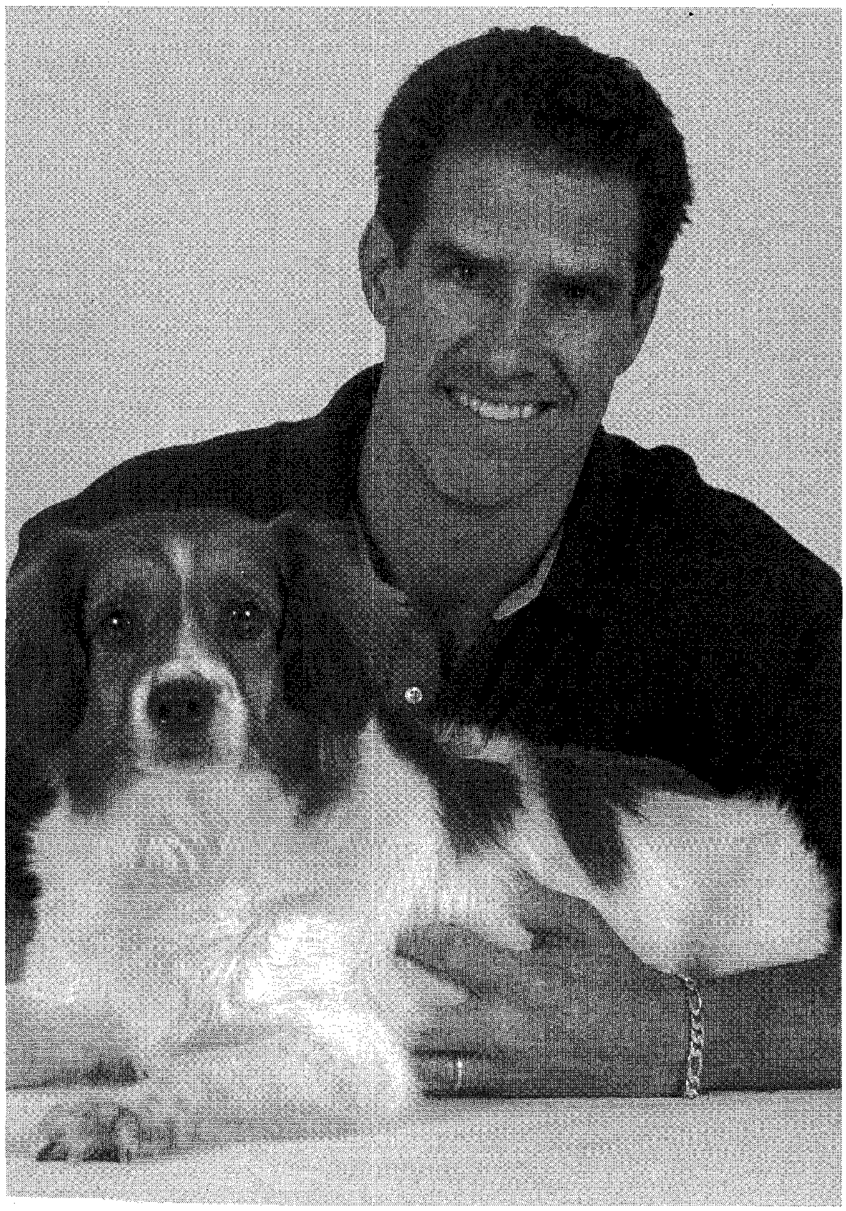


Photo by Mary Bloom
New York Yankees star Paul O'Neill with 6 year old Sassie.

In a League of their own!

Adopt a mixed breed pet at North Shore Animal League or your local animal shelter.

North Shore Animal League

Dept. MS; Lewyt Street • Port Washington, NY 11050
(516) 883-7900 Ext. 254 • Or visit our website at www.nsal.org

The Tube ***The Bumblebee Flies Anyway*** **(January 1 at 8 P.M. on Starz!) features remarkable performances by Elijah Wood, Janeane Garofalo, and Rachael Leigh Cook in a sort of medical-science fable adapted from the book by Robert Cormier. But it asks us to believe that cancer can be cured by amnesia; that, through drugs, hypnosis, and other identity-obliterating therapies, we might forget that we are fatally sick and escape the hospice like a bumblebee who simply doesn't know that it's aerodynamically impossible for him to fly. Objectionable concept, lovely execution.**

bus Circle. For more information, call 212-802
8222 or visit www.times-up.org.

Five Borough Bicycle Club—Ride to Edgewater, Nev
Jersey, and then hit the Hoboken piers as a pre
millennium warm-up on Friday, 12/31. Th
twenty-mile trip is across mainly flat terrain, an
meets at 10 A.M. at the Plaza Hotel (Central Par
South and 59th Street). You'll be back in the cit
by 4 P.M. with plenty of time left to see the ba
drop. On Sunday, 2/00, it's a 25-mile Frostbit
Ride to the New York Botanical Gardens in th
Bronx. Meets at 10:30 A.M. at the Plaza Hote
and finishes at 4:30 P.M. Bring a lock and mone
for lunch and/or admission for both trips. Fo
additional information on these and other fre
rides, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, c
visit www. 5bbc.org.

Deep Water Running—Get in amazing shape by run
ning in a pool during these 45-minute classe
offered by the Road Runners Club and taugh
by coach Doug Stern. Sessions begin wit
stretching and strengthening exercises and con
tinue with an aerobic workout that simulate
road-running training. Classes meet for seve
weeks on Thursdays at 6:10 and 6:55 P.M., start
ing 1/7. Groups meet at the Columbia Gramma
School (5 West 93rd Street), and there is a $9
nonmember fee. For more information, ca
212-222-0720.

Photograph courtesy of Shooting Galle

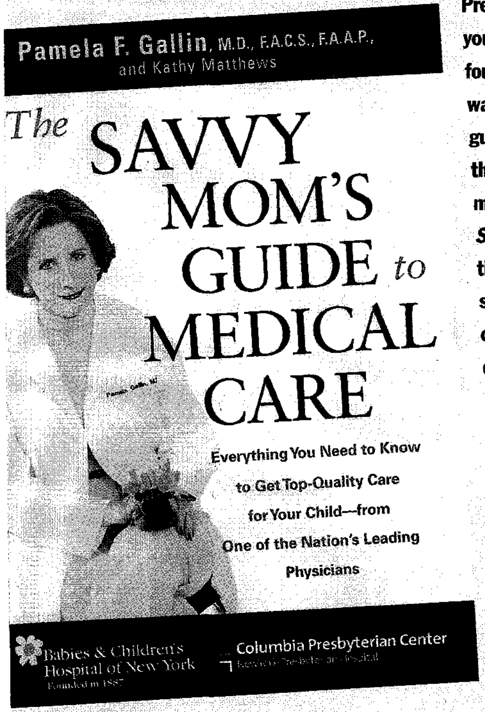
kids

Oz...Trains...Operetta

In Print
Doctor Mom

It's 3 A.M., the baby's running a fever, and your mom's away on a cruise. Is it important enough to call the doctor *again*? What's a new mother to do? "The bottom line, *always*," says Dr. Pamela F. Gallin, director of pediatric ophthalmology at the Babies and Children's Hospital of Columbia Presbyterian, "is, if you're really concerned about your child, call your pediatrician." As a mother of four and get-it-done-yesterday New Yorker, Gallin was doubly inspired to create a step-by-step guide to help parents find the best services for their kids. What was originally intended as a manual for hospital patients evolved into *The Savvy Mom's Guide to Medical Care* (St. Martin's Press, $24.95). Organized into problem-solving chapters such as "Choosing a Pediatrician," the 259-page book instructs parents—dads, too, though moms tend to be the information-gatherers—on how to prepare for problems before they become crises. The goal was not to compete with Dr. Spock, Gallin and co-author Kathy Matthews explain, but to offer a no-nonsense guide to negotiating the health-care maze—especially in this city, where knowing which hospitals have pediatric ERs, for example, can mean the difference between a humane experience during a medical emergency and a nightmare. "Parents should consider aggressively interviewing pediatricians for style and fit before the baby is even born," Gallin advises. "Not planning ahead is the biggest mistake a parent can make. New York is medical nirvana, but it can be difficult to navigate the system because there are so many choices and *everyone* is so opinionated." Particularly appropriate for New York, then, is Chapter 5: "Help! I Think We Need a Second Opinion."

TARA MANDY


Pamela F. Gallin, M.D., F.A.C.S., F.A.A.P.,
and Kathy Matthews
The SAVVY MOM'S GUIDE to MEDICAL CARE
Everything You Need to Know to Get Top-Quality Care for Your Child—from One of the Nation's Leading Physicians
Babies & Children's Hospital of New York
Founded in 1887
Columbia Presbyterian Center

Children's Events

Bravo!—"Bring Your Grandparents Day" marks the season opening of **GILBERT & SULLIVAN PLAYERS'** operetta *The Pirates of Penzance.* One hour before the show, the director-conductor gives an introduction to the performance, followed by a backstage tour with cast members. Children can also take home a *Pirates* coloring book. 12/29 at 3 P.M. Symphony Space, 95th St. at Broadway (212-864-5400). Performances continue through 1/23. Tickets are $46, $41, and $31. The **AMATO OPERA** presents an abbreviated version of Mozart's *The Magic Flute*—a fully costumed and staged production with descriptive narration to help kids follow the story. 12/30 at 11:30 A.M. 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. (212-228-8200). $15. ●

Pulling Strings—Marionettes perform *The Snow Queen* and *The Steadfast Tin-Soldier* at **THE PUPPETWORKS**. Weekends at 12:30 and 2:30 P.M., 1/2–4/16. 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St., Brooklyn (718-965-3391). $5 children, $7 adults.

Making Tracks—Paul Deifel, designer of the "Trains Through Time" display at the **BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN**, answers questions about model-train design and history, Saturday afternoons through 1/2. 900 Washington Ave., bet. Montgomery and Crown Aves, Brooklyn (718-623-7200). The **NEW YORK BOTANIC GARDEN**'s "Holiday Train Show"—fashioned, except for the model train and tracks, entirely of natural materials—adds six new Hudson Valley mansions this year. Puppets portraying old-fashioned steam engines stage *The Little Engine That Could* weekends through 1/9. 200th St. at Kazimiroff Blvd., the Bronx (718-817-8700).

Good Vibrations—Kids make music—alongside professional string and percussion performers—and learn the physics behind it by playing with rubber bands, paper clips, and plastic tubes. 12/29 at 2:30 P.M. **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE**, 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows (718-699-0005). For children 6 and older; $7.

Let It Glow—Con Edison lights up the **BRONX ZOO** with "Holiday Lights"—over 140 sparkling animal sculptures and eight miles of dazzling tree lights; through 1/2. Sunday through Thursday from 5:30 to 9 P.M., Friday and Saturday from 5:30 to 9:30 P.M. 185th St. and Southern Blvd., the Bronx (718-367-1010). $6 adults, $3 children. ●

Little Big Top—**BIG APPLE CIRCUS**'s "Bello & Friends" mixes the clown's acrobatic hilarity with flying-trapeze, hand-balancing, and elephant acts. The whole audience sits within 50 feet of the ring. Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center Plaza, 62nd St. bet. Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. Performances through 1/9. Tickets are $18–$50 on weeknights, $28–$60 on weekends, and can be purchased by calling 212-307-4100. For further information, call 800-922-3772.

School's Out—There's plenty to keep kids busy during their week off from school. The **92ND STREET Y** hosts "Y2K Millennium Mini Camp," which includes trips to Madison Square Garden, Chelsea Piers, and the Sony IMAX theater. Kids can also participate in magic, pizza-making, and circus-arts workshops. 12/27–12/31 from 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (212-415-5600). For children ages 5 through 9; $70 per day. At the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART**, children can explore the galleries, listen to stories, and create their own masterpieces during any one of six programs: 12/29–12/31 from 10 A.M. to noon or from 2 to 4 P.M. 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000). Preregistration required. Ages 6 through 12; free. ●●

Over the Rainbow—Introduce your munchkins to the magical world of Oz: Saturday afternoons in January, **THE SCREENING ROOM** presents *The Wizard of Oz.* Showtime is at 1:30. Tickets are $6 for children under 12, and $9 for adults (or $6 for adults if you have brunch). Brunch is available before the show; the kids' menu includes triangle-shaped noodles and French-toast fingers. 54 Varick St., near Canal St. (212-334-2100).

Wings and Things—Children can create bug hats—including beady eyes and bouncy antennae—on 1/2, 1/8, and 1/9, from 1 to 4 P.M. at the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**. Or, if bugs are too creepy, they can give aviation a try by learning how to make paper airplanes. 1/4 from 1 to 4 P.M. 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-272-2060). The "Bug Hats" workshop is $2 plus admission; "Fly Up" is free with admission. ●

Miracle on 34th—Stroll through "Tasty Town" and over the "Rainbow Bridge" before visiting with St. Nick himself at **MACY'S SANTALAND**, a 13,000-square-foot holiday wonderland on Macy's eighth floor. One floor up is Macy's Puppet Theater, presenting *Festy's Holiday Timennium*—the 23-minute tale of a mouse who lives in the clock above the entrance to Macy's Herald Square, through 1/2. For performance schedule, call 212-494-1917. $2.50 for the Puppet Theater; Santaland is free. ●

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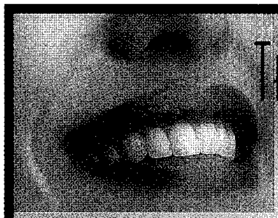

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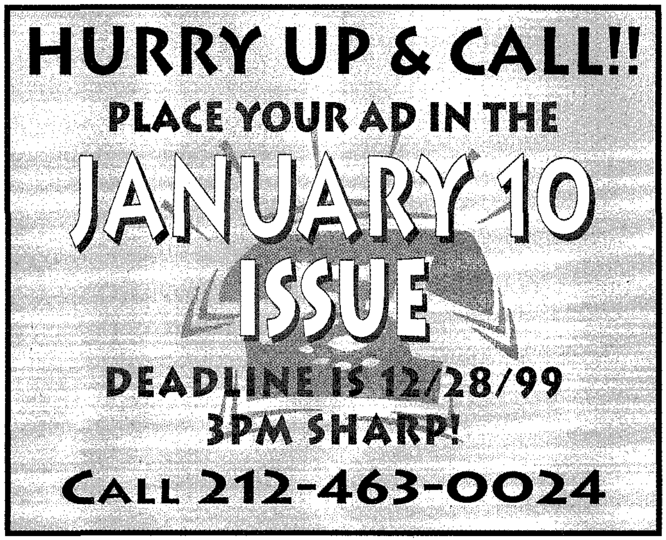

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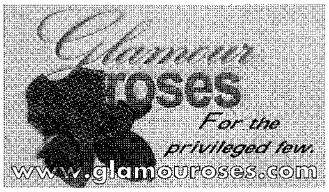

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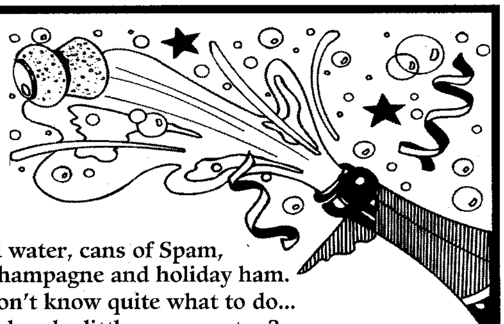

Bottled water, cans of Spam,
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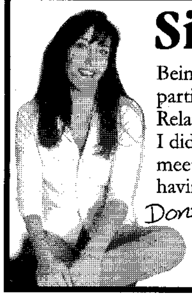

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Stop Looking - Here I Am—Jewish doctor, handsome, athletic, easygoing but selective, 37, 5'9", seeking soul mate. Are you naturally beautiful inside and out, with an air of self-confidence/independence and a love for family and friends? Do you look drop-dead in a worn-out pair of jeans and hiking boots in the day, and stunning in your evening gown to rock-and-roll in? Slim, athletic nonsmoker, 23-33, with a passion for life, creativity, spontaneity, lounging out on the sofa and plenty of time to explore the wonderful world out there. Take a chance! Note/photo. 2855✉

Handsome, Blue-Eyed Professional—Christian, 30s, 6'4", funny; enjoys cooking, art, dancing, conversation and travel. Seeks professional female. 2649 ✉ ☎

Fabulous Love Life—Will reveal secret to man seeking long-term relationship, who shares my desire for intimacy, commitment and laughter. Award-winning 48-year-old female creative director, with own ad business, 5'9", slender and shapely, looking for a man who, like me, is unafraid of intelligence and achievement, therapists, fitness, philanthropy and the Jets, etc., for a lifetime of passion. You should look more like Harrison Ford than Drew Carey. Photo/note. 2851 ✉

St. Barts Getaway!—Green-eyed, sporty, fit, slender, extremely pretty, PhD level. Seeks athletic, adventurous, highly successful, highly educated, warm, sensitive, affectionate male (39-50) for travel, romance and serious relationship. 2726✉☎

Great Guy Seeks Incredible Woman—Very successful, Ivy-educated physician, fun, hip, extremely athletic, energetic, passionate, quick-witted, attractive (6'), n great shape, white male, 30s, seeks single female, 22-36, for possible long-erm romance. Loves world traveling, great food, sports, music and art. Will take you from black ties to exotic islands. Must end returnable photograph. 2751 ✉☎

Don't Settle—Very successful, handsome, 42, 5'11", 175, green eyes, athletic, accomplished man. I pride myself on my sharp wit and keen perspective on life. You are: 25-35, model slim, know what you want and won't settle. You are a ut above and not afraid to admit it. You have uncompromising values, grace and lass. My interests include music (jazz), owntown, MOMA, Knicks, fashion and ining. Photo, please. 2728 ✉☎

Thoughtful, Kindhearted CEO—Attenve, boyish looks, upbeat, loves laughter, tness, fun, 5'10", muscular, mid 40s. eeks warm lady under 38 for incredible fe. Phone/photo necessary. 2874 ✉☎

Slim, Sizzling Female—Seeks sexy, widowed maverick male, 65 up, sophisticated, style, looks. Slippers wait. 2735 ✉☎

Unique Single Male, 30—Handsome, 5'7", very successful, with great sense of humor, seeking single female with European model looks, who is genuinely nice, bilingual a plus, comfortable at the Four Seasons or playing Playstation at home. I am down-to-earth, collector of contemporary art, love animals, and like jazz to techno music. Luck (and lots of hard work) has handed me the finest things in life, but inside, I definitely prefer taking walks and laughing in the city or country with you. I have never been married, have no hangups or baggage, and would love to become friends first and see what happens from there. If you are visually stunning, one of a kind, and would rather sneak out of a stuffy party that we're at and play pool - you're the woman for me. Recent photo/note, please. 2693 ✉☎

Handsome International Businessman—Seeking very pretty, sexy, thin, fit, stylish young lady, 22-32, college-educated... Long walks on the beach, candlelight dinners, travel and great times. Photo/phone. 2628 ✉☎

Tall, Attractive 50ish Redhead—With long legs, a warm heart and lots of personality and style; many interests from the theater to tennis, the city to the country. Looking for down-to-earth, smart, successful guy who's missing only that one special woman. Please send note/photo/phone. 2703 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Slender, Sweet—33, 5'6", green-eyed, shoulder-length brunette. Soft-spoken, Ivy-educated Manhattan resident with a warm smile and an easy laugh. You: a never-married Jewish male, 5'10" plus, 30s. sweetsjf@aol.com 2739✉☎

Rare Opportunity—This beautiful, intelligent, voluptuous blond, late 30s, business owner, is now available. Is looking to meet special man. He is intelligent, sincere, good-looking, witty, elegant, CEO or equivalent level man, 40s-late 50s. He recognizes a precious jewel when he sees one. Photo a must. charmedindeed@aol.com 2849 ✉

Sparks Will Fly—Striking, sexy, sophisticated Jewish female, rock 'n' roll enthusiast, avid film and theater-goer, seeking 35-50-year-old, handsome, successful Jewish male professional, 5'9"-6'1", for friendship, romance and lasting relationship. Manhattan and surrounding suburbs preferred. Photo a must. Note/phone. 2731 ✉☎

If You Desire My Company—Let us meet and savor the times yet to be. Single white professional male, 30s, attorney, charming, cultured and affectionate, seeks pretty, petite, single white professional female, 20s, honest, warm, great sense of humor, for a committed, long-term relationship. Note/phone/photo. 2620 ✉☎

Gay, Super-Successful—Good-looking, 60, in-shape, wishes to meet 40s, sophisticated, well-educated man, prefer European, to share special life style. Photo/letter. Serious replies only. 2862✉

Take Me To The Party—Pretty, slim, bright, warm, fun-loving romantic who loves tennis, golf, bridge, the arts, seeks an escort, 60-70, to friend's millennium party ...hopefully much, much more. 2873✉☎

Jet-Set Lover Of The Good Life—Seeks like-minded, white female companion, 18-35, for pampering, travel, intellectual stimulation, etc. Send photo and note to: 2854 ✉

Handsome And Cerebral Physician—46, Jewish, 6 feet tall, athletic, literate, altruistic, seeks compatible, marriage-minded woman for laughter, sharing and beyond. Interests include reading and discussing books, travel, museums, opera, tennis, hiking and anything Italian. A thousand words is better than a picture; your choice. 2678 ✉☎

Discover This 6'2", Witty—Divorced, handsome, 40ish Jewish male who loves music, tennis... Seeks enchantingly funny, fit, attractive woman. Note/photo. 2741 ✉

Progressive Female Researcher—Passionate about theater, art, ideas, politics, live music, books, learning. 40-60. susanra2@webtv.net 2867 ✉ ☎

Dynamic Surgeon/Inventor—A communicative, handsome, generous, gentle Renaissance man, 5'10", muscular build, mid 40s - passion for health/fitness, the arts, travel, laughter. Seeks vivacious, bright, sweet woman under 38 for the real thing. Phone/photo a must. 2762 ✉☎

Handsome Black Male Sought—Over 48, by pretty blond Westchesterite. Please be fit, financially secure, smart and sexy. Photo, please. 2864 ✉

CEO, Green-Eyed GQ Type—Seeks marriage and family. I am mid 40s (look 30s), dark hair, 6' and fit. I'm kind, warm, witty, world-traveled and ready to become a "we". You are beautiful, 28-38, model-slim, 5'3" plus, strong-willed and a cut above. Photo for reply - will exchange. 2643 ✉ ☎

Good Guy Lives Here—White Christian male, 36, handsome and athletic, would like response from white Christian female, 25-35. We'll have a nice date. If chemistry exists, more will follow. Please send a note and photo. 2633 ✉☎

Fun, Upbeat, Semi-Sane—Nice guy, easy to talk to, intelligent, considerate, 50, tall, rugged-looking, passionate. Loves travel, city, books, cinema and good times. Looking for woman with similar interests. 2853 ✉

Pretty, Charming Teacher—50, Jewish (nonreligious), enjoys finer and fun things in life. Seeks considerate, sensitive professional man, 50-55, 5'8"-6', for love and marriage. 2730 ✉☎

Long-Stemmed Beauty—With few thorns - tall, slim, very pretty, 39, Jewish. Interests include sports, travel, stocks and music. Seeks tall, successful, athletic and fit male. Photo/note, please. 2732 ✉☎

Y2K/Lifelong Romance—Handsome, sensitive Jewish male, Ivy MBA, financially secure, 6', 195, brown hair/eyes, looking for sexy best friend - pretty, curvy, 28-35, to share long soulful talks, warm nights, marriage and family. Note/photo. 2767✉☎

Great Catch Seeks Fabulous Woman—Me: tall, handsome (really), very successful, Jewish, 50 and easygoing. You: pretty, curvaceous, 30-45, with a positive attitude. Photo, please. 2720 ✉☎

One-Of-A-Kind—Attractive, single white female, Italian, genuine, caring, honest, petite, 5'1", long blond hair and great legs, seeks nonsmoker - handsome, romantic, fun-loving professional man, 38-48, to enjoy all life has to offer now and forever. Photo, please. 2865 ✉

Beautiful, Warmhearted Jewish Lady—5'6", slim, with spunk, smarts, charm, vibrant laugh, great legs, and confidence in all social situations. Seeking funny, fit, sweet, affectionate, communicative, high-powered, super-successful Jewish man, CEO or entrepreneur, 40-55, who won't be intimidated by me. 2715 ✉☎

Life's Too Short—It's time now to live life to the fullest and say "Hi Honey, I'm home," to my tall, rugged Mr. Wonderful. I'm 35, happy, outgoing Jewish/Italian (unimportant), successful real estate/tech mogul who seeks her best friend: well-bred and more, 35-46, who knows inside counts just as well as my long hair, sexy body. Digs beach home, city, exercise, playing sports, music, boats, cars, everything from dining and travel to hugs, and hanging out as Mr. Jeans and Fix-it to the black-tie successful dude. Photo/note. 2845✉☎

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PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA ON CALL, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 782-8050

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310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

My Mother Says—I'm beautiful, refined, smart and funny - and she knows everything. Very young-looking 36, Ivy Jewish female seeks tall, intelligent, refined Jewish male with a great sense of humor, who values loyalty, stability and high personal standards. Note/photo. 2824 ✉☎

Bewitching Green Eyes—Long brown hair, attractive, petite, 37-year-old, single Jewish female, MD, seeks tall, handsome, athletic, professional Jewish mensch to sweep her off her feet. 2717 ✉

Tall, Handsome Mensch—Art director, 49, seeks tall Jewish lady soul mate, 40-50, for life's celebration. Photo. 2661 ✉☎

Very Pretty Brunette—35, seeks handsome, educated, physically fit male. Note/photo. 2803 ✉ ☎

I Still Believe—In the magic of two hearts coming together to share love and life. Jewish male, 43, CEO of marketing company, wants to share laughter, boats, art, music, with a special lady. 2793 ✉☎

Upbeat, Well-Rounded, Inquisitive—Female, 40, 5'5", slim, pretty, outdoorsy, well-traveled, seeks good-hearted, stable, cerebral man for life partner. 2871 ✉

Palm Beach Physician—Jewish male, 42, Sylvester Stallone look-alike, 6', fit, never-married, kind, various interests, above-average in most respects, cerebral, a bit shy, searching for slender, refined, very feminine young lady, any nationality, relocatable. Hope for friendship eventually leading to "happy ever-after" with a wonderful young lady. Photo/note. 2791✉☎

Jersey Shore Widow—Seeks fun-loving man, 60s, for serious relationship. 2787✉☎

Dana Delany Look-Alike—Upbeat, bright, professional Jewish woman, late 30s, with a passion for life, looking to share romantic dinners (dining out or in - I'll cook), traveling, the arts, literature and basketball (but I'm still mourning Jordan's retirement). Seek successful, supportive, kind Jewish man over 35 for love...and more? Note/photo. 2709 ✉☎

Good Guy—Jewish male, 38, seeks a real sweetheart who's attractive and down-to-earth, for a possible lasting relationship. Photo and note appreciated. 2790 ✉☎

Lovely, Warm, Slim, Pretty—Jewish professional, 46, wishes to share love of music, arts, travel, quiet evenings, more, with caring, cultured, successful man, 46-55. Photo appreciated. 2658 ✉

Ready For Love—Divorced, Jewish professional male, 60, medium build, romantic, seeks an intelligent and affectionate female. Note/photo. 2681 ✉☎

Jewish Female, MD—31, seeks Jewish male, 30-36. I am petite, fit, energetic, sexy and sincere. You are successful, athletic, confident, down-to-earth, fun and passionate. 2623 ✉☎

Absolutely Peaking Male—(40ish), handsome, successful, funny, working in the TV industry, writes screenplays for the soul - looking for an attractive, smart woman (28-35) who wants to fall in love. A touch of the dark side a plus. Tragically hip androgynous types need not apply. Photo a must. 2852 ✉

A Beautiful Smile—Very pretty, slim, interesting, divorced Jewish professional female, age 50, 5'4", seeks quality male for love and friendship. 2692 ✉☎

Jewish Ken Seeks—His Barbie to share all that life and NYC has to offer. 2756 ✉☎

Super-Nice Guy—Marriage-minded, seeks a sweet cutie-pie to be best friends and lovers in a loving, long-lasting relationship. I'm easygoing, down-to-earth and fun to be with, extremely loving, affectionate and romantic. Young 40s, 6', 175, athletic body, cute face, caring heart, healthy lifestyle. Loves beach, sports, dining, music, dancing. Photo and sense of humor a must. 2738 ✉☎

Wife Wanted—Tall, attractive, never-married, single white professional, blue-eyed male, 38, hardworking and articulate, seeks best friend forever. 2806 ✉☎

Creative, Down-To-Earth Jewish Male—36, with a good heart and quick wit, looking for a nonsmoking woman with character and a great sense of humor. I love books, music, working out, artistic things and outdoor activities. Let's start the New Year with an excellent adventure. 2809✉☎

SEND

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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

It's About Time—I'm an incredibly sexy, pretty, classy, dynamic, 40-year-old, Jewish blond professional, 5'3", who enjoys laughing, loving, tennis, skiing, travel, friends, family and all the good things life has to offer. Seeking male, 38-49, professional, good-looking, non-smoker, who is passionate, self-confident, spontaneous, with a sense of humor. Photo a must. 2655 ✉☎

Very Attractive—Curious, museum/dance-goer, European traveler, looking for 50-64 male with high energy. 2718✉☎

Don't Be A Chicken—Smart, nice guy, 43, looking for smart, nice woman to enjoy the best that NYC has to offer a discerning diner. Me: 6', 210. You: compatible. Photo/phone will get at least dinner at a fancy restaurant of your choice. If you like chicken, you'll love me. 2808 ✉☎

Mediterranean Good Looks—Tall, slender, brown-eyed blond. Sophisticated, stylish, interested and interesting professional with unassuming simplicity. Extremely nice figure. Good-natured and creative - appreciates good taste and simple pleasures. Culturally inclined (not fanatic). Adores Italy (food, music language, opera in Verona, mosaics a St. Mark's). Loves current events, especially the story behind the story. Seeks articulate, financially stable man, 48-65 with ability to laugh. 2646 ✉☎

Nautical Dad, 45—Has one son, living at the shore. Enjoys NYC, water sports yoga, tennis and film. Seeks creative active and humorous Asian/white female 30-40, for unsinkable relationship, new family and travel. 2875 ✉ ☎

Join Me—Jewish, caring, pretty gal seek hi-quality Jewish man, 48-62, to shar interests and great future. 2780 ✉☎

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Beautiful, Blue-Eyed Blond Widow—5'4", 125, world traveler but homebody, poetic but grounded, conservative yet adventurous. Seeking secure, intelligent man, any age, to share the fun of NY life. Skiing a plus. 2670 ✉☎

Handsome Man—Who is a professional, divorced white man, 5'9", 175 lbs, with interest in dancing, tennis, golf, ocean and having fun. Would like to meet educated, attractive Manhattan woman, 42-48, for fun forever. 2861 ✉ ☎

Irish-Born—50, artist, own business, 6', brown/hazel, slim, dog owner, seeks lady, 35-50, for relationship. 2669 ✉☎

Sweet, Tall, Unconventional—Pretty blond, 40s. Returned to NYC after life in wilderness. Down-to-earth, intelligent, with good heart, quick wit, seeks man who's looking for girl-woman to care for and cherish always. Let's invent new millennium together. 2876 ✉ ☎

I Don't Look Like Paul Newman—But I'm not short, fat and ugly. I don't have Bill Gates' wealth, but I'm not living on Social Security. Despite my modesty, I'm a pretty good lawyer and I like my work. If you are a slender Jewish woman living in Westchester or Manhattan, who was born when FDR was president, I'm eagerly waiting to hear from you. 2753 ✉☎

Why Not?—Wherever the world's heading, we could see it together, laugh some along the way. I'm male, 6'2", slim, young (they say) 52, offbeat but levelheaded writer, heretic, not entangled with earlier life, no kids, nonsmoker, thoughtful, with grace and caring, available for fit, smart, self-aware, tallish woman, 40s - like me, more interested in inner life than outer show. 2626 ✉☎

Romance In 2000—This divorced, Jewish business exec, 60ish, with mature, masculine good looks, 5'10", 195 lbs, is Y2K ready! Is hoping to meet and omance a trim, vibrant, sensual, witty, ovely, youthful, feminine female and gnite the flame! Brooklyn resident preferred. Note/photo/phone. 2765✉☎

Attractive, Voluptuous Lady, 39—Looking for successful, similarly educated (MBA, JD, PhD, MD) white male, 38-45, o share life. Photo/note, please. 2734✉☎

Have A Dream!—Do you? To meet my best friend, the love of my life, a man who oves to play, laugh, live, love, plan, share, with family values, Jewish, tall, good-ooking, successful professional, cultured, ducated, NY savvy, 31-38. Me: 29, very ttractive, sensuous, successful pro-essional, finesse, slim, sincere, eclectic nterests, dynamic personality, family-riented. Let's make our dreams come ue! Bio/photo/phone. 2798 ✉☎

Hip NYC Jap—With values, 37, cooks nd works too! Possesses style, spunk and lass. Pretty, thin, 5'6", Jennifer Aniston win, financially secure with diverse nterests. Seeks hip, Jewish, handsome, fit, right, successful NYC man with a plan, o nurture, laugh and romance till eternity, 7-48. Note/photo. 2771 ✉☎

My Friend—Is slim, pretty, worldly. She eeds smart, nurturing, 40s man into film, or love/marriage/family. 2848 ✉

---

he Best Of Them All—Successful, brainy ond, elegant, cultured, charismatic, fun, nto fitness. Seeks same in gentleman, 5 plus. Nonsmoker. 2647 ✉☎

CBA—China-born American, warm, pretty, intelligent, sophisticated, humorous, various interests (cultures and sports), 50, 5'4", slim. Seeks successful, commitment-minded, compatible soulmate, 52 plus, 5'10" plus. Note/photo. 2575 ✉

Appealing—Very fit, very trim, cute and sweet, educated Jewish widow seeks cool gent, 66-75. 2668 ✉☎

Just Good Enough—Devoted dad, 46, professional, sensitive, funny, athletic and romantic guy, needs bright, pretty, sensual, happy woman to be my friend, lover and wife. Meet me halfway. Photo. 2814 ✉☎

Petite, Pretty, Jewish—Raven-haired maiden, 19, seeks tall, kind, intelligent man, early 20s, for meaningful friendship. 2781 ✉ ☎

Sunny, South Florida—Visiting soon? Let's meet! Jewish man, 44, attorney, loves life, travel, sports, arts. Seeks Jewish lady, 28-37, for serious life partner. 2841✉☎

Really Cute Stock Broker—Is seeking his soul mate. If you're a truly pretty, very sweet, curvaceous, buxom, single white Jewish female under 35, seeking a wonderful, one-on-one, long-term relationship - look no further. This 35-year-old, 5'10", single white Jewish male from LI would love to hear from you. 2673✉☎

Pretty, Smart, Sincere Sweetheart—Seeks same in attractive, professional, eclectic Jewish man, 52-60. 2705 ✉☎

Beautiful "10", Warm, Slim—Jewish widow, accomplished, 50ish. Enjoy dining, sports, Barnes & Noble. Seek gentleman to spark my mind, ignite my heart. 2857✉☎

A Knockout—Lots of heart, soul and more too. Stunning, slender blond with poise, a certain elegance, pizzazz and great legs. Quiet confidence and a tamed rebellious streak. Successful, smart Renaissance woman. Likable, easygoing. Enjoys music, architecture, Europe, sunny islands. Dabbles in skiing, has run marathons. Adores football, basketball, the sublime to ridiculous, Picasso. Seeks educated, financially stable man, 47-65, to celebrate the millennium and more with. 2843 ✉ ☎

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Successful Guy—Single, white, 49, divorced professional with good heart, good sense of humor, sincere, intelligent, attractive, honest, caring and tries to be in touch. Nonsmoker. Loves New England, travel, cooking, antiquing and the Caribbean. Seeks lady who is kind-hearted, sincere, funny, fit, nonsmoker, honest, intelligent, attractive, secure, youthful, 28-50, for sharing life's ups and downs. Bio/photo/phone. 2642✉☎

Brazilian—Good looks, leggy (5'8"), very fit, cultured, athletic, loves to dance, spiritual, 41. Seeks kind, attractive white male (39-51) for honest, long-term relationship. Nonsmoker. Pix. 2760✉☎

Woof, Woof, Meow—Single male, 45, animal lover, seeks similarly interested female, 41-49, for dog walks, litter changing and long cuddle sessions. 2666✉☎

Handsome, Successful, Compassionate—40-year-old Jewish physician seeks 32-38-year-old Jewish woman. Tell me about yourself and send a photo. 2863 ✉

Editor, 51—Pixiesque, long auburn hair, mother of 12-year-old, slender, seeks real guy with brains, culture optional. Send recent photo: 2706 ✉☎

Soulful Westchester Woman—Late 40s, pretty, trim, intelligent professional, Ivy-educated, financially secure, seeks same in partner, but much more too. I value personal striving and growth. I'm rewriting the next chapters of my life and want input from an exceptionally intelligent, visionary man, 45-60, seeking non-banal, ever-evolving relationship and life. Note/photo appreciated. 2682 ✉☎

Pretty In Scarsdale—38. Seeks kind, successful, intellectual Jewish man. 2680✉

Pretty, Vibrant Westchester Widow—Sensual, 60s, elegant blond, blue-eyed, fit, shapely, artistic, loving. Enjoys Pinehurst, Puccini, Picasso, travel, laughter. Seeks romantic, cultured, caring, upscale, youthful 65-plus man - share in life/interests, family-oriented. Note/photo. 2667 ✉☎

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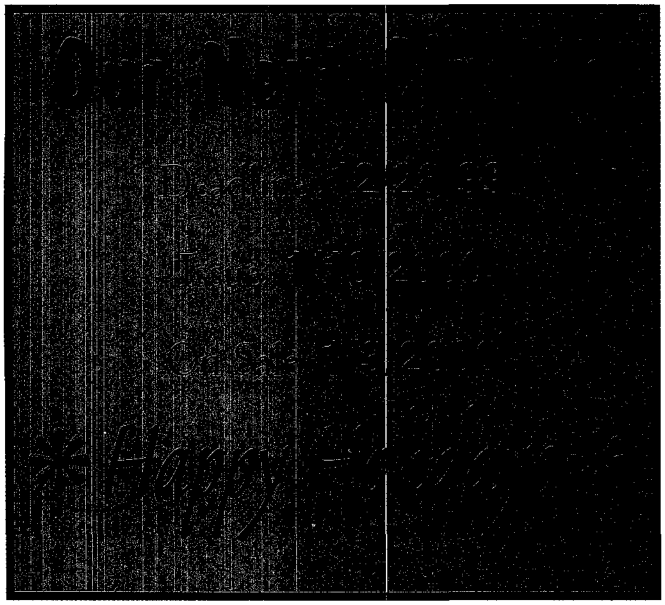

Stephanie Powers Type—Long auburn hair, violet eyes, Jewish, 40ish, curvaceous 5'6", seeks kind, sophisticated, handsome male, 40 plus, 5'10" plus, to enjoy the best of NY and each other. Photo. 2686 ✉☎

Let's Plan Our Winter Vacation—39-year-old Jewish male, surgeon specialist, 5'11", warmest heart, charismatic smile, athletic (tennis, golf, running), dynamic, seeks upbeat, positive, thin, attractive, wonderful woman, 20-mid 30s, to simply share a life. Bio/photo. 2836 ✉ ☎

Handsome Attorney—Jewish, young 41, athletic, seeks bright, pretty, tall woman for fun, romance, future. Photo. 2819 ✉☎

Pianist—And fitness nut seeks female under 40. Note/photo/phone. 2690 ✉☎

Savoir-Faire—A spirit of adventure, slim, good figure and great legs. Pretty, natural blond, 5'7". Positive about life, smart, fun-loving. Thinks creatively. Independent and compassionate - easy to be with. European background, speaks some French/Spanish. Loves travel, art, dancing, Cole Porter, singing, yoga, ballet, unexpected pleasures of living in NY. Appreciates good taste, honesty, diversity. Seeks bright, kind man: lively, affectionate, nonsmoker, 54-72, 5'7" plus. 2822 ✉☎

Tall, Blond And Leggy—Smart, sophisticated, sensual, 40-something businesswoman and former model, has it all...except one special man to share life's pleasures. If you're intelligent, witty, kind, caring and passionate, I'd enjoy hearing from you. Photo appreciated - will reciprocate. 2869 ✉

Loves To Cuddle—Warm, sincere, affectionate, Ivy-educated professional seeks woman, 26-38, who is beautiful on the inside as well as out. My interests include travel, music, movies, tennis, theater and art. Searching for someone who's beautiful on the inside as well as the outside, fun to be with and easy to talk to. Photo/phone. 2783 ✉☎

Physically Fit, Athletic—Single white male, 35, MA degree, enjoys movies, music, baseball. Seeks intelligent, caring, physically fit female. 2638 ✉☎

Beautiful Blond Model—Classy Jewish MBA seeks Jewish, handsome, GQ, fit (MD/DDS/JD), 40-45, who's emotionally and financially secure as well as marriage-minded. Note/phone/photo. 2701 ✉☎

A Princess Wanted—For royal treatment by this legal eagle, attractive professional man with biting wit and a passion for life and my love. Likes: tennis, shopping (with you), romantic dinners and intelligent/stimulating conversation. You: 23-30, professional by day, daring by night, sexy, sassy and smart, with a bubbly personality. Honesty is a must and petite is a plus. In one word, you're adorable. Note/photo. 2775 ✉☎

Dark-Haired Beauty/Dynamic CEO—Very pretty, cultured, Jewish, fit, NYC business owner, 37, seeks Jewish soul mate to share my life. 2635 ✉☎

Kindhearted PhD—50s, fit, black, seeks pretty, unpretentious, trim lady, 37-50, for great relationship. 2796✉☎

Westchester/Fairfield Single Doctor—Early 40s, 5'10", in shape, dark hair, decent-looking guy, English/Irish/Scottish, Christian, seeks white female, 26-39, for walks in the country, movies, dinner. Teacher is a plus. Note/photo, please. 2839 ✉ ☎

Gay Woman—(212) and 40ish, pretty, smart, hip, upscale and eclectic, seeks warm, fun and feminine friend. 2844 ✉☎

British Jewish Gal—40, cute, delightfully packaged, dry sense of humor, seeks stable professional guy. Note/photo. 2850 ✉

Handsome, Kind Doc For True Love—Wonderful, unique, slim Jewish physician, 40 - enjoys art, theater, boating, wine, travel. Seeks bright, alluring, classy, beautiful, sincere, mature enchantress, 25-35, for best friend and committed romance. Note/photo. 2712 ✉☎

Asian Oriental Attraction—62-72, for 5'4" blond, good-looking, great figure, affluent Italian artist and businesswoman and catch of a lifetime. 2779 ✉

A Jewish Professional Male—49, very attractive, varied interests, fit and fun, in search of a professional female who is eclectic, artistic, slim, sensitive, intelligent, and who radiates a joie-de-vivre sense of self. Note/phone, please. 2645 ✉☎

Portfolio Manager/Equestrienne—Affluent beauty, 35, 5'7". Winters - Palm Beach. Summers - NJ farm. Seeks affluent, sincere mate, 35-55, to share the best of life. Serious only. 2826 ✉☎

Jewish Male, 1958—Seeks a best friend to share Haagen-Dazs, good times, NYC and all that life has to offer. 2827 ✉☎

English, Elegant, Enthusiastic—And empathic! Slim, blond, warmhearted, very attractive female professional, 50, loves skiing, sailing and the arts, Jewish. Seeks successful, educated family man, 50s, with "art in his eyes and music in his heart", to share love, laughter, intellectual, artistic and sporty interests. Please write with photo, to: 2846 ✉☎

Long-Legged Stunner—Lawyer, former model, 5'11", Jewish (nonreligious), warm, witty, caring, romantic and sincere. Seeks single, white professional male, 6' plus, 48 plus, for romance and relationship. Note/photo/phone. 2840 ✉ ☎

Chances Are—You don't want to pass up this opportunity of a millennium. Attractive, successful, dynamic Jewish male, 48, even-tempered, with great sense of humor, would like to meet upscale but down-to-earth Jewish gal, late 30s-mid 40s, with class, character and substance, to explore the endless possibilities. Photo preferred. 2636 ✉☎

Seize The Day—With a dapper, youthful, educated widower of 63. Very widely traveled, including NYC. I seek a soft, feminine Manhattan woman of 48-60, who is bright, warm and attractive. Note/photo/phone, please. 2872 ✉

Good-Looking, Slender, Tall—Graceful professional woman in academic life, with presence, warmth and realness, focused, humorous, philosophical bent, passionate about music, amateur pianist, enthusiasm for life - good, aesthetic, sensual things. Enjoys physical activity - swimming, hiking, skiing. Adores Italy (of course) - the spirit, art, food and red wine. Seeks relationship with professional, attractive, 5'9"-plus, 57-67 man. 2714 ✉☎

Casual Chic Kind Of Gal—Seeks upscale NYC guy to share friendship or romance, tennis, bad golf, country weekends, the arts and the usual stuff. Very attractive, lapsed brunette, hazel eyes, 49, 5'4", fit and trim. You are humorous, 50s-60s, classy, secure and kind. Pix a plus. 2820 ✉ ☎

Let's Toast The New Millennium—Me: female Manhattanite, Jewish, 50, fun-loving, attractive, romantic, generous and a good cook. You: classy, successful, cultured and passionate. Let's share interests, hold hands, and explore the possibility of a lasting and loving relationship to develop. Note/photo/phone. 2748✉☎

Creative, Spiritual—Sassy litigator, committed to social justice, seeks low-maintenance, 50ish, intelligent man of substance, with good sense of humor, eclectic interests. Beach living and classical music a plus. 2870 ✉

For Rent With Option To Buy—Sincere, fun-loving male, 38, 5'7", into skiing, beach, NYC, concerts, seeks "nice" female. Available immediately! 2778✉☎

Man Of Ideals—Passionate, caring, intelligent, 37, 6'1", seeks affectionate, attractive, intellectually stimulating female with easy laugh, for friendship, romance and simple pleasures. 2817✉☎

Be My Best Friend/Lover—I'm a very pretty woman, vivacious, bright, multi-faceted, independent, secure, cultured, worldly, warm, fit, fun, 53, Jewish. 2675✉☎

Beautiful Brunette—33, large and lovely, seeks successful, sincere, sensitive sweeti who can make her his princess. 2837✉☎

Escaped From NY—Single Jewish man, 45, seeks Fairfield/Westchester woman, 37-48, who enjoys nature, animals, sports and the occasional casino voyage. 2665✉☎

Gay White Professional Man—55, good body, better soul, looking for a match with an attractive 40-60-year-young man. RSVP. Note and photo. 2727 ✉☎

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Think Snow—Blond/blue, pretty, 5'7", ɔrofessional female, 40, thin/fit, smart, ıctive and fun. Seeks similar all-American guy, 37-45, for a potential romance. A fit, kind, spirited guy with a sense of humor velcomed. Recent photo, please. 2699 ✉☎

Blue-Eyed, Pretty Woman—Loves city ophistication and country simplicity. Let's xplore together. I'm 5'4", trim, curvy, oung mid 50s professional. Want emo-ionally secure, attractive match. 2650 ✉☎

Vriter Seeks Female, 32-39—Who loves ıuseums, plays, eating out, satire and all hings ironic, for friendship possibly eading to relationship. Prefer educator, esearcher, nurse, doctor or performer. 'hoto/note. 2723 ✉☎

Magnificence In Life—With very ttractive, 37 (5'6", 140), spirited, heart-elt, athletic, animal-friendly, professional emale. Want fun, attractive, caring pro-essional male (35-45) - desires open-ninded genuinity, self-growth with soul nate. 2707 ✉☎

2K Compliant—Funny, fit, 50s, hristian, petite blond professional, ves beach, long walks, dining, dancing... eeking turn-of-century man. 2746 ✉☎

iercing Blue Eyes—Sweet, intelligent, tractive, fit, petite, single Jewish female, 9, seeks confident, handsome, profes-ɔnal, sincere Jewish male, under 5'10", 3-34, to share love and life. Sense of ımor and love of adventure a must! ease send note/photo. 2716 ✉☎

eeting Of The Minds—Rare Jewish dy, 55, with much to offer (mind, heart, ul...), eclectic interests, poet's heart. ve of Jewish tradition a must. 2768 ✉☎

ll, Attractive Jewish Male—41, 6'1", ight, honest, successful, with a good nse of humor. I enjoy museums, theater, ga, good food and quiet times. Seeking me qualities and shared interests in a ofessional Jewish woman, 5'7" or taller, nder and under 36. 2740 ✉☎

reat Find—39, Jewish, successful MBA, ndsome, genuine, active and cultured, eks a bright, refined woman who's ractive, slim and has a big heart. (212)/ *oto a plus - will reciprocate.* 2799 ✉☎

Charismatic And Clever DMD—Jewish male, 40, handsome and athletic, with a good sense of humor, desires single white female, 28-35, independent, witty, sexy and confident, to share music, laughs and life. Photo required. 2816 ✉☎

Oh, Oh - The Millennium's Near—I'm here, where are you? Outgoing, attractive, quick-witted, savvy (not snobby), financially secure, 40-year-old menschette with heart of gold, adventurous side and love of travel, seeks kind, positive-thinking, successful, easygoing, funnier-than-me Jewish man, 39-45, 5'9" plus, for the next two thousand... Okay, next one thousand. Note/photo appreciated. 2786 ✉☎

Gorgeous, No Doubt About It—Svelte, nice figure, Sophia Loren cheekbones, big dark eyes, long legs. Blond, 42. Sensual contemporary style. NYC-born and bred. Successful, down-to-earth, romantic. Smart, very visual, physical, dynamic, with fun, warm heart, adventurous streak. Passionate about living. More interested in people/culture than museums. Enjoys live theater, movies, celebrations, swing dancing, double entendres, travel, Alaska. Seeks bright, confident, financially secure, genuinely attractive man, 5'9" plus, 38-52. 2811 ✉☎

You'll Be Charmed—By my very pretty looks, great legs and engaging personality. Professional - enjoys sciences, music, arts, intellect, laughter. Seeks intelligent, sophisticated, gregarious, financially secure, 50s and under man for romantic, candlelit, joyful everafter. Rocket scientists encouraged. Photo. 2785 ✉☎

Sophisticated, Shapely, Gentle—Terrific athlete, excellent physical shape, very attractive, well-educated, cultured, well-traveled, stylish, tall Jewish lady - seeking kind, cosmopolitan, successful gentleman (40-55). 4.0 tennis player/avid skier is a plus. Honesty/sincerity/kindness is your real advantage. 2763 ✉☎

Slim, Down-To-Earth Woman—39, likes music, the outdoors, animals and exercise. Seeks down-to-earth guy. Note or e-mail: des1100@yahoo.com 2596✉☎

Mature, Professional Jewish Female—Looking for financially independent gentleman, open to feeling good every moment, every day. Join me in communicating with love and understanding, developing a healthy mind/body. May we have all that our hearts desire. 2656✉☎

Listen—I'm just trying to meet some interesting guys. Not desperate, just busy woman - media type, 40s, lively brain and body. Seeks partnership, challenge, adventure. What are you looking for? 2664✉☎

Charismatic, Attractive, Genuine—Academician, slim brunette female of Latin descent. 5'2", age 40. Enjoys fine dining, R&B and salsa music, dancing, books, theater and travel. Seeks honest, humorous, articulate, compassionate, confident, healthy, commitment-oriented, financially and emotionally stable, professional,. quality gentleman with sophistication. Age range: 38-44. Race unimportant. No smokers/drugs. Letter and photo a must. 2733 ✉☎

Looking For You—You can be Jewish, Asian or anything else - just looking for a nice, single woman who cares, 25-36, nonsmoker, affectionate, cute. Likes sports, going out or staying in. I'm a good-hearted, single Jewish male, late 30s, *in pro sports-related field. Photo.* 2782✉☎

Get To Me—Genuine, kindhearted, passionate, professional, single Jewish female, never married, 36, slim, attractive, 5'4" brunette, seeks a handsome, sincere, warm, caring, professional, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 34-42, for a special relationship in the next century. Note and photo, please. 2641 ✉☎

Single, White, Catholic Professional—35, Italian, orthopedic surgeon, muscular; likes the outdoors, boating, volleyball, beach, tennis, working out, warm weather vacations. Looking for woman, 20-30, who works out, play sports, very attractive, thin, good sense of humor, outgoing. LI a plus. Picture/note. 2859 ✉

Beautiful, Bashful/Bold Female—32, living life as a work in-progress. Seeking very attractive (outside/inside) Jewish man, 28-40, with intelligence, class and depth. Photo a plus. 2700 ✉☎

You'll Find...—A unique blend of the city and mountains in my life. Petite, vivacious, attractive, rock-climbing/arts-loving, professional Jewish woman, 36. You: *well-spoken, emotionally and physically fit* man (32-45ish), progressive, optimistic, sincere, with an active, healthful life. Curious? Hope so. 2685 ✉☎

Sensuous, Exotic, Latin-Italian—Slender female, 40, ready for love, romance and passion. 2828 ✉☎

Ravishing Renaissance Redhead—Tall, divorced, womanly, Jewish, aspiring screenwriter, incurable romantic and artist, 41, seeks soul mate: tall, kind, creative, honest, intelligent, passionate man to adore, baby, cherish, kiss and embrace under the moon and the stars. 2770 ✉☎

Classy Bayside Lady—Youthful blond, blue eyes, financially and emotionally secure, energetic, exercises regularly. Seeks intelligent, honest gentleman, 55-65, who enjoys tennis, golf, football, dancing and quiet times. 2652 ✉☎

Sweet And Petite Alley Cat—Youthful, vivacious, nurturing, 30something-year-old professional, 5'2", chestnut brown hair, big brown eyes, 110 lbs, homeowner in Woodbury, LI, looking for best friend, lover, soul mate. 2759 ✉☎

Please Do Not Respond To This Ad—Unless you are a kind, accomplished, self-confident, caring and happy gentleman who appreciates the joys of life and the wonders of NYC - and has the vitality to experience both. Also, please be Jewish, tall, 58-68. You will be responding to a beautiful, sensuous, accomplished woman with grace, charm and warmth, who is equally at home cuddling by the fire or attending a black-tie gala. You will not be disappointed. 2721 ✉☎

Got The Gift, The Gown - Not The Guy—Sparkling-eyed, cute brunette, author, 42, slim, fun, vivacious, seeks date for niece's bat mitzvah...more? Ideal escort: good guy, good sport, good heart, good looks, hopefully not two left feet. 2702 ✉☎

Beauty And Brains—Beautiful, 37, green-eyed, Jewish NJ physician, 5'6" and slender, nonreligious, no kids, romantic, fun-loving - seeks highly educated, very successful, attractive single male for happily ever after. Photo, please. 2729✉☎

Sweet, Smart, Sexy—33, 5'9", Jewish female seeks successful, funny, loving and marriage-minded, high-profile *professional.* 2838 ✉☎

Attractive, Slender Female—Vibrant, feminine, outdoorsy, intellectual leanings. Loves tennis, jazz, history, romance. Seeks quality man, 49 plus. 2671 ✉☎

Elegant, Smart, Stunning—Youthful 51-year-old woman seeks honest, sincere, attractive, real mensch for keeps. Open, sensitive, warm - this 5'2", slim but curvy lady seeks a true partner with depth and integrity, for whom laughter, passion and the pursuit of life are essential. 2866 ✉

Colorful Artist/Professor—46, 5'5", shapely, fit, feminine, long auburn-haired, earthy, worldly, with adventurous spirit. Seeks creative, health-conscious man with wit and (com)passion, to share love of nature, travel (especially Europe), animals and life's journey. 2657 ✉☎

Quantity Is Easy To Find...—But one quality man is what I've got in mind. 5'2", incredibly cute, Jewish, fit, fun and athletic. Seek very attractive, fit, athletic, 38-44, 5'8"-plus guy (golf and tennis a plus) who has a passion for life. Must be willing to lie about how we met. Note/photo. 2644 ✉☎

Concert Cellist—Very pretty, slim, sexy, passionate brunette seeks handsome, fit, professional Jewish male, 40-52, who's easygoing, kind and warm, for loving relationship. Photo/note, please. 2797 ✉☎

Worldly, Single—European-born Jewish male, early 70s, 5'5", slim, college-educated, Manhattan, recently retired, no children, multilingual, nonsmoker, many interests including Wall Street, nature, music, art. Seeks compatible slim, nonsmoking, educated Jewish female, 50s-60s, preferably Manhattan resident. 2789 ✉☎

Have Hugs, Will Travel—Inspired, offbeat, romantic Jewish male seeks passionate adventuress for magic, mirth and moderate madness. 2825 ✉☎

Pianist, Writer—Warm, creative, intelligent, Rubenesque, 40s, pretty. Seeks man for relationship and family. 2689✉☎

Male Real Estator, 40s—Seeks single, relocatable female under 40. 2677 ✉☎

Playmate Wanted—Newly divorced, 6'1", 41-year-old Jewish male. I am fit, good-looking, athletic, successful NJ land developer who loves to party, play golf, shop, travel, enjoy fine dining, and laugh. Seeking a drop-dead gorgeous female play partner. Personality/photo a must. 2847 ✉

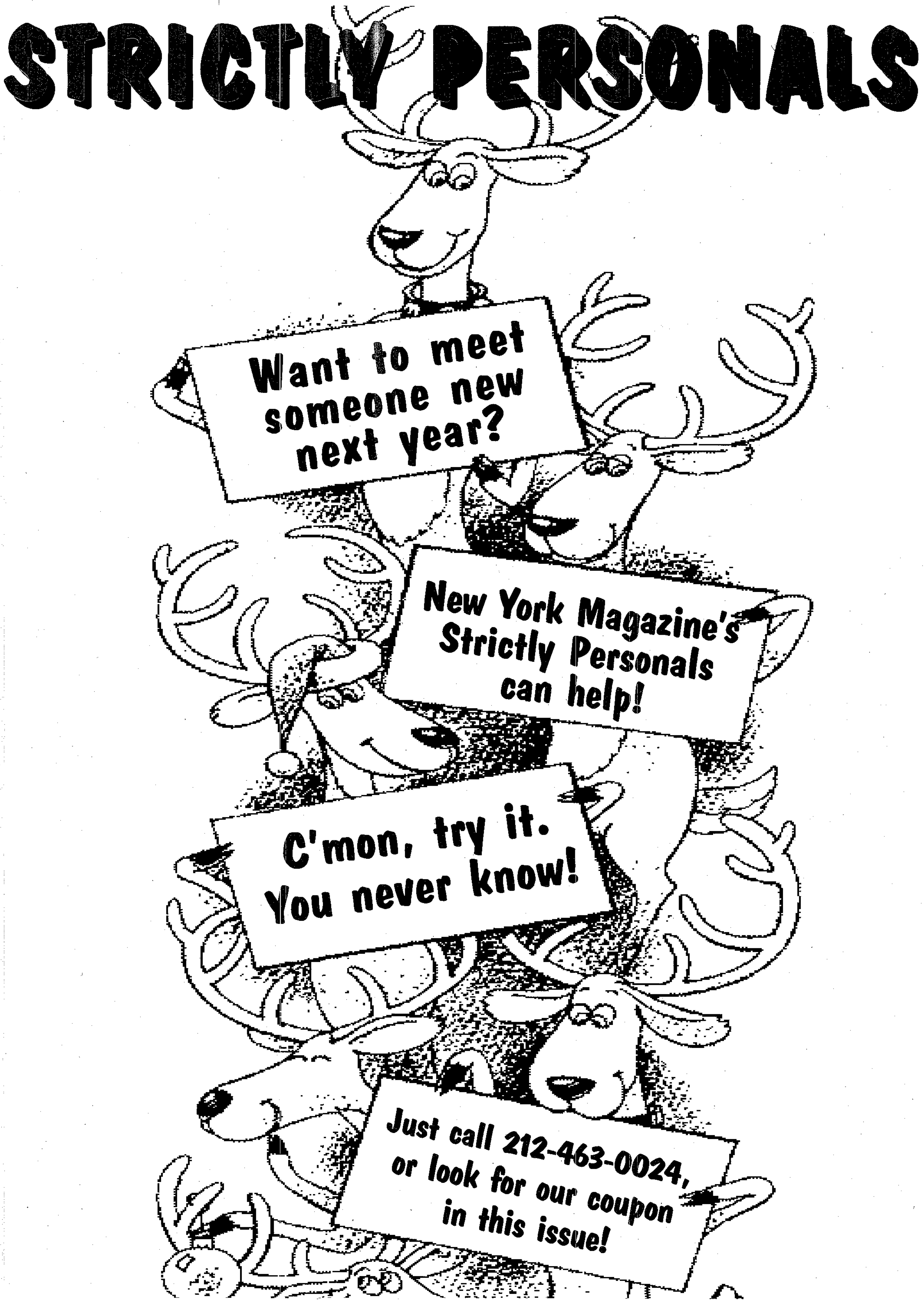
White Male, CPA—52, 5'10", 194 lbs. Loves tennis, body building and the Lord. Seeks conservative Christian lady, 38-52. 2801 ✉☎

Heart And Soul - That's Me—Let that be you. 30something, pretty, blue-eyed, blond professional with substance and style, seeking special man who's family-oriented, outgoing, smart and ambitious. Note/recent photo/phone, please. 2815✉☎

Single NJ Man—Teacher, 40s, would like to meet single white female, 35-50, professional, nonsmoker, for companionship, possible long-term relationship. 2737 ✉☎

Handsome Jewish Businessman—41, 6', sincere, fit, romantic, very fun, seeks slim/attractive inside/outside female, 25-37, for super relationship/shared life. Photo/note. 2858 ✉

Why Don't They Get It?—You're a witty, pretty, fit gal, 28-35, with a sense of humor about life's mystery and adventure. I, 39, your Wasp male equal. Photo. 2868✉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MARY ANN MADDEN #959

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

"I don't play my LPs anymore," she cried disconsolately.

"I lost my address book," she said listlessly.

"Give her a break, she's no longer a fallen woman," Xaviera exhorted.

Above, Swifties. Competitors are invited to summon one *original* sample of this elderly genre, please.

Results of Competition 956, in which you were asked for a punning definition applied to an altered familiar name.

Report: Yes, we have some repeaters. Placebo Domingo. Yessir Arafat. Julius Seizure. Boutros Boutros-Golly. Zero Motel. Henny VIII. (Take my wives, please.) Alice B. Tokeless. W. Somersault Maugham. And, a personal fave: Benjamin Netscapeyahoo. You remain a distant promise of chocolate on a landscape of MM good. Happy New Year.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

MICHAEL FLATLEASE—landlord of the dance.
John J. Conti, Norfolk, Mass.

PEDRO ALAMODEDOVEBAR—director of ice-cream sales at U.S. landmarks.
Byron and Douglas Fox, Manakin-Sabot, Va.

JAMES K. POLKEMON—eleventh in a series of 42.
Jacqueline V. Klipper, Machipongo, Va.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

KWEISI MFUME BLANC—activist and winemaker; author of *Soul Slightly Chilled.*
J. Carter Joseph, Decatur, Ga.

WWW.B.YEATS—"I will arise and go now, and log on to Innisfree."
John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland

CHIANG KAI-SHECKY—"When my uncle Ping left the mainland he went off the wagon. Now he can't wait to get home and Taiwan on."
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

And Honorable Mention to:

NIKITA CRUISECHEF—"We will berry you."
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

ROMULUS AND UNCLE REMUS—Rome wasn't built in a zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-day.
C.R. Roberts, Tacoma, Wash.

EDGAR ABDUL POE—author of *The Mosque of the Red Death.*
Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.

FATMAN—the draped crusader.
Steven Weiss, Scottsdale, Ariz.

JAMES AGREE—author, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Yes Men.*
Karl Levett, N.Y.C.

LARRY KING KONG—"Hello, you're in the air."
Matthew Harris, N.Y.C.

CELINE DIONNE—French Canadian parfumeuse; "Quintessence."
Phil Di Maggio, West Glover, Vt.

ANDREW LLOYD WEBPAGE—composer of the electronic musical *e-vita.*
Douglas Braverman, West Bloomfield, Mich.

IVAN THE TOLERABLE—known affectionately as "a good time Czarlie."
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

HANS JEWISH ANDERSEN—author of "The Emperor's New Nose."
Duke Sperling, Stamford, Conn.

LE CORBUSTIER—designer of minimalist couture.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

REGIS FELTBRIM—host, *Who Wants to Be a Milliner?*
Alan Porwich, North Brunswick, N.J.

EGREGIOUS PHILBIN—"Is that definitely, absolutely, positively, unequivocally, and beyond any and all doubt your final answer?"
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

EAGER STRAVINSKY—composer of *The Firebird Tout de Suite.*
Sandy Gradman, Brookline, Mass.

EL GECKO—Spanish artist, *Lizards With Nude.*
Harry N. Malone, Olmsted Falls, Ohio

NOËL COWHERD—1. "Mad dogies and Englishmen go out in the midday sun." 2. Author, *Beef Encounter.*
1. Lucy Oblonsky, Hockessin, Del.
2. C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

AMELIA FLOCKHART—star of TV pilot that vanished without a trace.
John M. Cox, N.Y.C.

GEORGE M. KOAN—songwriter, *Clap Your Hand.*
Skip Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.

JOAN OF ARK—sailed into the court of France with a message for the dolphin.
Laurice Nemetz, Ossining, N.Y.

ANDRÉ THE GIANT LEON TALLEY—"Size 24 is the new size 6."
Claudia Mayer, N.Y.C.

NEZ PERCE BROSNAN—Native American counterspy.
Francis X. Hickey, N.Y.C.

T.S.P. ELIOT—"I have measured out my life with teaspoons."
Marc Doyle, Hockessin, Del.

T.S. CELLULITE—*The Waist Band.*
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

VICTORIA PRINCESPAL—friend of the artist formerly known as, uh . . .
Patricia O. Simmons, Ann Arbor, Mich.

DOROTHY PARKA—"Boys don't make rackets 'bout girls in down jackets."
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

NATHAN ALE—"I only regret that I have but one Lite to lose for my country."
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

JULES FERN—marine botanist: *Twenty Thousand Leaves Under the Sea.*
Richael Sinaiko, Alexandria, Va.

PINK FREUD—rock-group therapist: "Sometimes a guitar is only a guitar."
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

SIEGFRIED AND FREUD—psycho-illusionists. "Sometimes a white tiger is just a white tiger."
Patrick J Hamilton, N.Y.C.

MARLON BANJO—frustrated musician: "I coulda been a conductor."
Craig Wolfson, Westbury, N.Y.

DECAMERON DIAZ—star of *There Are One Hundred Things About Mary.*
Alan Levine, Massapequa, N.Y.

DAME EDNA FOREVERAGE—author, *Old Cat's Book Of Practical Possums.*
Frank A. Klick, Chicago, Ill.

PRINCESS MARGARET MITCHELL—royal diarist, *Gone With the Windsors.*
John Paul Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

EDGAR ALLAN POI—Hawaii's poet laureate, Annabel Lei, Hulalume.
Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

ALISTAIR CROOKE—urbane host of TV's *Masterthief Theatre.*
Mary Jane Gore, Charlottesville, Va.

ANTHONY TWODOOR—Stravinsky dance interpreter; *Pontiac Firebird, Ride of Spring.*
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

JOHN DUN—muse of British bill collectors: *Debt Be Not Proud.*
Sarah Gay, Atlanta, Ga.

KNEEL ARMSTRONG—"That's one small step for a man, one genuflect for mankind."
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 959, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by January 7. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the February 7 issue.

KIRK DOUGLAS MACARTHUR—“Old actors never die; they just fade to black.”
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

DR. ZEUS—Olympic writer: *Homer Hears a Who, How the Greeks Stole Cronus.*
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

DON CARLO MENOTTI—godfather of modern composers; *The Consigliere.*
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

RICHARD TOLLHOUSE NIXON—disgraced White House baker: “I am not a cookie.”
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

SAMUEL CLEMENCY—author of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Courtroom.*
Joel Knanishu, Rock Island, Ill.

JURIST CAESAR—“I came, I sat, I concurred.”
Pearl S. Panes, Great Neck, N.Y.

JULIO CAESAR—I came, I saw, I conga’d.
Nicholas Haylett, N.Y.C.

JOHN LE CURRÉ—London’s top tandoor chef; *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spice.*
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

NAPOLEON BLOWNAPART—“Snug was I ere I saw guns.”
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

KNUTE WRECKKNEE—legendary Notre Dame trainer: “Let’s win one for the Gimper.”
Garrett Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

GEORGE OHWELL—“Big brother is watching you. Bummer.”
Tom Blackwood, Phoenix, Ariz.

WALT WHITMAN SAMPLER—“Oh Captain! my Captain!, our box of chocolates is done.”
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

PAUL REVEREWARE— “The British are coming! The British are coming!” “For dinner?”
Marvin M. Warm, Bronx

GALILEO GAL-LIL-A-EE-OOO—Italian inventor of yodeling.
Deborah Kidder, Poulsbo, Wash.

HOPALONE CASSIDY—self-sufficient ranch hand.
F. R. Coyne, Narberth, Pa.

RAY CADBURY—author, *The Mars Bar Chronicles.*
Maureen Zeiner, Lake Ridge, Va.
similarly: Ginnie Carr, Merriefield, Va.

GLENN CLOTHES—*The World According to Garb.*
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

WILL ROGERS CLEMENS—“I never met a man I didn’t strike (out).”
Bill Dwyer, Rochester, N.Y.

WILL ROGET— “I never met a man I didn’t care for, esteem, admire . . .”
Iris Cohen, Hartsdale, N.Y.

RUDYARD TIPPLING—“You’re a better man than I am, Dunga Gin.”
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

OHN ZAPPA—sibling of Dweezil and Moon Unit who, for some reason, never gains press attention.
Edna Humphries, Birmingham, Ala.

Simon *continued from page 90*

make the movie too Jewish, which drives a fellow who had boned up on Judaism nuts, especially since Sam hasn’t even read his entire screenplay. (Joke: “I just finished reading half your script all the way through.”)

The third character in this undernourished play is the bar mitzvah boy, Adam Baum, gentle son of Sam, obliged to play straight man to both Sam and Hampson, which young Adam Lamberg valiantly executes. With Christopher Evan Welch’s Hampson, he is not up against much, but what a Herculean labor faces him in the Sam of Ron Leibman. Leibman is the kind of actor (if, indeed, there exists more than one) who can overact even when he has nothing to say or do. But give him the tiniest scrap of dialogue or business and he will chew, worry, hector, wheedle, claw, rant, and, above all, shred whatever is around faster than the latest-model shredder. In a 108-seat theater, this is like letting not a mere bull but a rogue elephant loose in a china shop. Whatever is not reduced to smithereens by flying body and limbs is decimated by sheer decibels.

I FOUND BRYAN GOLUBOFF’S *IN-BETWEENS* interesting, for we do not often get working-class plays taking us beyond the usual ticket-buying, solid-bourgeois milieu. In his new **Shyster**, Goluboff addresses what happens after the death of a Jewish Lower East Side brownstone landlord, presumably the (somewhat misnamed) shyster of the title. His widow, Ada, inherits, but his vagabond son, Harry, muscles in. Also back, released from the Israeli army, is the much nicer daughter, Rebecca, both kids having run away from their father. The sole tenants are a black woman, Elly, and her technologically gifted son, Ellis, Harry’s longtime friend and Rebecca’s boyfriend.

Ellis claims that the deceased shyster forgave him several months’ rent that Harry now tries to collect. Ellis resists this, even as he is loath to go into business with Harry, an alternative plan. The kindly Ada and still-loving Rebecca are caught awkwardly in the middle. All kinds of conflict result, helped by Dante Albertie’s assured direction, Beowulf Boritt’s inexpensive yet ingenious scenery, and good acting from Phyllis Newman, Fisher Stevens, Saundra McClain, Annabella Sciorra, and Charles Malik Whitfield. But Goluboff’s naturalism becomes at times too plodding, and the characters end up too easily reconciled. What *Shyster* lacks is that mysterious ingredient called art that would etch it into our consciousness and memory. ■

John Simon’s 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Solutions to last week’s puzzles

A	B	S	C	O	N	D	■	J	A	C	K	P	O	T
N	■	E	■	K	■	E	■	U	■	O	■	O	■	I
G	A	S	T	R	O	P	O	D	■	U	T	T	E	R
E	■	T	■	I	■	A	■	G	■	N	■	I	■	A
R	A	I	L	■	P	R	I	E	S	T	H	O	O	D
■	■	N	■	K	■	T	■	F	■	B	■	N	■	E
■	G	A	T	E	A	U	■	O	N	A	S	S	I	S
■	■	■	■	N	■	R	■	R	■	S	■	■	■	■
D	I	O	P	T	R	E	■	O	L	I	V	E	R	■
E	■	V	■	I	■	L	■	N	■	E	■	T	■	■
B	R	A	M	S	T	O	K	E	R	■	C	H	A	T
R	■	T	■	H	■	U	■	S	■	E	■	I	■	H
I	D	I	O	M	■	N	I	E	T	Z	S	C	H	E
E	■	O	■	A	■	G	■	L	■	R	■	A	■	W
F	I	N	A	N	C	E	■	F	R	A	I	L	T	Y

E	L	M	O	■	S	P	U	N	■	K	E	P	I	■	B	E	R	G
R	I	O	T	■	A	O	N	E	■	N	E	O	N	■	A	L	O	E
I	N	T	H	I	S	N	E	W	M	I	L	L	E	N	N	I	U	M
E	T	H	E	R	■	D	A	Y	A	T	■	■	R	O	A	S	T	S
■	■	■	L	I	B	■	R	E	L	■	S	I	T	O	N	■	■	■
W	I	L	L	S	A	N	T	A	L	A	N	D	I	N	A	J	E	T
O	L	E	O	■	L	A	H	R	■	G	I	L	A	■	■	O	L	E
R	E	V	■	I	L	L	S	■	S	A	V	E	■	T	H	Y	M	E
E	X	I	S	T	E	D	■	C	O	T	E	■	O	R	E	■	■	■
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B	O	U	G	H	T	O	N	T	H	E	I	N	T	E	R	N	E	T
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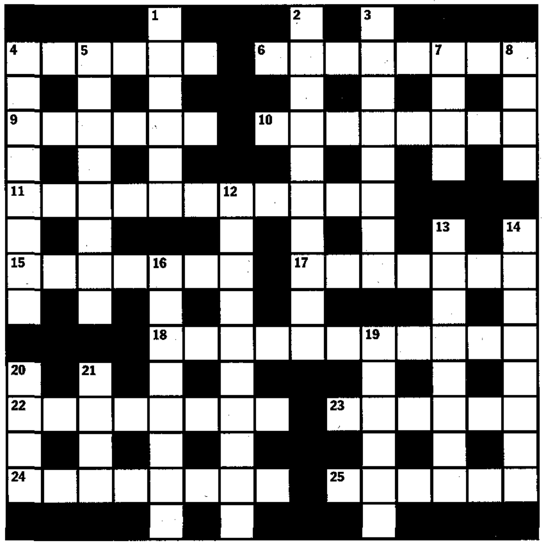
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

4 Ruction as brother's taken in by a fairy. (6)
6 Accompanying to the finish in the finish. (8)
9 Right cultured, holding one distinctive piece. (6)
10 Shameless patriotic diatribe? (8)
11 Second book including German cries of pain. (7,4)
15 Source of health and energy, keeping volunteers in. (7)
17 Threaten scamp, getting money back. (7)
18 Swim in peace, making happy finds. (11)
22 Dubious retail lines in books. (8)
23 Piece of excrement in a film. (6)
24 Tummy pain one ignored, beating drum. (8)
25 Rob King's piercing instrument. (6)



DOWN

1 Mother and aunt wandering Italian city. (6)
2 Illness cramping student's vocal style. (10)
3 Help a gas to be released as industrial waste. (4,4)
4 When without underwear, compiler's apt to cause friction. (8)
5 Desperately short of love, indeed. (8)
7 Power rock. (4)
8 Brought up a little bit of information. (4)
12 Grant to house woman on the brink, going round the bend. (10)
13 Breaking head of singer in the rain—or vice versa. (8)
14 Dish containing yam cooked by childhood friend. (8)
16 Den and Tim are upset about Bob' faulty hearing. (8)
19 One famous tenor almost a failure as an aviator. (6)
20 The story of a piece of land. (4)
21 Far from stern stalk. (4)

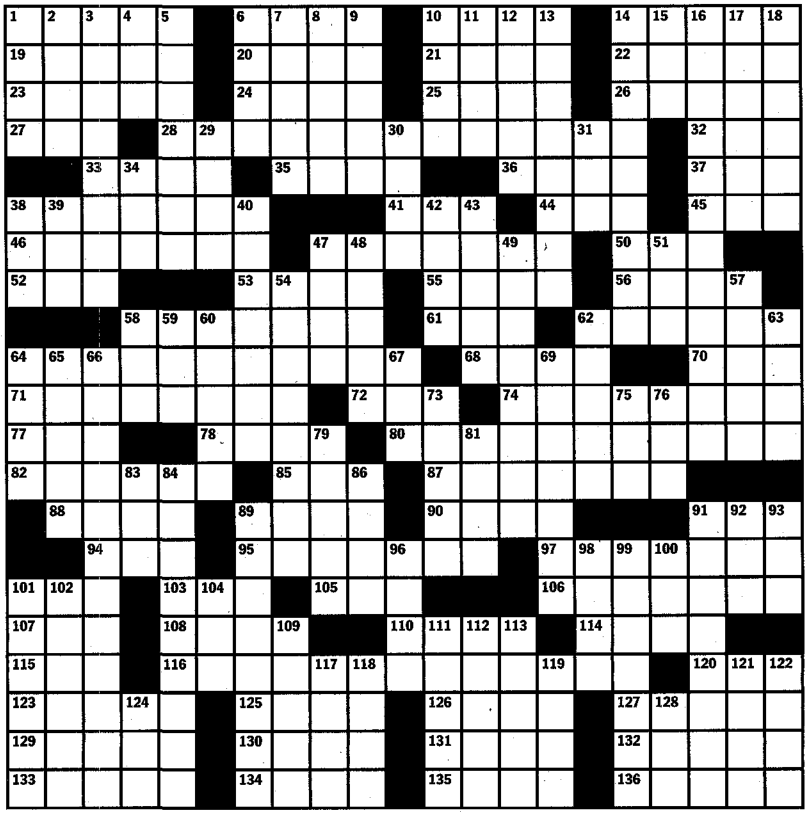
'Auld Lang Syne: 1930s Songs': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

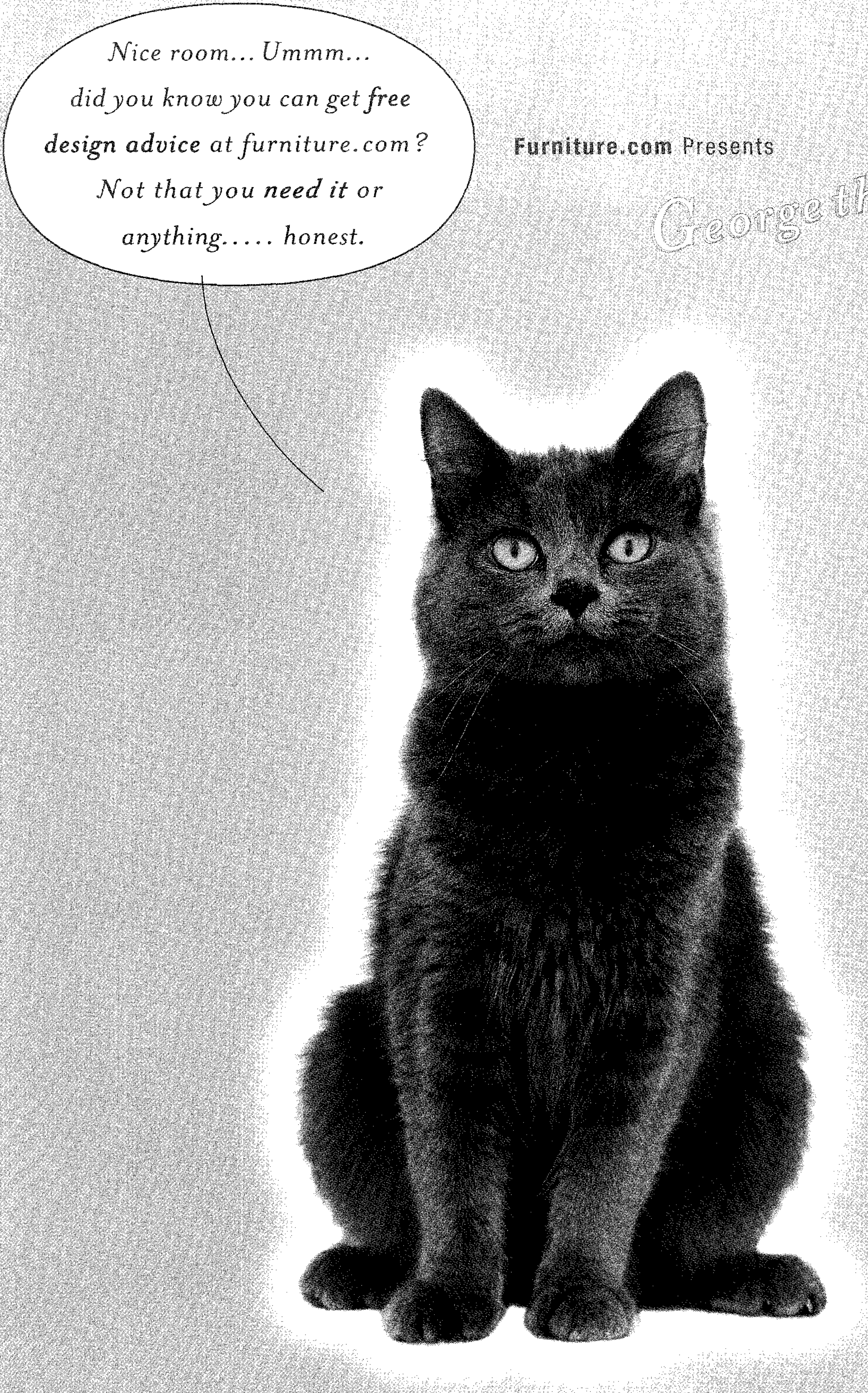
1 Sired, Biblical style
6 Sunday before Easter
10 Flower support
14 Frutti's preceder
19 "Good Night" girl
20 Femmes' magazine
21 "If I —— Hammer"
22 Frome of fiction
23 "I —— Right to Sing the Blues" (1932 Arlen tune)
24 Scorch the surface
25 Pertaining to the ear
26 Smells to high heaven
27 Burnt bit
28 1933
32 Jackie's sister
33 Square footage
35 Myth
36 Villain's adversary
37 —— snail's pace
38 Brings in from abroad
41 Fore's opposite
44 Paver's goo
45 Champagne pioneer Pérignon's title
46 Bank transaction
47 1939
50 Slick, as winter roads
52 Whichever
53 —— instant (very soon)
55 "As —— saying . . ."
56 Evening in Paris
58 Weasels' relatives
61 Ballpoint
62 Lacking muscle strength
64 1937
68 He has his pride
70 Early auto
71 Moralizing lectures
72 Pirate's quaff
74 Least overcast
77 Little devil
78 Front-runners: abbr.
80 1932
82 Taxis' tickers
85 Querying sounds
87 Sewing musts
88 Unit of force
89 Ring out
90 —— many words
91 Audi competitor
94 Tree exudate
95 1931
97 Milky Way clouds
101 View from the beach
103 Boathouse item
105 Address-bk. info
106 Deletion
107 Most common conjunction
108 Restorative resorts
110 Pond growth
114 —— fixe
115 Inc., in the U.K.
116 1938
120 Atlas feature
123 Creator of 34-Down
125 Gardner of whodunits
126 Kind of production
127 Virulent meat contaminant
129 Nabisco biscuits
130 Hard labor
131 Iridescent gem
132 —— Janeiro
133 Robins' residences
134 Tiff
135 Verne's submarine captain
136 Underwater detection apparatus

DOWN

1 N.Y.C. racetrack, informally
2 Greek god of love
3 1930
4 Intruder in the grass
5 Tantalizing puzzles
6 Mexican money
7 Quick on the trigger
8 Andes animal
9 Oscar-winner Streep
10 Pump or clog
11 Toodle-oo
12 Archie Bunker's wife
13 Sugar-cane cutters
14 Practitioner of political violence
15 Southwestern Indian
16 1935
17 Develop a liking for
18 Pants-leg juncture
29 Jacques who played Mr. Hulot
30 Be dressed in
31 Failed lib amendment
34 Kanga's baby
38 G. & S. princess
39 Boys, someday
40 Swirled with a spoon
42 Toss, as a coin
43 Drying need
47 Inauguration recital
48 Indy racer Al
49 Disappears
51 Dove's utterance
54 Current-events film
57 City near Dresden
58 "Casual" wk. day
59 Sushi choice
60 Agitates the dregs
62 Yearly record
63 Fashion award
64 Impulsive notion
65 Moved toward a target, with "in"
66 1936
67 Clergywoman
69 Bettered
73 Smallest fluid measu
75 Directional abbr.
76 G.I. tags
79 Commandment wor
81 Heredity factor
83 Doe in "Bambi"
84 Take back for lack o payment
86 Plum for a gin fizz
89 Protective roof walls
91 1934
92 Disfigure
93 Like Willie Winkie
96 Slack flesh
98 Ireland, to poets
99 Wisconsin team
100 Utilize
101 Lox, basically
102 Whole
104 Denizen of a movie planet
109 Razor-sharpening device
111 Driver's dud
112 Raisin's ancestry
113 State of India
117 Charles Lamb's pen name
118 Become liquidy
119 Northern capital
121 "M*A*S*H" star
122 Stevedore's workplace
124 Part of NIMBY
128 A.F.L.'s go-with



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page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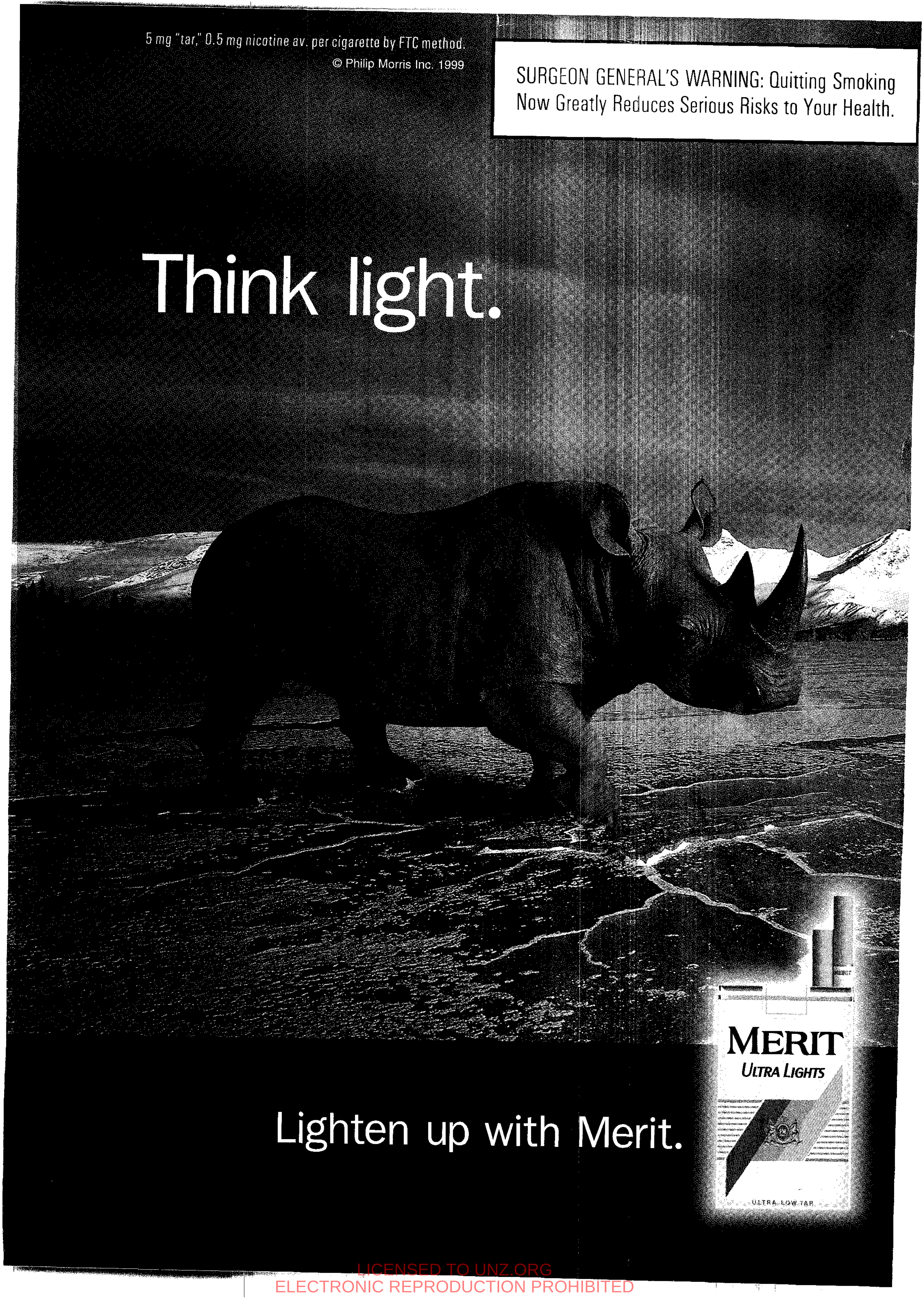
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Lighten up with Merit.
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ULTRA LOW TAR